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THE STREET OF THE WORLD

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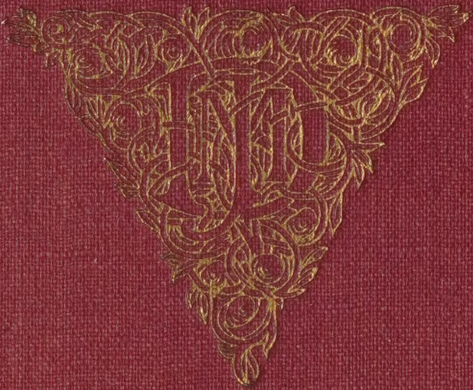
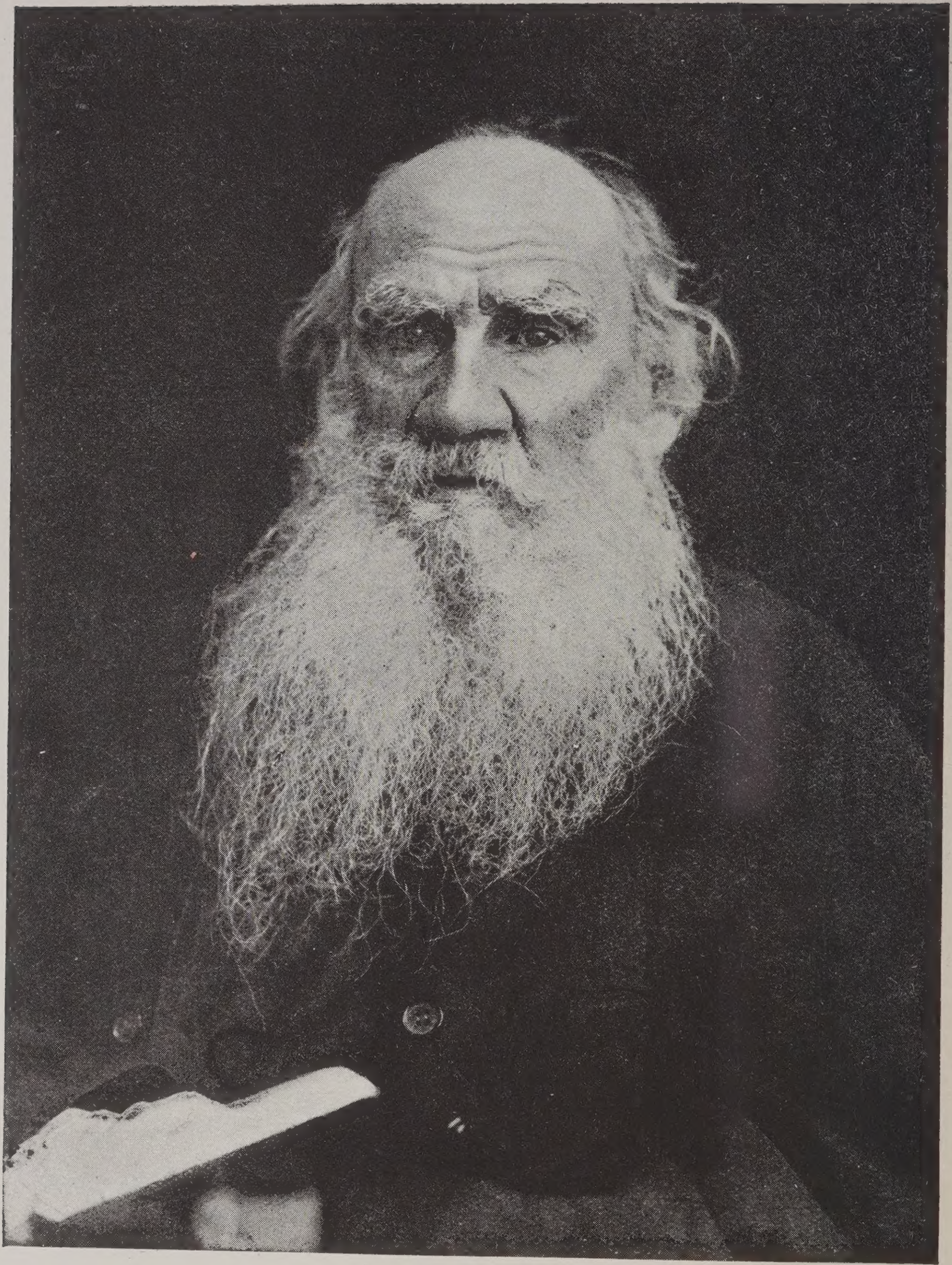


MY WINDOWS
ON THE STREET OF THE WORLD

VOLUME TWO



Leo Tolstoy.

COUNT LEO NIKOLAEVICH TOLSTOY
Æt. 81
From photograph by Vladimir Chertkov

MY WINDOWS
ON
THE STREET *of the* WORLD

BY

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VOLUME TWO

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MY WINDOWS ON THE STREET OF THE WORLD

CHAPTER XXVII

THE DOUKHOBORS

But vain the sword and vain the bow,
They never can work man's overthrow.
The hermit's prayer and the widow's tear
Alone can free the world from fear.

For a tear is an intellectual thing,
And a sigh is the sword of an angel king,
And the bitter groan of the martyr's woe
Is an arrow from the Almighty's bow.

William Blake, *The Grey Monk* (1794).

In August 1898 I received a letter from Prince Kropotkin, drawing my attention to an article in the *Contemporary Review* by Count Tolstoy, in which he made a plea for assistance to Doukhobors, who had been, he said, persecuted by the Russian Government. Prince Kropotkin added that he had been personally appealed to on behalf of the Doukhobors, and he asked me to interest myself in them. He explained that an appeal by the Doukhobors to the Empress of Russia had resulted in leave being given them to emigrate, that assistance was necessary to enable them to do so, and advice as to what country they should emigrate. It seemed that the hard lot of the Doukhobors had excited the sympathy of the English Quakers, and that the Quakers had already provided funds to enable some seventeen hundred of them to emigrate from the Caucasus to Cyprus. This experiment had not resulted successfully, many of the people had been laid down by fever almost from the moment of their landing, and they had derived the impression that the climate of Cyprus was not suitable for them.

Kropotkin had visited in 1897 the North-West of Canada, and he thought that probably the conditions there might be favourable to the Doukhobors, who had the reputation in Russia of being good farmers.

I was already aware to some extent of the past history of the people, principally from the work of Baron von Haxthausen, who devotes a considerable space to an account of their history and the peculiar economic system of their community.[1] I was also aware that some of the Russian peasant dissenting sects had been in the past subject to at least occasional outbreaks of fanaticism, and that in such sects there had been evidences of widespread mental aberration. I therefore wrote to Count Tolstoy, expressing my fears on this score and asking explicitly if it was likely, should the Doukhobors come to Canada, they would as a group permit their children to be educated and would desire to be on friendly terms with the people among whom they might make their new home. To these questions Count Tolstoy answered that the people were not addicted to outbreaks of fanaticism, and that there could be no doubt that they would be law-abiding.

Other inquiries yielded information that the number for whom provision would have to be made would be about seven thousand men, women and children, that they wanted to go to a country where they would be granted immunity from military service and would be permitted to settle in communities. They made no other stipulations. I was informed at the same time that efforts had been made by some Russians in California to induce them to go there, and that the Argentine Republic had also been thought of as a probable field for their emigration. I was aware of their tendency towards communism, but I was not able to ascertain the precise character and extent to which their economic system corresponded to communism in the strict sense.

I should have preferred, before making such a recommendation as my friends suggested, to go to the Caucasus to see the Doukhobors and examine into their situation for myself; but there was an urgency in their case which rendered such a course impracticable. The permission to emigrate given by the Russian Government to the Doukhobors was accompanied with the condition that they should avail themselves of it at once, and the Doukhobors were not unnaturally afraid that if a renewal of the permission had to be asked for it might not be granted. I was therefore obliged to take the assurances of my friends, and to act upon them immediately. Upon receiving these assurances, I placed them, along with all the information I had been able to procure on the subject, before the Canadian Government. After some delay I was able to induce Mr. Clifford Sifton, then Minister of the Interior, to afford certain facilities for the immigration of the Doukhobors. He arranged, to begin with, for an Order-in-Council placing the Doukhobors in the same category as Quakers and Mennonites in regard to immunity from military service, and he agreed to allow the Doukhobors to settle in communities by utilising on their behalf the so-called Hamlet Clause in the Homestead Acts. I cannot undertake to give in this place a full statement of the complicated controversy that arose out of this rather indefinite undertaking. One fact, however, must be insisted upon, viz., the Department of the Interior was fully aware that the Doukhobors were reputed to be not individualist farmers, that, on the contrary, they practised a form of communism, the precise form of it as carried out in practice not being known. The department knew also that an explicit condition of the immigration was that the people should be allowed to settle in villages.[1]

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[1] Von Haxthausen, Baron August, *Études sur la situation intérieure, la vie nationale et les institutions rurales de la Russie*. Hanover, 1848 (French edition).

Immediately after I had concluded negotiations with Mr. Sifton, I received intimation that two families of Doukhobors were leaving for Canada for the purpose of reporting upon the suitability of the country as a field for Doukhobor settlement, and that they would be accompanied by an interpreter.[2] This party arrived in Ottawa in October 1898, and I met the members of it there. They went to the West, and reported favourably upon the country. The upshot was that four steamers were chartered by the English committee in charge of the migration. These steamers went to Batoum on the Black Sea, and from that port brought the Doukhobors to Canada. The first party of about two thousand souls landed at St. John, New Brunswick, in January 1899. The migration was completed by the arrival of the last of the steamers in April of the same year. This was by far the largest individual migration with which the Canadian immigration authorities had had to deal. Too much praise cannot be given for the skill and sympathetic kindness with which they managed the affair. The people had not only to be conveyed from the port of landing, accommodation had to be provided for them, and arrangements made for their maintenance until the opening of spring made it possible for them to settle on the land. They were housed in immigration halls —quite comfortable dwellings—at Selkirk, Winnipeg and Yorkton.

In discussing the settlement of the Doukhobors with Mr. Sifton, I suggested that, if it were not inconvenient from an administrative point of view, the people should be settled as near as possible to the northern limits of practicable settlement. The advantage of this plan would be for the Doukhobors that they could establish themselves in the self-contained manner to which they were accustomed, and for the country that the mere presence of a large colony to the north of existing settlement would increase the attraction of the intervening area and contribute to its occupation. This view was taken by the department, and although I did not ask for such an arrangement on behalf of the Doukhobors, nor did anyone else so far as I am aware, an area of about three hundred and fifty thousand acres was set apart for them, other settlers being excluded. This reserved area constituted a magnificent endowment, and had the Government adhered to its original plan and refrained from nibbling away the greater part of the land on one excuse or another, its relations to the Doukhobors would have been based on a sound and creditable foundation. The Government set apart, and afterwards withdrew, the reserve, compromising the influence of its officials over an obstinate and peculiar people, and inducing in their simple minds the notion that government, democratic or autocratic, was conducted in an arbitrary and capricious manner.

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[1] Individual settlement as it prevails in Canada is unknown in Russia. Not only the Doukhobors, but all Russian peasants, live in villages.

[2] Mr. Aylmer Maude.

When the Doukhobors arrived in 1899 all looked promising. Fortunately, at that moment there was in Winnipeg, as Commissioner of Immigration, a very remarkable personality, W. F. McCreary. McCreary was a man of vigorous and independent character, with great knowledge of the West and experience in dealing with foreign immigrants. He knew their point of view was often different from that of the Canadians, and it was necessary to take this into account in dealing with them; and that in non-essential things elasticity of regulation was indispensable. McCreary was aided in the Doukhobor settlement by John Speer of Brandon, a man of similar character and experience.

Although the Government made no specific grant for the Doukhobor immigration, certain funds were available. A commission of seven dollars fifty cents per head had been customarily paid by the Government to immigration agents and to shipping companies and others who organised immigration. Since the committee by which the Doukhobor immigration was managed refused to accept any remuneration, this capitation commission, amounting to about $50,000 (£10,000), was available for the expenses of settlement in addition to the resources of the Doukhobors themselves. These resources amounted to about as much more, although they were not at the disposal of the committee. The latter funds were administered by the Doukhobors themselves. I suggested that a small committee should be appointed in Winnipeg in order to assist McCreary in the distribution of the funds at his disposal. This suggestion was acted upon.

In April 1899 I was asked by Mr. Sifton to go to the North-West in order to see how the settlement of the people was progressing. When I arrived in Winnipeg about the middle of April, I found that the Doukhobors had just begun to leave their winter quarters and to transport themselves to their future homes. I found also that I was endowed with a certain authority which, as a mere volunteer, I had not sought for. Immediately on my arrival there was placed before me a pile of orders for supplies which had been sent down from Yorkton, through which the Doukhobors were passing, to one of their settlements thirty-five miles north of that point. Among these orders were two which puzzled McCreary and the committee. They were for iron bars and leather. The Doukhobors had explained that these materials were required for spades and waggon tires so far as the iron was concerned, while the leather was wanted for making harness. McCreary thought that if they wanted spades, ready-made spades should be sent to them, and that harness could be supplied more cheaply by a manufacturer, while waggons could be supplied made more cheaply than the Doukhobors could make them. Moreover, they had no coal and no forges with which to work the iron. I felt that here was the beginning of a difficulty which might prove a serious obstacle to the success of the Doukhobor settlement. It was evident that the people intended to adhere to their traditional self-contained economy. They had to procure raw materials, but they wanted to make the finished product for themselves. The good sense of this was manifest; but it meant that they would have little or nothing to do with local tradesmen, and that they would keep themselves separate from the community surrounding them. The risk of creating from the outset a public opinion hostile to the Doukhobors was very real. However, I decided that there was also a risk of embarrassing the settlement of the people by any attempt prematurely to alter their habits of life. Whatever view might be held as to the expediency of division of labour and of its importance in social organisation in a relatively densely settled community, the conditions in this case were exceptional, and they had to be met in an exceptional way. I therefore endorsed the orders and the materials were at once despatched. When I arrived at Yorkton two or three days afterwards I found the Doukhobors who were waiting there for transport to their settlement had received the leather, and they were working hard at their harness in the immigration hall. Had they not had raw material to work upon they must have been idle. Besides, they made the durable harness to which they were accustomed. When I went to the large temporary village which had by that time been built, I found that immediately the necessary houses had been constructed the Doukhobor blacksmiths had made bricks from the clay in the neighbourhood, had made ovens of these bricks, and had made charcoal of which they prepared in anticipation a plentiful supply. So soon as they obtained the leather which had been sent up from Winnipeg they made bellows, and they made anvils from the iron bars. By the time I arrived they had six blacksmiths' forges going, and they had already made about three dozen spades and four waggon tires. It is impossible to believe that these things were not produced more advantageously to the community than if they had been supplied by the factory, since had they not been so produced the blacksmiths and the saddlers would have been idle.

I was met at Yorkton by Prince Dmitri Khilkov, who had come out to Canada in order to make a report to Count Tolstoy upon the reception and settlement of the Doukhobors. Prince Khilkov is a nephew of the celebrated Minister of Railways during whose régime the Siberian Railway was constructed.[1]

Before the Russo-Turkish War Dmitri Khilkov had been impressed by the pacific views of Count Tolstoy, and had thought of resigning from the army. When, soon after, war was declared, he felt that he could not do so then; but immediately after the conclusion of the campaign he retired. Consistent refusal on the part of the Doukhobors to allow their youth to be conscripted had attracted him, and for some years he had taken a special interest in them. Thus when they emigrated to Canada he arranged to come out in order to see how their settlement was progressing.

On this first evening we sat far into the night talking about Russian and other affairs. Towards midnight we had a visitor. This was a young man of Yorkton, a druggist, who came to say that in the absence of the only doctor he had taken charge of a Doukhobor case. This was the case of a young man who had a suppurating wound in his arm. This wound had been poulticed, but the young Doukhobor, finding the poultice inconvenient, had removed it and refused to allow it to be replaced. The druggist, with touching confidence in the efficacy of his remedies, assured us that if the young man did not submit to his treatment he must inevitably be dead within forty-eight hours. He pled with Khilkov to go and see the young man and his mother without delay and try to persuade them to replace the poultice. Khilkov told me that he thought the expedition useless; but as the young druggist was conscientious about his case, he had better go. In about a quarter of an hour he returned. "As I thought," he said, "I made no impression upon them. The mother said that if her son was to die in forty-eight hours he would die, poultice or no poultice, doctors or no doctors, and that if he was not to die then he would live whether he replaced the poultice or not. In any case the poultice is more painful than the inflammation. The son took the same view as his mother, and nothing could be done." Unfortunately for the credit of the profession of apothecary, the young man recovered without the application of the remedies of the faculty, and he passed us in the street a day or two after with a knowing and triumphant smile upon his good-humoured and healthy face.

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[1] The elder Prince Khilkov had spent some part of his youth in the United States. If I am not mistaken he was employed for a time in the Baldwin Locomotive Works at Pittsburg. The younger prince had been an officer in the Russian Army.

After we had attended to some affairs in Yorkton, Khilkov and I set out upon our drive to the Doukhobor colony. There was very little settlement north of Yorkton. About twenty miles north there was a German farmer called Wolff, and about ten miles north of his place there was a small group of Russian Stundists, a dissenting pietist sect. Otherwise on that trail there was no settlement.

A portion of the funds of the committee was expended in the purchase of horses, more horses were lent by the Government, and altogether several hundred were available. Of these a large number were employed in transporting the Doukhobor families from Yorkton to the Doukhobor villages, a distance of about thirty-five miles. The travellers spent a night on the way at a resting-place provided for them. Early in April a number of Canadian carpenters skilled in the building of log-houses were sent up in advance of the first Doukhobor party to prepare log-houses for them. The system adopted was to establish at one point two large temporary villages. These villages were composed of a few large houses in each of which several families were accommodated. The houses were built of logs luted with clay. In the centre of the floor a large plain stove supplied heat. On two sides of the single room of which each house consisted there were two tiers of bunks, each bunk being about seven feet long and five feet wide. A bunk was provided for each family. Khilkov and I lived in one of these houses for about three weeks. There were in it fourteen bunks. Deducting the two bunks occupied by us, the twelve remaining bunks were occupied altogether by about fifty persons, rather more than half being youths and children.

The building of houses was soon left to the Doukhobors themselves. Many of them were very handy with the axe and skilful in the choice of timber. The first care was to find clay with which to make sun-dried bricks. These bricks were quickly built into ovens, and by the evening of the second day of the settlement the women had all the necessary means of baking bread. Upon this they lived chiefly until the first crop was harvested. The bread ovens being furnished, the next most important requirement was the bath-house. This was built near a small stream, from which the water could readily be obtained for the purpose of making steam. Then came the forges as I have already described. When we arrived at the settlement, we found all the people—men, women and children—busily engaged in settling themselves in their new homes, although they knew that these were temporary. An important discussion was in progress which threw a penetrative ray of light upon the psychology of the Doukhobors, and showed that, in spite of the pietistic frame of their minds and of their rather ostentatious championship of unadulterated communism, they were men of like passions to other peasant folk.

A large area of land had been allotted to the Doukhobors in three different places—the first, south of the White Sand River, the colony in which we were staying at the time; the second, south of the Swan River at Thunder Hill, about seventy miles north of the first colony; and the third, about thirty miles west of Rosthern, a station on the Prince Albert line of railway. These areas consisted of approximately one hundred thousand acres in each colony. The lands in each colony were given to the Doukhobors *en bloc*; they were left to distribute them as they chose. The people were distributed among the colonies according to their distribution in their original habitats; for example, the people from Elizavetpol went to one colony, the people from the neighbourhood of Tiflis to another, and the people who had been transported from the Caucasus to Cyprus to a third. So far as the distribution within each colony was concerned, they were left to their own devices. Each colony thus found itself in possession of more than one hundred and fifty square miles of country wholly new to them, most of it as yet unsurveyed, without roads, with rare bridges over the rivers, and varying from open prairie to woodlands and swamps. The advance parties of the respective colonies only had reached them, the remainder of the colonists were still in the immigration halls or were on the trails. The people had a desire to settle in villages, but it was important that the village sites should be carefully selected with due regard to proximity to cultivable land. Such a selection involved time, men and horses, for the area was so great that for the men to walk over it within any reasonable time was impossible, especially since some of the best judges of land among them were old men. A limited number of horses was available, and the horses were required at that moment to transport the people. Moreover, the season was advancing; so soon as the horses had finished their present task it was expedient that ploughing should begin, and for that both men and horses were required. If they did not plough they could have no crop that season, and if they had no crop they would either starve or submit to be supported by the Government or by private benevolence.

Khilkov and I both thought that, since the large temporary villages afforded housing accommodation in the meantime, the most sensible plan would be for the people to break the land in the immediate neighbourhood of these villages and to get at least a crop of potatoes out of it in that season. The agricultural authorities had advised that in the place in question potatoes should be planted about the 21st or 22nd April, and if this were done they should be ready for digging by the end of June. This promised by far the quickest return for their labour. We noticed a large stretch of gently sloping land near the village. In this land there were about forty acres, and we suggested that they should begin at once to plough and plant in that field. This proposal did not meet with unanimous approval. It was decided that a meeting should be held composed of representatives of the twenty-two villages, the people of which composed the population of the two large temporary villages in one of which we were residing.

This meeting was held the following day, which was the 20th April. In order to avoid interruption the meeting was held about nine miles from the villages. We drove out to the meeting-place in waggons early in the morning, and took with us supplies for the day. When the meeting took place we saw in action the *mir*, which had played so large a part in the economic history of Russia. Khilkov and I had made our proposition, which was designed to help them out of a difficulty they evidently were slow in meeting for themselves, and we lay on the grass and listened to their debate. They conducted their discussion in the manner which I afterwards found was the characteristic manner of the Russian village meeting. Each man who spoke shouted in a loud voice, and the affair bore the complexion of a contest in lung-power. So far as it was possible for Khilkov to gather—and it was not easy even for him to follow them, because they often used peculiar peasant expressions, sometimes corruptions of Russian or Tartar words, with which he could not be familiar—the arguments with which they met our proposition were as follows: The people, they said, wanted to get to the sites of their permanent homes as soon as possible. They did not like to live in crowded houses which were not their own. If they broke and cultivated the field in question, or other fields in the vicinity of the temporary villages, then the permanent villages that might find a place on their sites would have an advantage over other villages, the land of which would have to be broken, not by the whole working force of the community, but by the villagers themselves. I did not gather that they discussed the question of individual ownership at this meeting, although the possibility of it seemed to be present in the minds of some of the speakers. They appeared to consider seriously only the village interest as contrasted with the interest of their community as a whole. The time arrived for the midday meal without a decision on the question. After the meal, the men stood up again and went on with their argument. Towards five o'clock the most vociferous of the orators began to get hoarse, and their voices became high and shrill. Suddenly the clamour ceased without apparent formal reason. One side had shouted the other down, and the defeated side became silent. That was all. There remained no motive for the victors to shout any more. A decision had been reached. I asked Khilkov, "What is it?" "I don't know," he said. "Wait and see."

The men immediately ceased to stand in the formless group in which they had been standing all day, and formed themselves into a long straight line as if they were a company of infantry. We stood up. The Doukhobors then knelt down and touched the earth with their foreheads. They rose, and one of their number, acting as spokesman, intimated that they had agreed to our proposition. The meeting of the *mir* was over. We drove back in the evening to the village. Next morning about daybreak twenty ploughs, each drawn by two horses, broke for the first time the fertile soil of the prairie. In a corner of the field thirty or forty men, with long spades made by their own blacksmiths, began to dig.

They did not always spend so much time in discussion of their village affairs before they acted. On our way to the place of meeting we had to cross a small creek. Over this creek the Doukhobors had thrown a bridge, but a flood in the night had caused damage and we had some difficulty in getting our horses and waggons across it in the morning. When we returned in the evening the bridge had been repaired. Finding in the course of the day that the bridge was damaged, the men remaining in the village had simply turned out at once and put it in order for our return.

Before I left Winnipeg I had been told that the floods had damaged the line of the Dauphin Railway to Swan River, that the bridges were down, and that no communication with the Doukhobor colony at Thunder Hill was possible by that route. The people had gone in a few weeks before, and supplies had been sent up to them. The delivery of some of these supplies had been prevented by the interruption of communications, and it was feared that the people might be in serious want. I was therefore instructed to endeavour to cross the seventy miles of country which separated the two colonies, and to take with me some waggon-loads of supplies from the South Colony. Soon after our arrival at the South Colony a couple of Dominion land surveyors came in from the north. They reported that the White Sand River was in flood, that ice was being borne in masses by the stream, and that the only bridge was down. They had built a raft and had crossed the river with difficulty. They advised that it would be necessary to take a force of men and to construct a raft in order to get the waggons across. We were considering this information and the arrangements contingent upon it, when two tall Doukhobors came in; one was a man of over sixty years of age, the other was about forty. Standing together at the door with their caps in their hands, they told us that they had been sent to us by the North Colony people. They had surmised that anxiety would be felt regarding them, and they desired to allay this anxiety. They reported that sufficient supplies were in possession of the colony to enable them to subsist until railway communication with Swan River was re-established. These men had traversed in less than forty hours seventy miles of country wholly unknown to them, and had crossed swollen rivers in order to relieve any anxiety that might be felt regarding the colony. Our relief expedition thus became unnecessary.

Among the Russians who, like Khilkov, sympathised with the pacific ideas of the Doukhobors and came to Canada to assist them at the beginning of their settlement, was the engineer Leopold Soulerjitsky. He came in the last steamer which conveyed the Doukhobors from Batoum; unfortunately I had to leave Canada for Europe before he arrived in the North-West. The accounts which I obtained from those who met him show that his practical sagacity was of great service to the Doukhobors during the short time he remained with them. On his return he wrote a picturesque and penetrative account of his experiences.[1] Since his arrival occurred immediately after my departure, it was very interesting to me to read his impressions. I have already indicated the kind of problems the Doukhobors had to encounter, and the discussions they had among themselves up till the time I left the North-West early in May 1899. It appears from Soulerjitsky's account that after I left them they continued to discuss among themselves the fundamental question of their economic life, namely, whether in the new country to which they had come they should adhere to the communistic system, which in one form or another had been traditional with them for a hundred and fifty years, or adopt the individualist system which they found in existence among their new neighbours. Soulerjitsky describes very vividly many meetings similar to that which I had attended. In these meetings they threshed out this important question. In June the South Colony decided to become individualist; but the conditions in which they were living—in occupation of land held in common, in houses occupied in common by numerous families, using agricultural implements with which they had been supplied for common use, and animals which had been supplied from a common fund—were not conducive to the speedy adoption of an individualist basis for their community.

I became aware afterwards of disputes regarding the division of the common property. Three weeks after they had as the result of long discussion adopted an individualist policy, they had another lengthy meeting and decided to revert to the basis of communism. Although the speeches reported by Soulerjitsky were filled with religious enthusiasm, and although they regarded communism as a peculiarly Christian form of social life, I am convinced that what really determined their adoption of it were practical considerations. Very few of them had any individual property, and those of them who had means in their individual ownership were looked upon rather enviously by those who had not. The possessions of the community were almost altogether common possessions, and the distribution of these among them was certain to provoke disputes in which they would waste their time and their energies. They thus fell back upon communism as the only practicable system for the bulk of the people. Yet a few separated themselves from the Doukhobor community over this question, took out individual homesteads, and established themselves in villages apart from the others.

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[1] Soulerjitsky, Leopold, *To America with the Doukhobors.* Moscow, 1905 (in Russian).

Soulerjitsky tells a picturesque story about the confidence of some of the more spiritually-minded of the Doukhobors. There was a small settlement of them at Good Spirit Lake, some twenty-five miles or more north-west of Yorkton. One day Soulerjitsky was standing in the street in Yorkton when he noticed a boy driving a pair of oxen. The boy addressed himself to some Doukhobors, and they pointed out Soulerjitsky to him, saying, "There is the man you want." The boy went up to him and said:

"Leopold Alexandrovitch, I have come from the old men at Good Spirit Lake. They sent me for flour."

Leopold Soulerjitsky. "But, my boy, I have no flour; and even if I had, you could not carry it very well on the backs of your oxen."

Boy. "The old men said that I would get a waggon to carry the flour—a new waggon with red wheels."

Leopold Soulerjitsky. "My dear boy, I am sorry to say that I have neither waggon nor flour."

The boy, looking disappointed and distressed, went to see if he could get something for his oxen to eat.

At that moment Joseph Elkington, the Quaker from Philadelphia, who had gone to Yorkton with funds supplied by the Society of Friends, came up to Soulerjitsky. Soulerjitsky told him the story of the boy. "Where is the boy?" said Elkington. Soulerjitsky hailed a Doukhobor, who shortly returned with the boy. Elkington went into one of the Yorkton stores and bought flour. Then he went to an implement warehouse and bought a waggon. In a short time the oxen were yoked, the flour was loaded, and the boy sat proudly on the waggon with the red wheels. Everything had, after all, occurred as the old men had said. The simple faith of the old men was very fine, but there was a danger of the people falling into the habit of expecting miracles to relieve them from the necessity of producing for themselves.

The task of settling the Doukhobors was greatly facilitated by the opportunity afforded for the employment of able-bodied men upon railway construction, which at that time was going on vigorously in the North-West. Many hundreds of them were so employed; and their wages, a portion of which went into the common purse, enabled the community to get over the first winter more comfortably than they could otherwise have done. Yet the employment of the men was not without its difficulties. On the side of the railway contractors it was found that the feeding of vegetarian labourers was an awkward problem in a country where there were no market-gardens. Supplies of vegetables had to be brought from Ontario at great expense, while beef could have been procured locally quite cheaply. On the side of the Doukhobors, the absence from their settlements of a large force of able-bodied men while they were establishing their villages was a disadvantage. Nevertheless, on the whole the earnings of the men provided the community with reserves for the winter, while the women and young men and girls graded the streets of the villages and brought the farm-lands to some extent into cultivation.

Five years elapsed before I was able to visit the Doukhobors again. Meanwhile there occurred the "pilgrimage," in which about two thousand Doukhobors, led by Nicholas Zibarov, took part. They abandoned their villages, turned their cattle free on the prairie, and wandered southwards, throwing aside as they went any silver and other metallic ornaments they possessed. They even discarded their leather boots, on the ground that in order to obtain them it was necessary to kill cattle. After leaving their villages, the Doukhobors marched southwards, feeding on Saskatoon berries as they went, sometimes being entertained by the settlers when they reached the settled region. Their numbers were so large that the migration became a real menace; they could not be supported by the farmers, and they could not be allowed to starve. When they reached the railway they were forcibly entrained and taken back to their villages.

I was not able to go to the North-West at the time in order to make personal inquiries on the spot into the facts of the occurrences; but I brought down from the Doukhobor settlements a man whom I knew as a reliable person, one who had not taken part in the pilgrimage. His name was Paul Planēdin. He was a first-rate horseman and driver. In the Caucasus he had enjoyed so great a reputation that when the Tsar or any member of the Imperial family made excursions into the mountains from Tiflis, Paul was chosen to drive the Imperial carriage.

I had staying with me at the time Captain Dietrichs, brother of the Countess Olga Tolstoy, whose name appears elsewhere in these reminiscences. Dietrichs and Planēdin generally spoke in Tartar, because both were familiar with that language and because Planēdin's peasant Russian was not so easy for Dietrichs to understand. I had, therefore, to rely chiefly upon Dietrichs' translation of Planēdin's account of the pilgrimage. I kept Planēdin with me for a week and got much information from him. I gathered several things of importance. First, that the Doukhobors had been accustomed in Russia to leadership, and that in Canada they had had no natural leaders. Second, that they had suffered themselves to be misled by some of the Russians who had joined them from Russia after they came to Canada. Third, that the pilgrimage did not originate exclusively in religious excitement, but largely in a feeling that the climate was too severe for the people, and that if they made a demonstration the Government would remove them to a milder region. Fourth, that the necessity of their taking homesteads individually, and of their taking the oath of allegiance in order to do so, was beginning to be talked of among them.

The history of the Doukhobors has never been fully related. I cannot in this place pretend to give it; but the following account has been derived from various sources, chiefly from personal conversations with Doukhobors.

The original leader of the Doukhobors in the middle of the eighteenth century was Kapustin, a sergeant in the Russian army who had become a pacifist, and who, or his immediate followers, had become infected with one of the numerous heresies which for many centuries have clung to the peasants' minds in Eastern Europe. The particular heresy upon which the Doukhobors appear to have built their rather indefinite creed is Ebionitic Gnosticism. The special point in this heresy (I use the word in contrast to the formally sanctioned doctrine of the Greek Orthodox Church) accepted by the Doukhobors concerns the nature of Christ and the transmission of this nature to those who are truly one with Him. Thus all Doukhobors who have engaged in the spiritual struggle, and have conquered the inferior passions, have become Christs, and they are as truly sons of God as Jesus Christ was. After Kapustin there came a succession of leaders, and about the beginning of the nineteenth century the leadership came to be concentrated in one family. From about 1865 to 1885 the leadership was in the hands of a woman belonging to this family, whose name was Kalmakova. For these twenty years Kalmakova held undisputed and autocratic sway over about twenty thousand Doukhobors, who were living under a more or less communistic system in the Caucasus. These people had come from every part of Russia. They were not united originally by kinship, although they afterwards intermarried among themselves. The ostensible reason for their union in a separate social group was common religious belief. But there was another reason, which in the case of some adherents underlay the religious reason, the latter being only used as a cloak. This was the operation of the law banishing to the Doukhobor communities established in the Caucasus all persons who professed to be Doukhobors. The object of this law was to prevent the growth of schism by immediately removing schismatics, and segregating them in frontier places where they could not influence the general population. Before the emancipation of the peasants in 1861, the banishment of a peasant from the estate to which he was ascribed meant in effect manumission. When he was banished he really became a free man within the area to which he was banished. There was thus an inducement for peasants to become, or to pretend that they had become, Doukhobors, because the mere profession of the faith of a Doukhobor meant manumission and relative freedom. Thus many peasants joined the Doukhobor communities who did not share the spiritual exaltation of the genuine Doukhobors, and who, therefore, adulterated the tone of the communities to which they did not really belong, either by character or by faith. In 1861, the accession of such doubtful elements ceased as an effect of the manumission of all peasants; but there still remained in the Doukhobor communities the pretenders and their descendants.

Either because the Doukhobor communities were not exclusively composed of sincere adherents of the gospel of non-resistance to evil or because of ineradicable combativeness in the characters of even the most convinced pacifists, there were incidents in Doukhobor history in which, under the influence of conviction of great wrong, they did not hesitate to exact dreadful reckoning. For example, about the year 1893, some Doukhobor villages in the neighbourhood of Tiflis were raided in the night by a lawless band of Kurds. This band carried off the Doukhobor cattle. In their customary quaint manner, the Doukhobors sent a message to the Kurds saying that no doubt on account of extreme poverty the Kurds had found it necessary to steal the cattle; but now that they had the stolen cattle, the Kurds were no longer poor, and therefore the Doukhobors expected that the Kurds would leave them in peace. The Doukhobors sent down to the market of Tiflis and bought cattle to restock their herds. No sooner had they done so than the Kurds made another raid and stole the cattle a second time. Another message was sent expressed in imperative terms. The Kurds were told that while in the first instance they may have had the excuse of poverty, this excuse could not avail them for the second offence. The second raid was carried out, not because the Kurds were poor, but because they were bad. They must not attack the Doukhobors again. Yet the Doukhobors replenished their herds for the second time. The foolish Kurds were oblivious of the fact that even sheep will turn on their enemies on occasion. They made a third raid. The Doukhobors sent no more messages, but collecting a sufficient force, armed to the teeth, they surprised the Kurdish village in the night and killed every man, woman and child.

This incident was related to me by the magistrate of the district in which it occurred. I asked him what action he took. "None at all," he said. "The Kurds got what they deserved."

The Doukhobors were not immune from the internal disputes and intrigues from which all religious and other groups suffer. In the middle of the eighties such intrigues drew upon the Doukhobors the attention of the Russian Government, through an appeal made to the Government by one of the parties into which the Doukhobors had come to be divided.

As a passive agent in these transactions there appears early in the eighties a young man named Peter Verēgin. This young man belonged to the ruling family, the family to which the leader Kalmakova also belonged. From his birth, Peter Verēgin had been looked upon with peculiar veneration by the Doukhobor community. His mother was reputed to have borne him miraculously.[1] From the beginning of his career he was thus regarded as a man apart—as one to whom the canons to which the Doukhobors were accustomed did not apply and to whom unusual respect must be paid. Verēgin had been brought up under the patronage of Kalmakova, for she destined him as her successor in the Doukhobor leadership. Verēgin was married when he was about twenty years of age. Kalmakova was unmarried. Though sexual irregularity appears to have been always extremely rare among the Doukhobors, the irregularities of Kalmakova were well known by them. Kalmakova, although by no means young, conceived a violent attachment to the young Verēgin, and by virtue of her autocratic power took him into her house, compelling him to leave his young wife. The young wife did not take this meekly; she went boldly to Kalmakova, who was a woman of violent temper; Kalmakova became enraged and, in the presence of Verēgin and his wife, died in an apoplectic fit.

The Doukhobor community then split definitely into two parties, the seeds of disunion having existed in a subordinated fashion under the later years of Kalmakova's rule. The division was in effect upon the question of acquiescence in the requirement of the Russian Government that the Doukhobors should render military service. None of them wanted conscription; but some were disposed to allow their young men to undergo it rather than encounter the consequences of refusal. The communities were unequally divided—about three-fifths of the people belonged to the party of compromise, and the remainder to the small party, or the party of recalcitrance. The latter ostentatiously burned their weapons with which they had previously been armed in order to protect themselves against the Kurds and other hostile tribes, and announced their intention to refuse their young men for conscription, at the same time declaring Peter Verēgin as their leader.

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[1] The details of the legend are not important. They were derived, no doubt, from one or more of the myths about the births of heroes and prophets. The important fact is that about twenty thousand people believe, or affect to believe, in Verēgin's miraculous birth.

The Government, through the local authorities in the Caucasus, took energetic steps so soon as the period for calling up the young conscripts arrived. They sent a force of Cossacks to the Doukhobor villages in which the members of the recalcitrant party resided, and demanded surrender of the youths. The psychology of the Doukhobor is peculiar. He objects to violence, but his passive resistance has little to distinguish it from force. The Cossacks found that the people of several villages had congregated, and that they had put their young men, together with their women and children, into a large granary. This granary was surrounded by the entire able-bodied population, carrying in their hands long straight scythes, sickles, and bill-hooks, presenting the appearance of a *cheval-de-frise*. When the Cossacks drew up before this obstacle, their officers renewed their demand for the surrender of the conscripts.

"We will not surrender them," said the Doukhobor spokesman.

"Then we will have to take them by force."

"In that case," said the Doukhobor, "you will have to come against our scythes and you may cut yourselves."

The Cossacks were so greatly outnumbered by the peasants that they decided to retire, although of course they might have fired into the Doukhobor mass. Had they done so it is not improbable that they would have been cut to pieces to the last man.

They returned later strongly re-enforced, took Peter Verēgin prisoner, sent the young conscripts into penal battalions, and for that time reduced the Doukhobors to submission.

Verēgin was sent to the Kola Peninsula. There he spent some years, living in his own house with a Doukhobor man-servant, his maintenance being defrayed by the Doukhobor community in the Caucasus. I am indebted to Peter Verēgin himself for an account of his life at Kola. The peninsula has come into prominence since the opening of the harbour in winter by means of ice-breakers, and through the construction of the railway which connects with the Russian railway system. It also came into prominence during the war, for it was the scene of a campaign between the forces of the Entente and the Red Army.

In 1886 Kola was an insignificant settlement; practically the only inhabitants were the military commandant with a few soldiers, the custom-house officer of the port, and Peter Verēgin. The two officers and Verēgin formed a small but intimate society. The customs officer was married, and both he and his wife were on friendly terms with Verēgin. The extreme loneliness of the place and the idleness of the life in a little-used port seem to have preyed upon the mind of the customs officer, for he spoke to Verēgin one day in a tone of so great despondency that Peter thought it advisable to mention the conversation to the wife of the officer. About a month later the customs officer came to Peter's house, evidently in a state of great excitement.

"I can endure it no longer," he exclaimed.

"Wait a moment," said Peter. "Let me get a bottle of wine." He went to the door of his room to call his servant, and on turning round the officer had disappeared. Peter went at once to his bedroom, the door of which was ajar, and there he found standing by his bed the customs officer, holding a revolver picked up by him from Peter's dressing-table.

Peter Verēgin. "What are you doing there?"

Customs Officer. "I am going to shoot myself, Peter, I cannot endure life any longer."

Peter Verēgin. "Won't you then kiss me a farewell?"

So saying, Peter took a step forward and kissed the officer, at the same moment seizing both the officer's hands. As he tightened his grasp the revolver fell on the floor. Throwing the officer backwards upon the bed, Peter picked up the revolver.

Peter Verēgin. "You are a fine fellow. You know that I am sent here by the Government. You pretend to be a friend of mine. Yet you come here to kill yourself in my house. Do you not see that suspicion must rest upon me and that it will be supposed that I have murdered you? What do you think of yourself?"

Customs Officer. "I am very sorry, I did not look at it in that light."

Peter Verēgin. "Well, what is to be done, do you really want to die?"

Customs Officer. "Yes; I am tired of this place, tired of everything."

Peter Verēgin. "Then, as I will be in any case blamed for killing you, I had better shoot you myself. Stand up and close your eyes."

The officer did so, and Peter raised his revolver. He fired into the ceiling, but the officer fell back on the bed, muttering "Thanks, I am dying."

Peter Verēgin. "You are doing nothing of the sort. You are not wounded at all. I missed you that time; get up. I will take care not to miss you again. Stand up."

Customs Officer. "Oh no. I cannot go through this a second time."

Peter Verēgin. "You do not want to die, then?"

Customs Officer. "Not now! Not now!"

Peter Verēgin. "Then go back to your wife, ask her to pardon you, and behave yourself like a reasonable man."

For some reason, probably because in spite of the remoteness of Kola, Peter was able to maintain correspondence with the Doukhobors in the Caucasus, the Government decided to send him to Siberia. He was dispatched there about 1888, and there he remained at Obdorsk until the customary period of banishment—viz. fifteen years—had expired. In 1900 he was free to go; instead of going back to the Caucasus, he decided to go to Canada and join his people there. During the whole period of his banishment Peter had contrived to keep in touch with his people. Special couriers were frequently sent from the Caucasus to his remote quarters in Northern Siberia, and his letters were circulated among the Doukhobors before the migration to Canada and afterwards. A selection of these letters has been published.[1] They were addressed to the Doukhobors by a young man very imperfectly educated, who had passed the greater part of his mature life in exile in remote and isolated regions. He had read without guidance, and thought almost without contact with other minds. His native powers might be even commanding, but his knowledge of the world was almost a negligible quantity. His letters bear the impress of his mode of life. They are filled with abstract reflections. The ideal world which he had constructed for himself had little correspondence with reality. His physique, powerful and energetic, and his character, reserved and detached, fitted him for command, and he was accustomed from childhood to be treated with deference and to be obeyed by his people. Yet his acquaintance even with them was limited, for he had been separated from them since his twenty-first year. In his exile he had read much of Tolstoy, whose pacifism and hostility to commercialism harmonised well with the traditional points of view of the Doukhobors. One of Verēgin's ancestors had deliberately cut himself off from his Russian surroundings, had become a Doukhobor, and had handed over to the community his property, which was reputed to be very large. Verēgin had thus by heredity and by training been placed outside of the influence of progressive society, and he found nothing new or strange in Tolstoy's points of view. The implications of these points of view attracted him. With the perverse logic of the Russian mind he set himself to work out to their legitimate conclusions the principles he had derived from his Doukhobor ancestry and from his reading of Tolstoy. Killing was an offence against moral sense, therefore no living thing must be killed. Cattle should not be fed for slaughter and should not be kept in slavery. He was a magnificent horseman, but he looked upon his horse as his friend and companion and not as his slave. From his point of view a large part of the constitution of modern society, little as he knew of it, was based upon the exploitation and use of metals—the railway which contributed to the breaking up of the village system and to the destruction of the self-contained life of the village community could not exist but for the exploitation of iron, and the system of modern finance was based upon the exploitation of gold. These and other metals were obtained by mining, and mining as he knew it was effected by means of convicts or by men whose labour was exploited either by compulsion or by means that differed not at all from compulsion. Thus men who desired to lead a spiritual life must cease to prey upon animals, and at the same time cease to prey upon one another. Animals must be liberated and metals as well as men must cease to be exploited. These reflections were set forth in his letters to the Doukhobors, and they had due effect upon them. The conclusions they represented corresponded with the ideals of Doukhobor tradition, and they had been formulated for them by their hereditary leader. Moreover, his miraculous birth, his long exile on their account, the great strength of body and mind with which they had heard he was endowed, combined to cause him to be envisaged in their minds as a heroic figure representing to them the embodiment of their aspirations.[1] It should therefore not be counted strange that they attached importance to every word of his letters, and that they should be inclined to carry into practice without compromise even the most inconvenient and disturbing of his conclusions. To the effect upon the simple minds of the Doukhobors of the letters of Peter Verēgin I am inclined to attribute the pilgrimage. There were subsidiary causes, but I do not believe that these would have been effective but for the letters. Among these subsidiary causes were those mentioned above as having been detailed to me by Paul Planēdin. No doubt the motive that they might compel the Government to give them a place of settlement which was subject to a milder climate had some force. Without cattle it was impossible for them to make their living on the northern prairies, and Peter their leader had pointed out to them that the keeping of cattle involved the slaughter of them for food, if not by themselves, then by others. Therefore they must seek a climate in which they could grow fruit, or other such crops.[1] The propaganda of some of the Russian so-called helpers of the Doukhobors had possibly also something to do with the organisation and character of the pilgrimage. Alexander Bodyansky, a small Russian proprietor, had either left Russia voluntarily or compulsorily because of his opposition to the Government, and had gone to live in England. He had attached himself to a small group of Tolstoyans who lived at Purleigh in Essex. There Bodyansky had developed certain eccentric habits, going about barefooted and hatless for some reason or for no reason. This did not matter in a settlement where eccentricity was not unusual, but outside of it these habits were likely to be conspicuous. One day Bodyansky received a communication from the Russian Consul in London to the effect that he had inherited some money, and that this money had been sent to the Consul and would be paid to Bodyansky upon personal application. Bodyansky immediately set out for London, habited as he was without hat or boots. It would have been wholly against his principles to go by rail, therefore he walked. His long white beard and peculiar appearance attracted attention as he went barefooted through the East End of London, and the girls coming out of the factories at their dinner-hour amused themselves at his expense. The police interfered and escorted him, passing him on from one policeman to another until he reached his destination at the Russian Consulate. Here he demanded to see the Consul. A clerk in attendance told him that the Consul was engaged, but that he would see him soon.

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[1] At the Free Age Press, Christchurch, England (1901), by Vladimir Tchertkoff (in Russian).

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[1] Thus confirming Wundt's hypothesis of the psychology of hero-worship to the effect that the hero is the projection of desires and aspirations. *Cf.* Wundt, *Völkerpsychologie*, vol. ii. pt. i. (Leipzig, 1905), p. 48.

Bodyansky. "That will not do, I must see him at once."

Clerk. "It is impossible; but if your business is urgent, perhaps I can attend to it."

Bodyansky. "No, you cannot. I am required to see the Consul personally; but I can tell you what my business is."

Producing the Consul's letter, he continued, "I want to tell the Consul that I do not believe in inheritance, and that I do not want this money."

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[1] A large migration of Doukobors to Southern British Columbia took place later. There they have engaged successfully in fruit cultivation.

Clerk. "What, then, is the use of seeing him?"

Bodyansky. "That is my affair." He became so turbulent that he had to be turned out of the office.

This eccentric old man made his appearance shortly afterwards in the Doukhobor villages at the very moment when they were disturbed by the letters of Verēgin, by the requirement on the part of the local authorities that they should register their births, marriages and deaths, and that they should send their children to school, and by the requirement on the part of the Ministry of the Interior that they should enter individually for their homesteads and at the same time take the oath of allegiance. The requirements of the authorities were merely those to which everyone submitted without question; but to the Doukhobors they presented the aspect of requiring complete abandonment of their principles. It was true, as I have indicated, that these principles had not been very clearly enunciated by them, and that they had by no means been invariably adhered to in their past history; but when they were called upon, as they thought, to sacrifice them under external pressure, the spirit of martyrdom was aroused, and they began to regard themselves as the victims of a new persecution undertaken against them by the Canadian Government. In this attitude towards the authorities they were strongly encouraged by the newly arrived Bodyansky. He knew nothing about the conditions of life in Canada; he only knew that the Doukhobors objected to some governmental regulations, and for that reason he was with them heart and soul. He drew up protests for them, and did everything he could to encourage them.

Apart from the more or less debatable grounds for the pilgrimage, and apart from the more or less sane counsellors of it, there was in it an element of insanity and there were present as active forces in it several persons who were without doubt positively insane. There is in all communities a number of unbalanced people, and in so large a community as that of the Doukhobors there were in the nature of things several lunatics. These were excited by the general disturbance and were active in the pilgrimage. The more extreme manifestations which characterised the pilgrimage were due to the presence among the pilgrims of probably the whole of the unbalanced people in all of the communities. Out of a total of about eight thousand, one-fourth, or two thousand persons, took part in the pilgrimage. Before the pilgrimage took place, the Doukhobor women carefully stored their linen and other belongings in their houses. Perhaps some of them had a shrewd idea that they would return to them. Return they did, and ere long the communities settled down to their customary peaceful and laborious life.

The settling down of the communities was greatly facilitated by the arrival of Peter Verēgin. The moment of his arrival marked a distinct change in the Doukhobor atmosphere. In many ways the leader was less of a Doukhobor than any of them. He at least could read and write, accomplishments which hardly any of them possessed or even approved. Verēgin immediately set about the organisation of the communities. He gave their business affairs a legal status by forming the Doukhobor Trading Company, arranged credits, made large purchases of horses, cattle and agricultural machinery, even introduced steam-engines, and generally infused intelligent activity into the whole enterprise. He put a stop to the fantastic adventures of the Doukhobors in social idealism, and directed their energies into the concrete problem of providing a sound economic basis for life of any kind. Yet he did not modify their communist basis. On the contrary he intensified it, made it more practical and thorough, and dominated it with his own remarkable personality. Soon after his arrival he came east to see me in Toronto. I derived a very favourable impression of him. I found that he had a shrewd and able mind, and that he was fully aware of the faults and weaknesses of his people. He had no other thought, so far as I could discover, than to serve them to the limits of his own powers. The devotion of his life to their interests seemed to be taken for granted. He must often have been provoked and discouraged by the *bêtises* of his people, yet he never revealed to me any impatience of them.

In 1904, while I was engaged in the study of the North-West for the preparation of my Report to H. M. Board of Trade, I lived two or three weeks with the Doukhobors, most of the time being spent with Peter in his house at Verēgin, which had become the capital of the Doukhobor "empire," as one of themselves called the community.

I went in the first instance to Swan River to visit the Thunder Hill colony, which I had been prevented from seeing in 1899 by floods. Although farther west my movements were again impeded by floods, the Dauphin line to Swan River was in passable condition. We passed through great swamps without difficulty. The Dauphin line was originally built by Messrs. MacKenzie and Mann; indeed, it was their first railway enterprise. The line was constructed by means of bonuses obtained from the Provincial Government of Manitoba. These bonuses were given on the ground that the line was proceeding towards Hudson

Bay, and the amount payable on account of them was to be determined by the distance traversed by the line in the direction of the Bay. I arrived at Swan River about one o'clock in the morning, and found Nicholas Zibarov waiting for me. He had been sent by Peter Verēgin to meet me. It will be remembered that Zibarov was the leader, if there can be said to have been a leader, of the pilgrimage of 1902. After two years Zibarov had become quite normal. He was a good driver and a resourceful man. I had been told about his extraordinary memory. He had recited to someone the whole of the Apocalypse in the old Slavonic Scripture. It is needless to say that he could neither read nor write. I did not expose myself to any of Zibarov's feats of memory. I had other matters to think of at that time; but I found him quite intelligent on farming affairs. He came for me in the morning about seven o'clock, and we set out on our drive of about thirty miles to the Doukhobor Northern Colony. Much of the trail was through swampy land. With great thoughtfulness the Doukhobors had sent out a gang of men, who had spread branches over the moister places in order that I should be able to make the journey in moderate comfort. Yet at many places in the trail we came upon sloughs in which there was deep mud. In one of these sloughs I noticed a strange movement in the mud, and discovered that this movement was produced by the nose of an animal sunk almost completely in the slough. We alighted from the waggon, and Zibarov with great dexterity threw a rope over the head of the creature, although only his nostrils appeared above the mud. The rope was pulled taut round the horns. After working with it for about half an hour, we succeeded in extricating the animal, a year-old heifer, from its predicament, and we left it to get clear of the adhering mud as best it might. These northern prairies were singularly destitute of animal life. The only creatures we saw were prairie chicken, of which we aroused a great number from time to time.

The Swan River Valley is very fine from a scenic point of view, and in the spring usually very wet. The date was about the 20th April, and the weather was extremely cold. I had taken a heavy fur coat with me, and found in addition the *borka* or cloak of thick felt, provided for me by the thoughtfulness of the Doukhobors, a source of comfort. In due time we arrived at the first Doukhobor village. Here there lived William Archer, who had gone from the Purleigh Tolstoyans to the Doukhobor settlement to teach the children. He had known a little Russian before he came to Canada. Archer was very enthusiastic, but somehow he did not get on well with Peter Verēgin. He had written, no doubt with the best intentions, but with doubtful wisdom, letters to the Department of the Interior, in which he had given an unfavourable account of Peter's activities. He was thus naturally looked upon by Verēgin as a kind of spy who was reporting upon his affairs without being fully informed of them. Verēgin, having been shrewd enough to discover what Archer was about, did what any other gentleman would have done, he simply let Archer alone, and did not trouble himself about him. Archer frequently visited me in Toronto, and I had arranged to spend a few days with him. I found him living alone in a comfortable log-house divided into three rooms, one living-room and two bedrooms. A large box-stove for burning wood occupied the middle of the floor. When I arrived I was chilled, in spite of my thick wraps, and I therefore asked Archer to reinforce his wood fire. This he did to such purpose that in a few minutes the temperature of the room by my pocket thermometer was 104° F.[1] I found the village in which Archer lived, although the most northerly of the Doukhobor villages, quite prosperous. The people were in good spirits, and were adjusting themselves cheerfully to the country and the climate. They had now been five years in their new quarters.

After a few days among the villages of the Thunder Hill colony, I was driven to Fort Pelly by Zibarov. Fort Pelly is an old Hudson Bay post, and here also there is the post of a free trader in furs. It is not possible to buy furs in a Hudson Bay post. The furs collected by their factors must all be shipped to London. The free traders have no such rule. I therefore bought a few musk-rat skins, which were the only furs available at that time. In both stores I found many bales of these skins ready for shipment. As always at such posts, a few Indians lingered over their bargains about furs or supplies. At Fort Pelly I found waiting for me my old friend Paul Planēdin with a change of horses for the second thirty-five miles of my journey, for Fort Pelly was exactly half-way between the settlements. Zibarov's team had been a good pair; but Paul's was magnificent. He brought Peter Verēgin's superb black stallion which he customarily rode and a black gelding. The horses were perfectly mated, and both very powerful and handsome. Paul was an admirable driver, the carriage was the best that could be procured for prairie travel. Nothing was wanting for a rapid and luxurious journey. Early in the evening we drove into the village of Verēgin. There I found Peter installed in a comfortable house. He received me with great cordiality, and his servant, who had been with him in Siberia, valeted me in the quaint Russian fashion of which I had had experience in Russia, standing beside me as I washed and pouring the water over my hands in a half-oriental manner. I had many things to discuss with Peter, and many troublesome questions to settle if possible. Among these were the homesteading question, with its accompaniment of the oath of allegiance, which bulked largely in the Doukhobor mind, and the question of maintenance of roads.

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[1] A few years later poor Archer was burned to death in this very house.

While I was in Winnipeg I was told by the Commissioner of Immigration that four Doukhobors had been arrested for arson and after trial had been sentenced to three years' imprisonment, and that one-half of that period had been served by them in the penitentiary at Stoney Mountain, near Selkirk. These men had given much trouble to the authorities because they had made a hunger-strike. One of them had died in prison, and the other three were ill. The Commissioner told me that he thought the men were sufficiently punished, and that if Peter Verēgin petitioned for their release they would be liberated. He asked me to ascertain Verēgin's attitude towards the men, and to get such a petition from him if possible. I had to go to Regina on other affairs, and I took the opportunity of asking Colonel Perry, the Commissioner of the North-West Mounted Police, for further details of the case. He told me that the arson for which the men were sentenced consisted in their burning the cotton sack of a reaping machine. He said that Peter Verēgin had reported the occurrence, and that a Mounted Policeman had been sent up to the colony to investigate. He found that the men were rather unbalanced, and that they had conceived a dislike of agricultural machinery. The policeman told Verēgin that technically the crime of arson had been committed, and that the punishment for arson was three years' penal servitude. He pointed out that the particular offence for which this severe punishment was usually imposed was the burning of barns or of houses for fire-insurance money, and that the burning of a piece of cotton, although technically arson, was hardly to be regarded as a very serious offence. He advised Verēgin to overlook it, and to try to persuade the men to be peaceable members of the community. Verēgin said that these men had been a great trouble to him, that they were a menace to good order in the colony, that they had been guilty of an offence against Canadian law, and that they ought to be punished. He insisted upon their arrest, and demanded that they should be taken to Regina in chains as an example. The officer arrested the men and took them to Regina, not, however, in chains. When the case came before the Court in Regina Verēgin appeared to prosecute. There was no question of the guilt of the men, but the judge appealed to Verēgin in terms similar to those employed by the policeman. Verēgin refused to yield, demanded the full penalty prescribed by the law, and said that he would not be answerable for the good order of the Doukhobors if crazy persons who took proceedings of that kind were not punished. The judge felt that he had no option and sentenced the men to the full term of three years. Colonel Perry also told me that a short time before my visit he had had a communication on the case from Ottawa to the effect that a complaint had been made by the Russian Foreign Minister to the British Ambassador at St. Petersburg, on the ground of information supplied to him, that men belonging to the Doukhobor colony "had been tortured" in prison. This complaint was conveyed by the British Ambassador to the Foreign Secretary at London; he passed it on to the Colonial Secretary, and it was forwarded by him to the Governor-General of Canada, who had handed it over to the Premier, who had sent the correspondence to the Commissioner of Mounted Police for report. The Commissioner also told me that during the period which elapsed between the accused men being sentenced and their being forwarded to the penitentiary they had refused to obey the regulations of the prison at Regina in respect to the cleaning of their cells and that they had refused to eat and drink. He had ordered that vessels containing water should be hung about their necks, and they succumbed to the temptation to drink. Abstention from food had also been conquered by similar means. He understood that the authorities at the penitentiary had been obliged to resort to similar expedients in order to save the lives of the men. He thought that Verēgin had behaved with great harshness throughout the case. Armed with this authentic information, I was prepared to discuss the affair with Verēgin; but I thought it expedient to allow him to introduce the subject if he thought fit, rather than introduce it myself, unless his silence about it made it necessary for me to initiate discussion. I had been several days with him, when one evening he said:

"There is a sad affair I want to speak to you about. Four Doukhobors have been for a year and a half in the penitentiary at Stoney Mountain. They have been tortured there, and one of them has died. The others may die also."

James Mavor. "That is very sad. If you will give me a letter to the Minister of Justice I will do what I can to induce him to liberate the men, and then perhaps their lives will be saved."

Verēgin made no answer. He rose and walked up and down his room for several minutes, while I sat silently waiting.

Peter Verēgin. "No, I cannot do that. If these men are liberated they will come back here, and they will infect others with their craziness and make my task of managing the people more difficult."

James Mavor. "As for that, you are more competent to judge than I am. I must tell you if you ask for their liberation they will be liberated, I can guarantee that; but if you do not ask for their liberation, they may have to remain where they are until they die or until the expiration of their term. In any case you are responsible. I know about the complaints of "torture," and I know what these mean. There must be no more of them."

Peter made no remark; but after that evening there were no more complaints. The position of Verēgin was a very difficult one; but there was no justification for his attempt to shift upon the shoulders of the Canadian authorities responsibility for action which he had himself initiated. I did not ask him if he had sent the complaint to St. Petersburg. He must have been aware of the representations; but I am under the impression that he did not originate them.

While I was staying with Peter, a man came one day to arrange with him for the employment of four or five hundred Doukhobors in the construction of the permanent way of a new railway line which was to pass through the Doukhobor lands. This man represented the contractors for the line. We were talking of indifferent things when the arrival of the man was reported. Peter made no haste to see him, in spite of my remark that the man was waiting.

"Let him wait," said Peter.

After a while he said to me:

"Come out. We will see this man."

When the man had stated his case, Peter refused to allow the employment of the men excepting upon a contract providing for payment per cubic yard of the material moved.

"How much, then?" asked the man.

Peter Verēgin. "Twenty-seven and a half cents per cubic yard."

Man. "That is too much. We will give you twenty-five cents."

Peter Verēgin. "Twenty-seven and a half cents is the price. Do you want the work done?"

Man. "Well, I suppose we will have to pay that."

Peter Verēgin. "Good morning."

Thus the contract was made, and the five hundred men went to work. I asked Peter why he had held out for the amount he mentioned.

Peter Verēgin. "Because that is the amount the contractor is getting for the work. I do not intend that he will make any profit out of us. He had to pay what we fixed because he could get no other labour in the country."

In spite of his want of knowledge of English, Peter's information about the affairs in which he was interested was always extensive and exact.

Shortly before my visit Peter had purchased on account of the Doukhobors a large area, about ten thousand acres of land, immediately to the east of the Doukhobor allotted lands. The projected railway ran through this property. It was necessary for the promoters—the Canadian Northern Railway Company—to purchase the right of way, and it was also expedient to purchase land for a town site. When Verēgin was approached about this, he offered to sell the company forty acres for their town site and the railway station, on condition that the station should be placed, not in the centre of this area purchased, but on the edge of it, in order that the growth of the projected town should take place on the Doukhobor property as well as on that purchased by the railway.

I have already indicated a certain vacillation of the Doukhobor attitude towards the economic foundation of their society, and shown how the urgent necessity of their case forced them to retain the elements of communism entailed upon them by the conditions of their migration. This vacillation was the result partly of the absence of leadership, and partly of the presence of disintegrating elements in their social group. These disintegrating elements soon made themselves evident. Defections from the main body began at once. Those who were individualist by temperament, and who had somehow or other been able to secure some individual resources, took out homesteads and set up for themselves. There have been persons in all communist societies of whom Ananias and Sapphira were the types.

When, however, Peter Verēgin's masterful hand began to exert its influence, and it did so immediately upon his arrival, such concealment of individual resources became more difficult, and therefore defections became more rare. Peter found himself strongly supported by the women. Under communism, the woman is no more and no less economically independent than the man. She can go to the communal store and obtain food and clothing for her household, or at least the raw materials from which these are made. She has no domestic debt, and she is not under any fear that her children will want for bread if her husband is unemployed or if he dies. If her husband is engaged on distant work, she does not depend upon him for the punctual remittance of an allowance. If her husband dies, she draws the provision for her family and herself, just as she did when he was alive. The

Doukhobor husband who became infected with individualism was free to leave the community if he chose; but if he left it, he had to take his family with him. His wife could no longer draw from the common stock. Separation for individual life could alone be carried out easily by the unmarried, and only a certain number of these left the community. Altogether the non-community Doukhobors probably number about one-fifth of the total, while the community Doukhobors number about four-fifths.

The practice of communism within the community was very simple. All produce went into the common stock. The Doukhobor wheat all went to the Doukhobor elevators, the Doukhobor cattle were sold and the proceeds were deposited to the account of the Doukhobor Trading Company. Purchases of leather, textiles, tea, sugar, etc., were made wholesale, and these commodities were placed in the Doukhobor stores for delivery as demanded by the households requiring them. So far as I am aware, the spirit of the people was in general such that everyone worked as hard as he could and made no effort to dispose fraudulently of goods which he might obtain on demand from the Doukhobor stores. Yet by some means the people had small sums of money in their possession. I am not aware how they obtained these sums, probably it was found to be wise not to be too meticulous in demanding of the men working outside the community the whole of the balance of their wages in excess of their own subsistence.

Apart from the raw materials I have mentioned, little was brought into the community from the outside. Their houses were usually furnished in the simple manner of the Russian *izba*; such furniture as they had was made by themselves of timber cut by themselves. There was in one of the Doukhobor villages a peasant who had acquired skill in making wooden clocks, and he spent most of his time making clocks for all of the colonies. Men and women worked in the fields together, and they adhered to the pleasant Russian custom of marching in groups from the village to the scene of their labour, singing as they went.[1] The earliest risers began to patrol the village street singing a hymn to the rising sun, and their voices aroused the others. When the band was completed, the workers marched away, their voices gradually becoming more distant. They returned in the evening in the same manner.

On the occasion of my first visit to the Doukhobors in 1899, I had expressed a desire to attend the religious service which they held on Sunday morning. I neglected to ask the hour at which it was held, and my friends did not arouse me. When I was ready to go I found that the service had been held at daybreak. In 1904 I determined to make no such mistake. I rose at daybreak on my first Sunday morning with Peter Verēgin and went to the service. It was held in an upper room of one of the houses in the village. Everyone stood, the men on one side of the room, and the women on the other. No one presided. The service consisted in the singing of hymns and in recitation of the old Slavonic Scriptures. Nothing was read. I cannot say how accurately the Scriptures were rendered; but there was evidently a traditional rendering to which they adhered, for there was no hesitation in correcting a mistake or in supplying an omission. Everyone present took part in the recitation, even the youngest—both male and female. The service lasted about an hour and a half.

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[1] *Cf.* p. 384.

On the evening before my departure from the village of Verēgin, the villagers were good enough to come to Verēgin's house and give me a serenade. The following day Verēgin and I drove to the crossing of the White Sand River, the bridge being down. We waited while Paul Planēdin swam the horses across and while the waggon was being taken over on a raft. The population of the village turned out to say good-bye, and sang to me while I was waiting and while I was crossing the river. The scene was instinct with primitive life. Paul drove me to Yorkton with his magnificent horses, and from thence I went on other affairs.

I have mentioned these incidents for the purpose of illustrating the shrewdness and practical sagacity of Peter Verēgin, and his ability to manage Doukhobor affairs. His disinterestedness being beyond question, only time was necessary to permit him to organise his people and to direct their energies towards very ample material prosperity. As they became more prosperous, it was reasonable to expect that they would become less inclined to be influenced by eccentric propaganda.

Unfortunately the Ministry of the Interior permitted itself to be influenced by political considerations imposed upon it by local interests. It deprived the Doukhobors of the greater part of the land originally allotted to them on the ground that they had failed to comply with the homestead law, and it induced on the part of the Doukhobors a distrust in the good faith of the Government.

Verēgin met this new condition with his usual sagacity; he purchased for the Doukhobors a large area of land in British Columbia, and transferred about one-half of his people there gradually. In their new quarters they found themselves in a more genial climate than they had experienced in Saskatchewan, and they began to cultivate fruit on a large scale. During the war they contributed a considerable quantity of jam made in their factories as a free gift to the troops; although, true to their principles, they did not volunteer and they claimed the immunity from conscription to which they were entitled by Order-in-Council.

The war, however, had certain reactions upon the Doukhobors. The people of Canada felt a grievance. They had been conscripted, and the Doukhobors, the Mennonites, and the Quakers had not been called to serve. They were exempt by law; but the justice of such exemption began to be called in question. Thus when the allotment of lands to soldiers who had borne their part in the war came to be made, envious eyes were cast upon the Doukhobor lands, and some of these were actually surveyed with a view to their compulsory purchase by the Government for the purpose of bestowing them upon the soldiers. The propriety of giving military grants is one question, the breaking up of settled and productive communities in order to provide these military grants is quite another question. Fortunately the design was not carried into effect, and the Doukhobors were left in possession of the lands purchased by them.

Racial, social, economical, or religious *enclaves* are always troublesome to communities in which they are found. They form separate communities within the larger community of the nation. The occupants of *enclaves* have a tendency to define for themselves the boundaries of their "rights," and to regard as oppression any attempt on the part of the nation or of the State as administrative organ of the nation to define their "rights." Thus the "rights" of the nation as a whole and the "rights" claimed by a community within it may be quite irreconcilable. Instances of recurring quarrels, with chronic discontent and occasional rebellion, abound in every country, but especially where the *enclave* has well-defined territorial separateness from the territory of the State as a whole. In many countries the *enclaves* have through lapse of time and other causes lost or abandoned their character of separateness; in other countries the *enclaves* have maintained their "independence," and have sometimes secured formal recognition of this "independence." Where a true *enclave* exists—that is, where a territory occupied by a people historically distinct is completely surrounded by the territory of the nation of which in certain aspects it is regarded as a part—there are a few unimportant cases of the maintenance of formal independence.[1] There are innumerable cases where the *enclave* is not recognised, and where there are more or less continual struggles either for partial or complete autonomy. Such struggles took place between the Swiss and the Austrians, between Bohemians and Austrians, between Finlanders and Russians, between Irish and British, and between French Canadian and the majority of the colonists of English descent in the American colonies.

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[1] As, for example, the Republic of Andorra in the north of Spain, the Republic of San Marino in Italy, and the Republic of Monstrelet, south of Liège in Belgium.

In these historical cases long antecedent circumstances had determined the existence and the character of the *enclaves*. The areas and the people concerned had been formally annexed to or included in the larger political unit by dynastic changes or by conquest; in either case the desires of the people having been slenderly or not at all considered.

In the *enclave* with which we are specially concerned at the moment, namely the Doukhobor colony,[1] the conditions had been wholly different from those present in the European cases. The people migrated voluntarily; so far as the country to which they migrated was concerned, there had been no compulsion of any kind. When they entered the country they were assumed, and rightly assumed, to have satisfied themselves that the people among whom they elected to settle were people with whom it was possible for them to associate in matters of common interest, and that the laws of the country were such that they could obey without violation of principle.

While the assumption of knowledge on the part of the new-comers of conditions in Canada was perfectly justified, it was, nevertheless, too generous an assumption. It implied that to certain words the same meaning was attached by everyone; or at all events, that to such words as liberty, law, sovereignty of the people, kingship, oath of allegiance, the new-comers attached the same meanings as those customarily attached by the older residents of the country. Precisely the contrary was the case. Indefinite as were the conceptions on both sides, they did not cohere. That which was taken for granted by one side was regarded as contravening the most sacred obligation on the other. Such divergent attitudes of mind remain divergent in the same degree as the strength of character or the obstinacy of the peoples concerned. In so far as these attitudes depend upon racial characteristics they are very permanent, and therefore assimilation of races is an incredibly slow process. A thousand years have elapsed since the last important migration of people to England, yet the English people are even now not fully assimilated. The people of countries like the United States are not assimilated to any appreciable degree. Hard knots are above all difficult to assimilate; and there are many hard knots in America—both in Canada and in the United States. The Doukhobors and the Mennonites may yet be found to be knots no harder than the French Canadians or the Germans, and much less hard than the Jews, the Chinese, or the Negroes.

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[1] The Mennonite colony is a similar *enclave* in Canada.

While the problem of the process whereby the Doukhobor community may come to be absorbed in the general Canadian community is important, not less so is the light thrown upon the system of equality or complete commensalism by the adoption of this system on the part of the Doukhobors.

In their case equality has been successfully, although no one can say permanently, established. What were the conditions which rendered establishment of equality possible, and what have been the economical and moral consequences?

1. The *primary* condition which furnished the first Doukhobors, those of 1750, with an impelling motive towards equality was the glaring inequalities with which they were surrounded and by which some of them materially profited. They decided not to attempt to mend the society of their time—a society of which bondage was the distinguishing feature—and to leave it not individually but in families. The cardinal condition in the case of the Doukhobor system of equality was and is the presence of it as a protest within the shell of an unequal society.

2. The *second* condition is segregation of the group.

3. The *third* condition is territorial isolation.

4. The *fourth* condition is common racial origin, intrusions of alien blood being all remote, and no addition otherwise than through natural increase of the population being permitted.

5. The *fifth* condition is a language not merely common to the group, but distinctive of it and cardinally different from the languages of the surrounding peoples.

6. The *sixth* condition arises naturally and inevitably out of the preceding conditions, and its character is determined by them, namely, a common religion, distinct from any of the religions professed by surrounding peoples.

7. The *seventh* condition is comparative innumerousness of the group practising the system of equality in comparison with the surrounding population.

8. The *eighth* condition is the presence, material equality notwithstanding, of a leader who on occasion may act decisively as dictator. This man or woman (for the Doukhobors have had experience of

leadership by both) must have the capacity of recognising disintegrating influences and the energy to stamp them out. Such a dictatorship need not be pervasive, but must, in a moment of crisis, be effective.

The observed effects upon the Doukhobors are as follows:

1. Strength of group-feeling, contingent partly upon the imminence of external pressure, moral and material, from the surrounding population.

2. Absence of a feeling of social (including national) solidarity in the sense of recognition of membership of a wider community than their own distinctive group.

3. Feeling of finality. For the Doukhobors, the good end is already attained. Why learn? Why read? Why write? Why exercise the mind? What is regarded by the external world as progress is an illusion. When the daily means of life are secured, as they may be by common labour, striving for more is unnecessary, luxury being sinful.

From the point of view of comparison of economical conditions, it is not easy to relate the system of equality as practised by the Doukhobors to the inequality of the society surrounding them and living under similar physical circumstances. In the case of the Doukhobors we have to deal with uniformity, in the case of the surrounding society with averages, or with minima or maxima.

I have gone carefully over the accounts of the Doukhobors, organised as they have been by competent external accountants, but I have not been able to find any exact method of comparison between the productivity of the Doukhobors and that of similar numbers of the general population in their neighbourhood.

It must be realised that the Doukhobor economic system is not absolutely self-contained. The Doukhobors depend alike for a portion of their supplies and for marketing their surplus products upon the organisation of a society founded upon inequality.

The Doukhobors did not establish themselves without aid from the State, and from banks and other institutions which from their point of view are objectionable. They conduct their business by means of typewriters, telephones and other inventions which could not have existed had their polity been universal. The Doukhobors are thus, in spite of their ostentatious separation from the external world, essentially associated with it. For themselves they may enjoy such advantages as are incident to uniformity of well-being, apart from variation of seasons, but they also enjoy the advantages of conveniences that have been produced for them and others by means of the system of inequality. Yet the Doukhobors are reluctant to sustain their share of the cost of these conveniences. They are willing to build bridges for themselves within their own territory, but they see no reason why they should assist in providing the roads extending over unoccupied spaces by means of which alone these bridges can be rendered useful excepting for purely local needs. They avail themselves of the education obtained by some of their people, yet they object to the education of their children on the ground that education is sometimes harmful, and that it weakens family discipline and family ties.

The effect upon the surrounding society of this attitude towards what this society regards as social obligation is unfavourable to the Doukhobors. Not merely do the conditions which have been enumerated tend to separate the Doukhobors from their neighbours, but their relative, though not complete, self-containedness and their frugality prevent them from patronising the retail dealers and thus from entering in any organic way into the life of the communities surrounding them.

The Doukhobors take no interest in Canadian politics, and yet find themselves in more or less continual conflict with the Dominion Provincial and Municipal Governments. They frequently appeal from what they regard as human law to what they call the "Law of God"—this law being, of course, their own interpretation of what they conceive to be a law superior to the laws of the country they live in.

The efforts of the Doukhobors towards the simple life—of equality, piety, frugality, and utter reasonableness—have involved many people who have, in one way or another, been brought into relations with them in extreme complexity.

The most primitive life is complex. Simplicity may be defined as the art of ignoring complexity, and thus transferring to others the burden of its problems. Like Russians in general, the Doukhobors are deficient in the sense of responsibility.

CHAPTER XXVIII

RUSSIA IN 1899

I.—FINLAND

Pellervoinen, earth-begotten,
Sampsa, youth of smallest stature,
Came to sow the barren country,
Thickly scattering seeds around him.

Down he stooped the seeds to scatter,
On the land and in the marshes,
Both in flat and sandy regions,
And in hard and rocky places.
On the hills he sowed the pine-trees,
On the knolls he sowed the fir-trees,
And in sandy places heather;
Leafy saplings in the valleys.
In the dales he sowed the birch-trees,
In the loose earth sowed the alders,
Where the ground was damp the cherries,
Likewise in the marshes, sallows.
Rowan trees in holy places,
Willows in the fenny regions,
Juniper in stony districts,
Oaks upon the banks of rivers.

Kalevala, The Land of Heroes (Finnish national epic), collected by Elias Lonnrot (1835), translated by W. F. Kirby (1907).

I LEFT Stockholm about the middle of July for Hangö and Helsingfors in Finland. The vessel passed to the south of the Åland Islands, which were seen in the distance. When we entered the Gulf of Finland, we came upon a scene of ravishing beauty. There are some finer archipelagoes, some with loftier islands and some with more exciting historical associations; but the islands off the south coast of Finland have a quiet and fascinating charm. I landed at Hangö, and went on immediately to Helsingfors. There I found the city full of excitement over an international meeting on the Constitutional question. The well-known authority on international law, Professor van der Vlugt, had crossed over from Stockholm on the steamer in which I had come, as also had Sven Hedin, who was on his way to Central Asia on one of his expeditions. Nordenskjold, the explorer, was in Helsingfors, and many others. The Finnish Constitutional question was not exactly new to me. I had been kept *en rapport* with it for some time by my friend Julius Reuter, who lived in London. His brother was a professor in the University of Helsingfors, and he had himself taken an active part in the Finnish agitation. Reuter and others had interested themselves in obtaining the signatures of a large number of public men in Europe to a series of memorials to the Russian Government. These signatures came to be contained in a handsome and bulky volume. The question arose as to how this precious book could be conveyed to St. Petersburg with the necessary secrecy and expedition. The committee in London, through Reuter, did me the honour of asking me to undertake the duty of transporting the volume from London to Berlin. I should have undertaken this task with the greatest goodwill; but as I was going to Russia upon a mission for the Canadian Government, I did not feel justified in undertaking any other mission as this might compromise the main purpose of my journey. I succeeded in obtaining the services of a highly competent emissary, who conveyed the volume safely to its destination. The memorials were handed to the Russian Foreign Minister, but I was told afterwards that he had not thought proper to place them before the Tsar.[1]

In Helsingfors several meetings were held and speeches were made without hindrance. At that time the Finnish Constitutional agreement was being observed excepting in one particular. This was in respect to military service. The Finnish Constitution provided that a certain small number of conscripts should be furnished yearly for the Russian army. This number was said by the Russian Government, and even by the Russian Press and people, to be smaller in proportion to the population than the number of conscripts drawn from other constituent members of the Russian Empire; the Finnish Diet was, therefore, asked to increase the number. The view held by the Diet and by the Finnish people was that the number of conscripts was regulated by the Constitutional agreement and that it could not be altered. They also regarded this demand as a forerunner of other demands, and as an indication of the intention of the Russian Government to whittle away the Constitutional safeguards of Finland.

The Governor-General of Finland in 1899 was Count Hayden, a Finnish nobleman of high character and great diplomatic skill. He had frequently smoothed over difficult passages in recent Finnish history, and he had been successful up till that moment in avoiding open rupture between the Diet and the Tsar.

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[1] The memorials and signatures were printed in facsimile in a volume entitled *Pro Finlandia* (1899).

My Finnish friends, the Reuter family, the Borgströms, Mr. Krogius, the manager of the Finnish Steamship Company, and others, were strong partisans of the Constitutional movement, and they were good enough to bring me into relations with the leading members of the Constitutional party and to furnish me with the literature of the subject. I attended many meetings in Helsingfors and in the country districts. At that time the Russian Government did not interfere in the least with the propaganda carried on by the Constitutional party. As was natural at a moment of excited controversy, the Constitutional party presented only one side; but they presented their argument with vigour and intelligence. They considered the Russian Government as tyrants and Russian people as merely stupid peasants. These opinions were frankly expressed, and the expression of them intensified the bitterness of the quarrel. Up to the point that the Finlanders were entitled to the exact performance of the provisions of their Constitution, Russians of all shades of liberal opinion, and even many members of the Conservative groups, heartily supported the Finnish Constitutionalists; but when the Finlanders began to express the view that the number of conscripts, determined nearly a hundred years before, was the unalterable number which Finland could be called upon to provide, Russian Liberal opinion came to be modified. The demand that the quota supplied by Finland to the Russian army should not be increased appeared to Russians of all shades of political opinion as an indication of national selfishness and particularism. It appeared to them that the Finlanders were quite willing to accept the protection of Russia and to enjoy the advantages, such as they were, of belonging to a great Empire, without contributing to the cost of these any more than was determined by an extremely narrow interpretation of the clauses of their Constitution. Up till 1899 the Russian Government had been rather supine. There had been in the higher circles of Russian society no hostility towards Finland, and no desire to create a Finnish question. But the day was approaching when Russia would need men and would require to guard especially the approach to her capital through Finland.

The more Radical elements in Russia, and especially the revolutionary elements, were not at any time favourably disposed towards Finland. The Finlanders had taken no part in any of the historical revolutionary movements. In the enjoyment of a Constitution, and unique on this ground among the constituent States of the Empire, the Finlanders made no effort to assist the Russians to obtain a similar advantage.[1] When, therefore, coercive measures began to be employed towards Finland by the Russian Government, Finland had no friends in Russia, in spite of the facts that throughout Russia there is a strong mixture of Finnish blood and that, within Russia proper—in the Byelozersk region—there lies a solid Finnish, or rather Karelian, population.

It cannot be said that the Finlanders exercised much tact in their relations with Russians. While I was in Helsingfors one of the Grand Dukes came in an Imperial yacht on a visit to Finnish waters. The yacht was moored at the wharf, alongside which there is the Helsingfors market. Usually in the forenoon the market is crowded. When the Imperial party arrived there was no one in the market square. The only persons on the wharf were a few Russian officers stationed in Finland; the Finnish authorities were not represented. Next morning the *Nya Pressen*, the leading Finnish newspaper, printed at the top of a column, without comment, this note: "His Imperial Highness the Grand Duke Michael arrived at Helsingfors in an Imperial yacht yesterday forenoon at ten forty-five and left at eleven o'clock." A few days afterwards the *Nya Pressen* was temporarily suspended for some indiscretion.

I made a visit to the Falls of Imatra, near Viborg, about twenty-five miles from St. Petersburg and within a very short distance of the frontier between Finland and Russia, the Falls being within the borders of Finland. There is a good restaurant, the terrace of which affords a view of the Falls. This place is frequented by tourists of all nationalities. One day, shortly before my visit, two Russian officers, who had come to see the Falls, walked into the restaurant and, speaking in Russian, ordered some lunch. The waiter to whom they gave the order bowed and retired. After waiting for some time they called, and another waiter made his appearance. They repeated their order, with the same result. They then went to the office of the manager and complained; but the manager affected to be ignorant of Russian, and the officers were obliged to leave without having been served. Incidents like this could not take place excepting at moments of political tension, but especially at such moments incidents of this kind are inexpedient and unnecessarily provocative.

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[1] While the Finlanders may be credited with perspicacity in anticipating the course which was actually taken by the Russian Revolution, it is permissible to consider the possible effect of a movement even in 1899 in Finland and among Finns in Russia for the erection of a Constitutional Government for the Empire at large, instead of a restricted movement for the conservation of an archaic Finnish Constitution.

Within a few months after my visit to Finland, Cossacks were using their *negaïkas* in the Cathedral Square at Helsingfors, the newly-appointed Russian Governor, Bobrikov, was assassinated, and the whole of Finland was in smouldering revolt.

After spending some days in Helsingfors I went to Åbo, whose ancient and commonplace castle contains an interesting collection of domestic utensils of past ages. From Åbo I went in a small steamer to Ispois, in order to pay a visit to a brother of Julius Reuter. I found him living in a tiny old château in a very beautiful situation. While I was with him we went on a little steamer among the islands of the Finnish archipelago, landing at the curious lime quarries of Pargas, and then went to an island which was the ancestral home of the Reuter family. There we found an interesting and alert aged couple, surrounded by numerous members of their family, including a young authoress who had written some remarkable novels of peasant life in Finland. This group, by no means the only cultivated and intelligent group I met in Finland, afforded tangible evidence of the anomalous situation of the Finlanders, whose political fortunes were tied to those of the Russians. While equally cultivated families were to be found in Russia, the great mass of the Russian people was, unlike the mass of the Finnish people, almost destitute of education.

I had decided to make a posting tour through Finland, and I took the first stage of it from Wasa to Gamla Karleby. The system of posting in Finland is excellent. The stages are about fourteen kilometres each. Journeys are made in one-horse carts; a change is effected at each post-house, and another cart and horse provided. I travelled in Finland altogether about five hundred miles by post, and found this mode of travelling very interesting and agreeable. There were no trains or steamers to catch; there was no motor to get out of order, no supply of gasoline to run short. When it suited me to go on I went on, when it suited me to stop I stopped. I found it expedient to carry with me my own provisions, because the food of the country was very trying; but this made me all the more independent of change of fortune. I slept in the post-houses when I wished to do so, or rested on a bench while my fresh horse was being harnessed; often I drove through the long summer night, which in these northern regions is never dark. The best way to see a country is, of course, on foot, the next best is in a cart. There is no possibility of going at a breakneck pace, nor is there any inducement to do so.

From Gamla Karleby I went by rail to Uleåborg, where I had an appointment on emigration business. Uleåborg is the most northerly town of Finland. It is within a few miles of Torneå and the Swedish frontier. At that time the railway was not completed round the Gulf of Bothnia. The railway bridge across the wide estuary of the Uleå River had been built, but it stood unused. The Swedes were afraid of the use to which railway connection between Russia and an ice-free port in the North Sea might be put.

In the days of wooden shipbuilding Uleåborg was an important port. From there tar was shipped to the Scots and English shipbuilding yards. Even yet tar is an export of consequence. While driving through the forest to the east of Uleåborg I saw the jack-pine selected for tar-burning, with the strip of bark removed to cause the exudation of the resin; I saw the tar-burners cutting down the pine and putting it into their rough ovens, and then, when the tar had dripped into the receptacle prepared for it, drawing it off into barrels. The barrels were then carted to the river and there loaded upon boats. These boats were of beam exactly sufficient to permit of the tar barrels being placed athwart the boat, and of length sufficient to contain about ten barrels. There was a small space at the bow and another at the stern. In the bow sat a boatman with long sweeps, which he used only occasionally when the current was scarcely rapid enough to carry his boat at the desired speed, while in the stern sat his wife with her hand on the tiller. There are many rapids on the Uleå River, and dexterity of the master at the bow and his mate at the helm is necessary in shooting them.

I went up the Uleå River in a small steamer. When it came to a rapid the vessel was attached to a rope fastened farther up the river and hauled up by means of a winch. At the head of navigation I left the river and spent some weeks in post-carts and in post-houses, driving through the northern forests and the uplands of Finland. Among the tar-burners I found a farmer who had been in the United States, and who had returned to his native village. He had a good house, the best in the neighbourhood, and he had put some capital into his tar-burning enterprise. As I went northwards the villages became less frequent, and even isolated farms came to be rare. When I had almost reached my most northerly limit I was interested to find an example of what was anciently known as "brand agriculture." In this system the soil is covered with branches, and these are burned in order that the products of combustion may fertilise the soil. I had heard of this system being in use in Sweden, but I had never seen it before. At one of the post-houses I saw a very ancient wooden plough, not in use, but put aside probably on account of its great weight. Modern American agricultural implements had made their way even into these northern regions. At Uleåborg I noticed and visited a large warehouse stocked with the machinery of a well-known American firm of implement makers. My route bent towards the east, and as I came southwards I found a saw-mill under the care of a very competent engineer, and equipped with modern hydraulic machinery, probably the most northerly plant of that kind in Europe, if not in the world.

The Finnish farm-house has certain peculiar characteristics. It usually consists of several buildings forming a court. On one side is the principal dwelling-house; opposite this building there are, in the larger establishments, two smaller buildings, one for the men and the other for the women employed on the farm. The stables, implement sheds and the dairy complete the court, and form what is appropriately called in Finland the *econom.* At a short distance from these buildings, sometimes on the opposite side of the public road, there is the bath-house. The bath-house is a wooden building, in one corner of which is a pile of large stones, with a small fireplace at the base of the pile. Into this fireplace are put billets of wood, and when the bath is to be prepared these billets are kindled. Gradually the pile of stones is heated, and when their temperature has been sufficiently raised, water is thrown upon them. The steam rising from the first pail of water is allowed to escape, and then in a short time another pail of water is thrown upon the stones and, the door of the bath-house being closed, the steam fills the apartment. About five feet from the floor is a bench, upon which the bather lies until he perspires freely. He is beaten with beech branches[1] until the increased circulation makes him red all over. Then he descends from his perch, and the farmer's wife washes him with soap and water and places him under a pail, the bottom of which is perforated. After being filled with water, this pail is rapidly hoisted to a bracket by means of a rope, and the perforations provide an excellent shower-bath. The process is completed, and the bather emerges from the bath to walk *in puris naturalibus* to the house, where he resumes his garments. Occasionally, in the evening, I have met on the road while driving a well-built young farmer walking without self-consciousness and without clothes from his bath to his house.

The cattle in Finland graze on unenclosed and frequently wooded land. They are therefore provided with bells to facilitate their recovery if they should wander too far from their homes. One evening, while I was having supper in a post-house, which, as always, was also a farm-house, I heard the notes—beautiful silvery notes—of a calf's bell. I was so much taken with its tone that I asked the farmer's wife if she would sell me the bell, and I proposed a price which I thought would induce her to part with it. She refused. I increased, offering at the same time to buy another bell in the nearest town and to send it to her. She told me that if she parted with that bell, not only the calf that carried it, but other cattle besides, might get lost, because the cattle all knew the sound of that bell, and would be sure to go astray if they did not hear it. "If," she said, "you come back in October I will give you the bell for nothing, for then it will not matter."

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[1] These beech branches are cut and hung up outside the main buildings of the farm in the courtyard.

I found the Finnish farming folk extremely hospitable and kindly. My knowledge of the Finnish language was limited. I found it hard to master. Like all primitive languages, the grammar is difficult. There are nine cases, and inflections apply to proper names as well as to other nouns. Familiarity even with the numerals is not easy to accomplish. Especially at the beginning of my driving excursion, I used to hold out my hand with a number of coins and ask the postmaster to help himself to his proper charge. Calculation afterwards showed that in a long trip I was not defrauded of a single copper. When I had reached my last stage and had just engaged the last cart to take me to the steamer at Kajana, I found that I had some provisions which would be useless to me, as in a few hours I should have other means of subsistence. I therefore offered them to the maid who waited upon me at the post-house where I had spent the night. She carried them off on the tray upon which I had put them. I heard in the courtyard outside my door an earnest conversation. In a minute or two the maid returned with her mistress. The latter expostulated with me upon the improvidence of giving away my food. With great difficulty I was able at last to convince her that I knew quite well what I was about, and that if she chose to make use of my tinned meats, etc., she was very welcome to them. With many protestations and thanks she accepted them.

In some parts of the country where the land was poor—and it was exceedingly poor in certain places—I found the people living at a very low standard of comfort. One very hot day I took a long walk for exercise and, feeling thirsty, stopped at a farm-house, thinking that perhaps I should be able to get a drink of milk. The farmer's wife told me that she had no milk, nor indeed anything to give me to drink, excepting a liquid which was contained in a barrel behind the door of her small cottage. Into this barrel she threw stale bread, and the result was a slightly fermented liquor which, apparently, was the only liquid customarily taken by the family. Even in households fairly well off I found that bread formed by far the larger part of their dietary, always a sign of a low standard of comfort. The Finnish bread is really a kind of biscuit. It is made in pieces about eighteen inches in diameter, with a hole in the centre. They do not use it when it is freshly made, but they bake periodically and put the baked bread on poles which are suspended from the ceiling, the poles being passed through the holes in the bread. I found it very hard, harder even than the hardest ship's biscuit.

Only on one occasion had I to wait any appreciable time for my cart at a post-house. Then the only horse which was available was at the time engaged in ploughing on an island in the lake on which the farm was situated. A signal was made to the island, which was about half a mile from the shore, and shortly the farmer took his horse from the plough, embarked it on a boat, and I saw the horse placidly standing up as the farmer rowed ashore, while I amused myself with one of his yellow-haired, blue-eyed youngsters.

The only inconvenience I suffered from a somewhat prolonged excursion in northern Finland was from mosquitoes. I was quite familiar with the Canadian variety, and I fancied myself immune from serious attack; but the Finnish mosquito had a sting from whose effects I was not immune. I wore driving-gloves, and therefore they did not attack my hands; but they devoted themselves to my ankles, with the consequence that my lower limbs became swollen to an inconvenient extent. So soon as I reached a town I made my way to a druggist, and, procuring a quantity of sugar of lead, made a lotion, by means of which I was able to reduce the inflammation by the time I reached Helsingfors.

Among the few industrial towns of Finland Tammerfors is conspicuous. Here paper and linen are made. The latter is prepared and woven by means of machinery imported from Belfast.

The centre of Finland is broken by a system of glacial lakes (or *öser*) of a character very similar to the Muskoka Lakes in Ontario. The pine and spruce forests of the two regions are also very similar; and additional notes of similarity are to be found in the lumber camps, the saw-mills, and the country houses which occur throughout both regions.

Helsingfors is a pleasant little city in which to spend a short time.

There were two good restaurants, at which I used to dine on alternate evenings. Both had excellent orchestras, and both had vocal as well as instrumental concerts every evening. There was also, in the park, a summer theatre, the stage being covered and the audience being in the open air, blankets being provided on chilly evenings. One cold evening a group of officers in uniform sat before me, each wrapped in a blanket. In the neighbourhood of Helsingfors there are numerous islands, on many of which are country houses, reached by small public steamers or private launches.

The general impression I derived of Finland was of a country very restricted in natural resources, these being chiefly forest resources difficult to exploit without a plentiful supply of labour specially adapted for forest industry. The soil of Finland is not naturally fertile, and even when it is fertilised by artificial means it does not yield abundant crops. Education has rendered the people reluctant to engage in an arduous contest with nature, and thus they have, even in the rural districts, engaged in the crafts, sometimes acquiring in these exceptional skill. Thus, at Kauhava, there is a flourishing peasant knife industry, the Kauhava knives being celebrated all over Finland, and near Tammerfors there is a peasant pottery craft on a small scale. Singularly enough, a great many of the Finlanders who emigrate have been or become tailors or tailoresses; small colonies of these have established themselves in New York and Toronto, for example. Many Finlanders have become miners or metal workers in, or connected with, the copper mines in Michigan and the copper and nickel mines at Sudbury, in Ontario.

Whether because of their racial kinship with the Mongol Tartars, or because of some other reason, the Finlanders have acquired a reputation for extreme nimbleness in the use of the knife. Among the Finnish immigrants in the United States and Canada there is little crime excepting crimes of violence. When they quarrel among themselves they stab, and when they stab they do so with fatal dexterity and rapidity.

In the statistics of immigration the two races of which the Finlanders are principally composed, namely the Swedish of the coast and the Finns of the interior, are not discriminated, and therefore it is impossible to determine whether or not this proneness to violence is due to Tartar or to Scandinavian origin. Both races have a formidable history.

I found a rather sharp class contour in Finland, the contour running across the racial line of division. The common people were educated but not cultivated, while the upper class was both cultivated and educated. In the latter were many Swedish as well as Finnish families, and there were besides strains of Scots as well as of German blood. The partial industrialisation of Finland, which I have noticed, and the character of its economical resources account for the predominance of the upper class, for the sharpness of the class contour, and for the animosity to the Finlanders of the Russian proletariat. The Finnish proletariat is not, relatively to the Finnish *bourgeoisie*, numerous or strong enough to play the rôle played by the proletariat of Russia.

The same conditions account for the pertinacity with which the Finlanders clung to their Constitution and to constitutional government after the Revolution in Russia had dissociated them from that country. The Finnish people never had any sympathetic relations with the Russians. In spite of quarrels with the Russian Government, the connection of Finland with Russia was really a dynastic and not a federal connection. Thus, when the dynastic connection was dissolved, there was no federal connection to maintain the unity of national interests.

From the point of view of Finnish advantage at the present time, Finland may be able to sustain an independent nationality because of two important conditions—namely, the collapse of the imperial system of Russia and the collapse of the German Empire. Finland could not possibly resist either empire so long as it endured. When both fell, Finland was in a double sense free; the Russian yoke had fallen, and there was no longer fear of German domination. Moreover, the separation of Norway and Sweden rendered the absorption of Finland by Scandinavia extremely improbable.

While in Helsingfors I made the acquaintance of several persons who were interested in Scandinavian art, with which necessarily the art of Finland is allied. Among these were Runeberg the sculptor. The Helsingfors Gallery of Art is very remarkable. So far as Stockholm was concerned, I did not, perhaps from some fault of my own, discover any evidences of the native Swedish art, examples of which I had seen in the Chicago Exhibition of 1893. But here in Helsingfors these evidences were to be found. There was, for instance, the distinguished portrait of the librarian Weselgrön, by Andreas Zorn, which was not approved, I believe, by the Swedish critics, because it gave Mr. Weselgrön a jovial aspect inconsistent with the dignity of his position.

This portrait is rather Jovian than jovial, if it may be permitted without shocking the susceptibility of surviving pagans to represent Jove with a cigar in one hand and a glass of beer in the other. It may be true that plastic art is rarely fittingly employed in serving the purposes of a photographic snapshot and that its proper function is to present fundamental and permanent characteristics rather than merely momentary expressions of vivid exaltation. But a rigid application of this principle would exclude all representation of movement in plastic art and would leave this representation entirely to dancing and music. There is, after all, no less reason for painting even the momentary action of a man than there is for painting a momentary mood of nature—and the cloud effects of a landscape, if not even the play of light upon land and sea, are in the highest degree evanescent. Whatever the critics may say, the portrait of Weselgrön is not only the best picture Zorn painted so far as I have seen, it is one of the half dozen portraits of high distinction by modern painters.

In this gallery also there is a fine portrait of my friend Miss Ellen Key, who has written upon marriage questions with very penetrative insight into sex psychology. The landscapes by Scandinavian painters in the Helsingfors gallery are remarkable because of the extraordinary fidelity with which they reproduce in paint the peculiar character of the northern atmosphere. This character impresses itself upon every traveller in northern latitudes, yet it is difficult to describe it in words of sufficient expressiveness. Northern air is clear and pungent, as if it contained in excess some gaseous element in which southern air is deficient. The pungency of it cannot be painted; but the clearness of it and the sharpness of the land and even of the cloud contours which result from this clearness can be rendered in paint. When this is done with due skill in drawing and in colour the effect is vastly different from the rendering of any landscape in more southerly latitudes. An intelligent painter of atmosphere, if he paints in northern regions, will inevitably paint in a manner at least approximating to the manner of the Scandinavians.[1]

Swedish landscapes have a certain harsh, and often even a diagrammatic, quality which may be displeasing to the critic accustomed to the atmosphere of the Dutch or of the Barbizon painters. Yet art is art, no matter what it is about.

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[1] This fact was strikingly exemplified in some paintings executed a few years ago on the coast of Labrador by the Canadian painter, Curtis Williamson. Without knowing anything about Scandinavian art, as I found, he had nevertheless quite inevitably struck the Scandinavian note. The same has been attempted, with less technical ability, by a group of Toronto painters known as the Group of Seven.

From Helsingfors I went by steamer to Viborg, and from thence to the Falls of Imatra. These falls have a certain beauty. They should rather be called rapids, for they consist of numerous small cascades.

Between Viborg and St. Petersburg, a distance of about twenty miles, the country is quite flat and without any interesting features. Small country houses, occupied in the summer by St. Petersburg people, practically line the railway.

II.—St. Petersburg, Moscow, Minsk, and Warsaw

Cit[ies] of orgies, walks and joys!

. . . .

Not the pageants of you—not your shifting tableaux, your spectacles, repay me;
Not the interminable rows of your houses—nor the ships at the wharves,
Not the processions in the streets, nor the bright windows, with goods in them;
Not to converse with learn'd persons, or bear my share in the soirée or feast;
Not those—but, as I pass, . . . your frequent and swift flash of eyes offering me love,
Offering response to my own—these repay me.

Walt Whitman, *City of Orgies* (1860–67).

St. Petersburg is an imposing and imperial, but not a characteristically Russian, city. Its buildings have a grandiose air, and its site on the Neva enables a large part of it to be seen to advantage from the north bank. All cities may be described as artificial, because they increase rather by design and by accretion than by spontaneous growth as the village grows. Above all, a city which is built upon a site obviously not prepared by nature for urban occupation must be regarded as artificial. Like Venice and Amsterdam, and the primitive habitations of the Swiss lake dwellers, St. Petersburg was built in the water. Peter the Great realised as a young man that, without access to the sea, Russia was doomed to Byzantism, with all that that implied. He therefore planned a port on the Sea of Azov, and another and more important port at the mouth of the Neva on the Baltic. Neither one site nor the other was suited by nature for the building of a great city; but to Peter's energetic mind this fact presented no insurmountable obstacle. Peter had some millions of State peasants in the State forests. These could be obliged to bring timber to the mouth of the Neva. With plenty of timber and plenty of labour, a city of any required dimensions could be built anywhere—even in water. So St. Petersburg was built. It cost tens of thousands of lives and an enormous amount of timber, together with vast quantities of supplies brought into the city by the agricultural peasants of the State for the purpose of supplying the needs of the building peasants.

Before the emancipation of the peasants in 1861, among the numerous schemes proposed to meet the difficulties of the situation, a project was advanced in which it was proposed to transform the serfs of the proprietors into serfs of the State. There were many millions of State peasants already; these were fairly well contented, and were generally admitted to be better off than the serfs of private proprietors. The scheme was not carried out.[1]

In 1899 there was a pause in the revolutionary history of Russia. The active movement of the eighties had been put down; the revolutionists had been hanged, sent to Siberia, or proscribed and compelled to live abroad in Switzerland, Italy, France, Belgium or Great Britain. A few had gone to America. In the late nineties all was quiet. While I was in St. Petersburg the Grand Duke George, brother of the late Tsar, died from hæmorrhage in the lung when he was on a cycling tour in the Caucasus. His body was brought to St. Petersburg and transferred with great pomp to the cathedral in the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul. Sir Charles Scott was good enough to invite me to witness the funeral procession from the windows of the British Embassy. These windows afforded an excellent view of the English Quay and of the Admiralty Bridge, across which the procession had to pass. With the exception of the catafalque, which was drawn by horses, and some squadrons of cavalry, the procession was wholly on foot. Even the Tsar walked. He marched with a curious jerky and uncertain step. The procession was headed by numerous ecclesiastical dignitaries in magnificent robes. Then came cavalry, one regiment being distinguished by huge scarlet cloaks which covered both men and horses.

My brother Sam and I went, later in the day, by special permission to see the bier in the cathedral, and we had an opportunity of seeing the interior of the gloomy fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul. The bier was watched by two officers of one of the regiments of the Imperial Guard. It was covered with a magnificent embroidered pall.

[1] It appeared for a time as though the whole nation, or rather what is left of the Russian nation after the separation of Finland, Poland, the Ukraine and Siberia, and after the destruction of the gentry and the merchantry, would be put into State peasantry. That appears to be the real meaning of the compulsory labour clauses. Lenin was emulating Peter. He made similar attempts to improve his people by means of measures at least as violent as any adopted by Peter, and it is more than likely that for a time he may meet with success similar to that which attended Peter.

Otherwise the interior of the cathedral was squalid. It was almost filled with the iron wire frames of long-decayed funeral wreaths, deposited there at the obsequies of Romanovs of a more or less distant past.

As the Imperial family was passing the windows of the Embassy, the Tsar walking in the middle of the street without any visible immediate guard, the people who were watching the procession from the pavement broke through the inadequate police force at the end of the quay and ran for a considerable distance alongside the Tsar. I am not aware that the incident occasioned any remark. Certainly at that time the dynasty was in no peril. The only disparaging observation regarding the Tsar made in my hearing was made by a working man on the top of an omnibus in St. Petersburg, and even that was in good humour.

Yet there was observable in St. Petersburg a certain reserve when questions regarding the Government came into general conversation. My brother Henry had been for some years on friendly terms with Dobson, then correspondent of *The Times* in St. Petersburg. I therefore saw a good deal of him. We lunched together almost every day. Perhaps due to excess of caution on the part of Dobson, or to his natural desire to do nothing compromising his business of obtaining information, we agreed when lunching in public places to converse with discretion. I found reluctance on the part of nearly every Russian whom I met in St. Petersburg to engage in conversation about public affairs.

The Hermitage, which adjoins the Winter Palace, contains one of the seven great picture collections of Northern Europe.[1] It also contains an important museum of Russian antiquities. Originally formed by Catherine II., the collection has been increased by purchases by her successors.[2] The original Hermitage picture gallery is a large lofty apartment, whose walls are covered with paintings from floor to ceiling. The *tout ensemble* gives an impression of magnificence greater than any other of the European galleries, although many of these afford better opportunities for the study of individual canvases. All of the European schools are represented. There are van Eyeks, van der Goes, Quentin Mastys, Lucas Cranachs, Holbeins, Bernard van Orleys, Pourbus, Rubens (about fifty examples), van Dycks, Rembrandts (about forty examples), Teniers, Franz Hals, van der Helsts, Wouvermans (about fifty examples), Berchems, Ruisdaels, to mention only the Netherland and the German schools.[1]

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[1] The others are the Louvre, Antwerp, Amsterdam, the Hague, Dresden, Berlin and Stockholm.

[2] The gallery has been immensely increased during the Soviet *régime* by confiscation of private collections, a large part of the Winter Palace being used to contain these acquisitions. It is probably now one of the largest galleries in existence. The character of it has, no doubt, been deteriorated by indiscriminate additions.

Another museum, the Museum of Peter the Great, directed by my friend Professor Radliev, was devoted partly to memorials of Peter and partly to ethnography, while yet another, the Museum of Alexander III., was devoted to Russian art. The last-mentioned possesses, among other notable canvases, the celebrated "Zaporogians" (the Cossacks of the Siech on the River Dnieper) by Ryepin and the "Interrogation of Alexis by Peter the Great" by Ge.[2]

One Sunday during my stay in St. Petersburg I went up the Neva to Schlüsselburg in a large steam yacht belonging to one of my friends. There were about sixty persons in the party, all of British descent. The families of every one of these persons had had relations with Russia for a hundred and fifty years. Many of them had been born in Russia, and all of them had their homes in or near St. Petersburg. The object of the trip was to play a cricket match at Schlüsselburg. This fortress is at the point where the River Neva emerges from Lake Ladoga. For many years the fortress had been used as a political prison; and its dungeons were much dreaded. I knew that a number of revolutionists were interned there, and I was interested to see a chain-gang walking in the streets, although I could not recognise any of them from the portraits of revolutionists that I happened to have.[3]

The banks of the Neva between St. Petersburg and Schlüsselburg are dotted with factories, *e.g.* the woollen mills of the Thorntons and the Imperial Playing Card Factory. Nearer St. Petersburg, or in it, are the Putilov Iron Works and numerous cotton mills. I watched the workers coming out of the cotton mills one evening, and witnessed the process of examination of each man who passed the wicket, in order to make sure that he was not carrying away upon his person any tools or other articles of value. Distrust of the honesty of the Russian workman was universal. It indicated hostility between employers and workmen. This hostility afforded fertile soil for propaganda and lay at the root of the strike movements which paralysed Russian industry from time to time; it also rendered the proletariat revolution possible and determined its character. The relation between employers and workmen was further compromised by the migratory nature of the Russian working man. In 1899 the habits of early industrial development in Russia still survived. Young peasants left their native villages in May after ploughing was over, and went to the town factories to take employment in metal or other industries. In the end of August or in September these peasants threw up their employment in the industrial towns, and returned to the rural districts for the harvest. When harvest was over, they returned to the towns and resumed their employment, not always in the same factory. At the Russian Christmas they returned to their villages in order to enjoy the festivities of the season. After two or three weeks' holiday they returned to the towns and remained there until May. The life of the Russian workman was thus a double life—injurious alike to his skill as craftsman or as farmer and to his morals as a man. Nor were the effects of absence of their husbands less injurious to the young wives left in the villages. The Russians marry early, and the young workmen who migrated between village and town were, during the greater part of the year, separated from their families. The families remained in the villages, while the peasant workmen who were heads of households led bachelor lives in the industrial towns.

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[1] I have culled these from the catalogue published in 1901.

[2] *Cf.* p. 388.

[3] I took a photograph of these political prisoners. This was probably an unwise thing to do, as it might have resulted in trouble for my friends.

The striking of the church bells in St. Petersburg every quarter of an hour gave audible evidence of the immanent relation of the Orthodox Church to the hourly life of the people. There were other evidences as tangible. In a small chapel standing isolated in the wide space before the Kazan Cathedral a priest sang during the greater part of every day, and on the pavement outside the chapel people of all conditions knelt to listen to the sacred music. The priest had, even for a Russian, an unusually fine voice, and perhaps for this reason he had been chosen for this particular office at this prominent place. Excellence of the performance may have had something to do with the effect; but even persons who might be supposed to be engaged on important business stopped to listen and to kneel outside the chapel in the most important thoroughfare of St. Petersburg.

Near the Monastery of Alexander Nevsky, at the eastern end of the Nevsky Prospekt, there was another and more singular evidence of the power of the Church. At a small detached chapel a long queue of people waited their turn to enter. My brother Sam, who had joined me in St. Petersburg after a trip round the north-east coast of Europe and a visit to the Solovietsky Monastery in the White Sea, happened to be with me when we saw these people. He told me that while he had been in St. Petersburg, eighteen months before, a miracle had been performed in this chapel and the worshippers had then begun to frequent it, hoping, no doubt, that other miracles might be performed. We found that, during the whole of the intervening period, queues of devout persons had been formed there every day.

Though Dobson's knowledge of the economical conditions in Russia was not systematic, his knowledge of the political situation was unusually extensive and exact. He had lived in Russia practically all his life, and he knew the Russian language thoroughly. He was on friendly terms with many of the leading public men, and he was therefore an excellent correspondent. When he retired soon after I saw him in St. Petersburg *The Times* made what was at that time a very rare mistake. They sent as successor to Dobson a man who had been a good correspondent at Stuttgart. He knew German, but no Russian. He had, moreover, while in Stuttgart become acquainted with Peter Struve and other Social Democrats. This fact was undoubtedly well known to the Russian Government through their ubiquitous emissaries, the political police. The Government kept its eyes upon the new correspondent and watched for some false step on his part which, however slight, might afford an excuse to demand his recall. He made the false step by continuing to use information about Russian affairs derived, not at St. Petersburg, but from Stuttgart. The Russian Government demanded his recall, and *The Times* practically declared war against it, maintaining a hostile attitude for many years.

While the atmosphere in St. Petersburg was, as I have indicated, rather restrained, I found the atmosphere in Moscow singularly free from restraint. Through Count Tolstoy I made the acquaintance of Mr. Dunaiev, a well-known banker in Moscow. He lunched with me occasionally at the Slaviansky Bazaar, at that time one of the two principal hotels. On the first occasion we sat at the next table to a group of Russian officers. We spoke in German; there is no doubt that these officers were familiar with that language, yet Mr. Dunaiev spoke without reserve and very critically of contemporary actions and policies of the Government. I ventured to expostulate. He said, "Remember, we are in Moscow. You have just come from St. Petersburg. Here we are free to say what we please, and we are proud of being able to do so."

I found that this was by no means a unique attitude towards the Government. Moscow is different in many essential respects from St. Petersburg. The older capital was the historical home of the princes who in the fifteenth century consolidated the Russian State and laid the foundations of the Russian Imperial system. Through Sophie

Palæologus, the wife of Ivan III., Moscow was also the centre of Byzantine influence upon Russian life. Thus, while St. Petersburg owed its existence to the quasi-westernism of Peter the Great, Moscow was identified in its history and traditions with Slavophilism and with the history and traditions of the Byzantine Empire. In short, St. Petersburg is a European city while Moscow is Russian.

Moscow was built during the serf or bondage economy, and is full of memorials of the bondage period. The large houses, with their ample courtyards and their warehousing accommodation for the products brought from the estates of their owners for consumption during the winter, their great reception rooms and extensive servants' quarters, were designed and used in a social state very different from that of the present. The Orlovs are said to have had two hundred servants in their Moscow palace, and there were many families who had from fifty to a hundred domestic serfs. Moscow is therefore a city with a tradition of magnificence.

I derived the impression that the Franco-Russian *entente* had at least declined in intensity so far as the Government of Russia was concerned, and as for the people, no considerable body of opinion had ever been interested in it so far as I could discover. It appeared to me that, such as it was, the *entente* had been weakened by two incidents—the Dreyfus affair and the Fashoda affair (1898). The Dreyfus affair disclosed to Russia the military weakness of France, and while the Fashoda affair was at an acute stage Russia refused to assist France. Thus, in 1899, the *entente* was not an effective political force. From the Russian point of view at that time there was no menace to her in the European situation, and she saw no reason for supporting France in her desire to extend the French Colonial Empire. A change in the Eastern situation, caused by the Boxer rebellion in 1900, drew the attention of the Russian Government to Manchuria and led to the Russo-Japanese War, but these events were still in the womb of the future.

During my visit, in the spring of 1899, to the Doukhobors in the Canadian North-West I had many long conversations with Prince Dmitri Khilkov, who was visiting these people at the same time. He gave me many notes upon Russian life, especially upon life in the Caucasus, in which region the Doukhobors had been living before their migration to Canada. On one occasion Khilkov was riding up a long valley in the mountains. Shortly after he began his journey he observed a solitary horseman riding along a parallel road on the other side of the valley. As the valley became narrower, Khilkov noticed the horseman raise his rifle and take deliberate aim at him. There was nothing to be done but to ride on as if he had no concern with the intentions of his distant fellow-rider. The horseman did not fire, but he retained his rifle in the same position until the top of the valley was reached simultaneously by both travellers. When the roads converged, and it was possible for his voice to reach the horseman, Khilkov asked him why he continued to cover him with his rifle, adding that he himself was unarmed. The horseman lowered his piece, and said that he could not know whether a rider was unarmed or not, and that in any case it was well to be wary in such a region.

The Caucasus has a reputation for brigandage; yet Khilkov travelled in the mountains without arms, and Maxime Kovalevsky told me that he had travelled all over the Caucasus without any more formidable weapon than a penknife. The same opinion of the relative safety of travellers in the Caucasus was held by my friend Sir Clive Philipps-Woolley,[1] although, as he went to shoot big game, he was in a position to defend himself if he were attacked.

Nevertheless there has been, and no doubt there is now, much brigandage. Lawless bands of Kurds cross and recross the Russo-Turkish frontier and commit depredations on both sides. There are also other warlike groups, many of which live by plunder. Systematic attacks by brigands had for many years rendered the prosecution of certain industries in the Caucasus very difficult. Isolated posts in mountain valleys were often raided, money sent to these posts for payment of wages, etc., was stolen, and sometimes persons in charge were killed. It was useless to apply for remedy and protection to the Russian Government, for although a formidable military force (some three hundred thousand men) garrisoned the Caucasus, even this was found to be insufficient to provide for security of life and goods. An English firm determined to take the maintenance of order in a locality in which it was interested into its own hands. By some means similar to those adopted by Stevenson's Prince Florizel of Bohemia in one of the stories in the *New Arabian Nights*,[2] a group of adventurous "clerks" were engaged in London. Every one who was selected was a good shot and a resourceful man. These "clerks" were sent out to Tiflis, and from there were quietly installed, with magazine rifles and plenty of ammunition, in one of the posts of the firm which had been subjected to frequent attacks by a large band of brigands who were known to be in the neighbourhood. Soon after the "clerks" arrived, the post was surrounded by a band of about two hundred. To the astonishment of these, the "post" immediately opened fire upon them. In a short time fifty of the band were laid low. The leader then proposed a parley. This was agreed to, and he was told that the firm had determined that continuance of attacks upon their property must involve annihilation of the band. The "clerks" proposed to pay the leader so much a year on condition that the posts of the firm were left unmolested and that the band should do its best to prevent attacks by other brigands. This arrangement was accepted, and I believe that for some years before the Great War the bandits kept the treaty.

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[1] Author of *Savage Svanetia*.

[2] "The Adventure of the Hansom Cabs."

The valleys of the Caucasus have for ages been places of refuge for remnants of races, some of which have played important rôles in history. There, for example, persisted until only a few years ago the last of the Avars, who from the fifth to the seventh century were a scourge to Eastern Europe. There also, if tradition be correct, are descendants of remnants of Crusaders who were unable to find their way back to the West. These people live in Daghestan, where they are said to appear on gala occasions in mediæval armour, some of it being decorated with inscriptions in illiterate Latin. Russian archæologists have devoted much attention to this curious group.

To return to Prince Khilkov, during the Russo-Turkish War of 1877–78 he was a captain of Cossacks. He gave me an account of some of his experiences. While the Russian army was investing Kars, the people of a village on the low-lying lands between the river and the eminence on which the fortress stands had remained in their village in spite of the bombardment of the fortress and of the return fire from it upon the Russian army on the opposite bank of the river. During engagements between the batteries shells passed continuously over the heads of the peasants, who had been allowed to remain, although the Russians could at any moment have shelled their village. They did not do so because the peasants were accustomed to bring cattle and other supplies to the Russian lines. In course of time it became apparent that they were even more useful to the Turks, who secured through them information about the disposition of the Russian forces. One evening Khilkov was instructed to take a sufficient force of Cossacks and to clear out the village. Taking a hundred men, he and his force swam across the river in the night. On landing, Khilkov stumbled and sprained his ankle; but he was able, through the assistance of one of his men, to superintend the subsequent operations. He decided that if the cattle belonging to the peasants were driven off, the peasants would evacuate the village. The cattle were driven off, and then the troops made a house-to-house visitation in order to make certain that no one remained. In the course of their rounds they came to a house in which several women were seated in the middle of the floor upon what looked like an ottoman. They were weeping and wringing their hands. Telling them to rise and follow their menfolk, the Cossacks passed on to another house. Here they found a group of women standing in a corner. The Cossacks ordered them out of the house. The women cried that Russian soldiers did not molest women, and protested that they should be allowed to remain. It became obvious that they were endeavouring to conceal someone in their group. "Who is that behind you?" said Khilkov. "She is a Turkish beauty, who cannot be seen," the women said. "We would like to see this Turkish beauty, nevertheless." So saying, the group of women was dispersed and the Turkish beauty stood confessed. She was a Turkish soldier fully armed, looking very sheepish. Khilkov thought he would return to the house he had just left. There he found that the supposed ottoman, upon which the group of women were seated, was really composed of Turkish soldiers prone upon the floor. The village was cleared, and, with their prisoners, the Cossacks swam across the river to their own lines.

In the course of the operations round Kars there occurred an incident which had an important influence on Khilkov's mind. He was leading his men in a charge of Cossack against Turkish cavalry. As the two forces of horse approached one another, Khilkov saw, coming directly towards him, a Turkish officer with his sword raised. The moment of impact came; but the officers looked into each other's eyes, and they passed without either bringing down his sword. On the side of the Turkish officer there may have been merely hesitation at the critical moment; but Khilkov said that the friendly look in the eyes of the Turk disarmed him, and he felt he could not kill him.

The siege of Kars, which lasted for over two months, was terminated by an assault upon the Turkish position from the south. This assault took place up a long slope, which was commanded by the guns of the fortress. At that moment Khilkov was on the staff of the General Officer Commanding, and while the assault was in progress he observed it from a favourable position. He noticed a body of infantry advancing in open order steadily up the slope, in spite of the withering fire which they encountered. The infantry reserved their fire, and, much depleted by casualties, reached their objective and captured the guns upon the hill. Khilkov asked the name of the commander of the infantry. He was told that he was a Prince Poniatovsky, belonging to a well-known Polish family. A year or two afterwards Khilkov was present at a reception in St. Petersburg, where one of his friends proposed to introduce him to this Prince Poniatovsky. Khilkov spoke of the incident, and told him that he had admired greatly the steadiness of his troops. Prince Poniatovsky, who was an old and experienced soldier, said that when he received the order to assault the position, he had studied the terrain carefully and had made up his mind that the only way in which it could be taken was the way he had adopted, and that he thought his men could be relied upon to do it.

When the Russo-Persian road between the Caspian Sea and Teheran was opened, Prince Khilkov was sent in command of a *sotnia* of Cossacks to patrol the road. On his first patrol he made the acquaintance of a Persian merchant, who lived in an isolated house about half-way between Teheran and the Caspian. This man lived alone. He was known to have usually in his possession sums of money which he employed in trade. Khilkov always spent a night with him on his subsequent journeys. He frequently warned the merchant of the danger incurred in remaining at an isolated post in a country where there was so little security, and advised him to take advantage of his convoy by going either to the Caspian or to Teheran. Khilkov pointed out that, although the brigands avoided the road while his patrol was passing, they swept down upon it at other times. It was not possible for the Russian Government to undertake the frequent punitive expeditions into the mountains which would be necessary to exterminate the bandit groups. These arguments weighed with the merchant, and at last he intimated to Khilkov that when the next patrol passed he would close his post and accompany the patrol to Teheran. When Khilkov returned in a short time no merchant welcomed him. He entered the house and found his dead body. His throat had been cut by the bandits.

According to Khilkov, the Russian infantryman is a good soldier. He is amenable to discipline and sometimes much attached to his officers. In the period after the Russo-Turkish War the troops were badly equipped with arms and clothing. Sometimes deficiencies were due to peculation by officers, and sometimes deficiencies due to central administrative peculation or neglect were made good by officers. If a colonel of a regiment happened to be wealthy and generous, he expended his own means in furnishing his men with proper uniforms and arms. If the colonel did not happen to be wealthy and generous, his regiment often suffered from the absence of the most ordinary comforts. Thus, for example, during a review conducted by one of the Grand Dukes, Prince Khilkov being on his staff, an order was given that a certain regiment should march past "at the double." The regiment passed, but failed to obey the order. The colonel was called upon for explanation. He ordered a junior officer to bring up a file of troopers, and, after asking the ladies of the party to withdraw, he bade the troopers open their overcoats. They did so, and they were found to be destitute of trousers. The colonel was too poor a man to supplement the inadequate regimental allowance, and the men had to go without.

During the last forty years of the Romanov dynasty there was undoubtedly much peculation by officials. These often received inadequate salaries, and they supplemented their incomes by appropriating public funds. A story told me by one of my friends illustrates the process. In the early nineties an English engineer was appointed to superintend the construction of a railway bridge in the Caucasus. He went to the proposed site of the bridge and established himself in a village. Finding no one else there having any connection with the erection of a bridge, and no sign of any work upon such a structure, he went on a shooting expedition. On his return he found the situation unchanged. He then wrote to the Railway Department at St. Petersburg, to which he owed his appointment, stating the facts. He received a reply instructing him to remain at his post, and informing him that his salary would be punctually paid into his account at a designated bank at Tiflis. After a few months of weary waiting, relieved by shooting excursions, he went to St. Petersburg to hand in his resignation. He found that, without his being aware of it, the bridge had been built, or whether built or not, it had been paid for. Evidently the whole of the appropriation for the bridge had been expended, first in the payment of the engineer's salary and secondly in payment to the numerous persons who composed the group of peculators. They had stolen the bridge and put it in their pockets.

Yet when Prince Mesh'chersky, who contracted for the Jaroslav-Archangel Railway, was convicted of stealing about two million roubles of public funds he was sent to prison for two years.

Notwithstanding these incidents, British merchants doing business with Russia under the old *régime* have told me that they did not find more frequent instances of dishonesty in the conduct of affairs in Russia than they have found elsewhere.

Under the old *régime*, life in the country in Russia was normally agreeable and wholesome. Great wealth was very rare. Many of the landed proprietors were really hard-working stewards of family properties. Other proprietors, who had no talent for management, consigned this function to the hands of German agronomists or to Jews. Sometimes such estates were highly productive and well managed. The peasants' lands were, as a rule, incompetently cultivated. The peasants were paid very small wages, but they were in regular employment. The scale of prices of the commodities consumed by them was low. In years of famine they suffered hardships, but the proprietors were morally, and for centuries before emancipation legally, bound to provide reserves against famine. Workmen in the cities were in an exceptional position compared with workmen in other countries. If work was scarce or wages were low in the industrial towns they could return to their villages.

Through associations of long standing it was my good fortune, in 1899,[1] to become acquainted with very many Russians belonging to all the social classes and to all the political parties. I found sympathetic points of view among officials, peasants, merchants, bankers, academic persons, as well as among aristocrats; among Socialist revolutionaries as well as among loyal adherents of the dynasty. I met some Social Democrats, but I found in them so little evidence of appreciation of the moral value of political and social liberty that, as a rule, I was repelled by them. At that time "legal Marxism" was in vogue, and it was apparent that legal Marxism meant reaction. The virtues of the Russian character and of the Russian mind are numerous and impressive. The educated Russian is, speaking generally, the most highly educated man in Europe. His knowledge of foreign languages and of foreign literature is amazing. Perhaps owing to his facility in acquiring languages, the educated Russian exhibits more detachment in discussing foreign affairs and less chauvinism than any other educated person. He has fewer illusions, and perhaps more sympathetic imagination, than the Englishman, the Frenchman, or the German. Yet his desire, expressed perhaps most fully in Tolstoy, to reduce life to its simplest elements, and to interpret life in terms of these simple elements, is probably based upon a profound illusion. Life is essentially complex—and the more primitive it is the more relatively complex are its processes.

In speaking of the mass of the Russian people as primitive, I do not mean that they are barbaric. Yet they exhibit constantly traits of character that are not those of civilised man. They can be affectionate as all primitive people can be affectionate, and they can be cruel as all primitive people can be cruel. They have no consideration of consequences. From a Calvinistic point of view they have little consciousness of sin. They disregard the doctrine of Kharma. The satisfaction of their desires for the immediate moment is their chief concern. Thus they are essentially primitive materialists. For very many life is so hard, material means so difficult to procure, that they fall back upon their imagination to relieve the tension of living: hence their profound paganism, their mysticism, their belief in magic, their rich ecclesiastical and secular music, their florid painting, the range and intensity of their poetry, drama,[1] fiction and criticism, their proneness to excess in all directions, their fondness for continuous and riotous amusement, their contempt for the tedium of industry and commerce; hence also the enthusiasm of some of their best minds for science, and the originality and profundity of some of their scientific conceptions.

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[1] For more extended notes on Russia under the old *régime*, see "The Doukhobors," ch. xxvii.; "Count Leo Tolstoy," ch. xxix.; "Prince Peter Kropotkin," ch. xxx., and "Siberia and European Russia in 1910," ch. xli.

Russia is cultivated and barbaric, splendid and miserable, calm and restless, materialistic and idealistic, Christian and pagan, illiterate and erudite. Like the Chinese, the Russian mass is so huge and so varied that it displays bewildering contrasts.

It is hard for either a native or a foreigner to portray with a sure hand a nation; yet there is a national physiognomy which may be portrayed. There is no surer hand at a portrait of this kind than that of Dostoievsky. Here is his biting analysis of the Russian character:

"While his brothers seem to stand for Europeanism and the principles of the people, he (Dmitri Karamazov) seems to represent Russia *as she is*. Oh, not all Russia, not all! God preserve us, if it were! Yet here we have her, our mother Russia, the very scent and sound of her. Oh, he is spontaneous, he is a marvellous mingling of good and evil, he is a lover of culture and Schiller, yet he brawls in taverns and plucks out the beards of his boon companions. Oh, he too can be good and noble, but only when all goes well with him. What is more, he can be carried off his feet, positively carried off his feet, by noble ideals, but only if they come of themselves, if they fall from heaven for him, if they need not be paid for. He dislikes paying for anything, but is very fond of receiving, and that's so with him in everything. Oh, give him every possible good in life (he couldn't be content with less), and put no obstacles in his way, and he will show that he, too, can be noble. He is not greedy, no, but he must have money, a great deal of money, and you will see how generously, with what scorn of filthy lucre, he will fling it all away in the reckless dissipation of one night. But if he has not money, he will show what he is ready to do to get it when he is in great need of it." [1]

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[1] The drama most characteristic of the Slavonic mind has been produced, not by a Russian, but by two Czechs, not in Moscow but in Prague—*The Insect World*, by the brothers Karek. This play, crude and inartistic as it is, expresses vividly the Slavic attitude towards life.

From Moscow I went to Nijni-Novgorod to witness the Great Fair which is held annually in August. The Fair continues for only three weeks, but the greater part of the city exists for the Fair alone. The Fair City is separated from the permanent town by the River Oka, a tributary of the Volga, and both the city and the town are situated near the confluence of the two rivers. The Fair City is populated during the Fair by between one and two hundred thousand persons, for whose accommodation permanent houses are built, as well as warehouses for the goods of all kinds which are brought for sale. The Fair is the great interior market for Russia. Here are sold furs, tea, iron, cotton, ēkons, carpets, jewels—everything which is made or used in the interior of Russia or which is likely to be bought by those who frequent the Fair. There are long streets of shops, each of the important streets being occupied by traders in particular commodities. There is the street, more than half a mile long, of the fur merchants, to which the principal dealers in furs throughout the world customarily sent their buyers. There is the street of the tea merchants, where the fine teas from Hankow are to be obtained and are purchased by dealers throughout Russia. There is the street of the image sellers, who bring from the western factories the cheap ēkons made of wood and tin or brass which the peasants hang in the corners of their *izbas*. There are arcades for the jewellers, who bring the peasant manufactures as well as the cheap jewellery made in St. Petersburg or even in the district round Vienna. There are great warehouses on the banks of the Oka in which are stored iron in various forms and bales of cotton. In the streets there are itinerant vendors of carpets from Bashkiria, from the Caucasus, and from the Central Asiatic dependencies. These vendors carry their carpets on their shoulders.

I arrived just as the Fair was beginning, and saw long lines of waggons loaded with merchandise and the bustle of unpacking the goods and filling the shops. Crowds of buyers were beginning to arrive, and in some of the streets the process of bargaining was beginning. In case of purchases in quantity, this process sometimes lasts several days—the first-named price is often widely distant from that at which after long debate the bargain is ultimately struck.

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[1] Dostoievsky, *The Brothers Karamazov*. Translated by Constance Garnett. London, 1912.

In the permanent town of Nijni-Novgorod, on the east bank of the Oka and on the west bank of the Volga, there is the Kreml, from which may be seen to advantage the great river. The west bank of the Volga is high and abrupt, the east bank is low. From opposite the Kreml the vast steppe stretches northwards and eastwards unbroken by any eminence. The river is crowded with vessels carrying goods or passengers to the Fair or carrying goods from Northern Russia to Kazan, to Samara, or to Astrakhan on the Caspian Sea. The Volga is the great artery of Eastern European Russia.

After a visit to Count Tolstoy I went from Moscow to Minsk, where I stayed a few days. I found there an interesting situation. The upper valley of the Dnieper had been subject to a series of economic changes due to failure of crops and decline of the village population, with consequent decline in the small towns dependent upon rural trade. The workers in places like Mohilev, for example, were obliged to seek employment elsewhere. They migrated to the larger towns, like Minsk, and there produced a congested population and severe competition for employment, as well as almost ruinous competition among the small retail traders, who were, for the most part, Jews.

The dryness of the season made food for cattle scarce and dear, and the peasants were obliged to sell their stock, deteriorated as it was by insufficient nourishment. Never have I seen such evidences of tragical poverty as in the market at Minsk. The cattle and their owners were alike almost skeletons. In the quarters of Minsk occupied by the retail dealers the congestion was frightful. The Jewish quarters of Cracow were congested, but in Minsk the congestion was incredibly greater. The pavement in the retail shopkeeping streets was almost impassable because of the numbers of people attempting to induce the passers-by to purchase their wares. In one retail street I found in a measured distance of twenty-one feet no fewer than seven shops. These tiny places were not merely stores, but also dwelling houses. Each of them consisted of a long narrow riband, in which the stock was kept, business transacted, and a family housed.

Warsaw was affected by the same economical conditions, but not to the same obvious extent. There was more manufacturing and more wholesale trade in Warsaw than in Minsk, and the larger commercial enterprises were in the hands of Poles. Thus there was not the same attraction for the small Jewish shopkeeper, and the migration of this class appeared to be less in proportion to the magnitude of the city. Still, there was about Warsaw an air of populousness and depression.

From Warsaw I returned by Berlin to England, and thence to Canada.

CHAPTER XXIX

COUNT LEO NIKOLAEVICH TOLSTOY, 1898–1910

> What is this, unheard before, that the Unarmed make the War
> And the Slain hath the gain, and the Victor hath the rout?
> What wars, then, are these and what the enemies,
> Strange chief with the scars of thy conquest trenched about?
>
> **Francis Thompson**, *The Veteran of Heaven.*

I.—1899

I BECAME acquainted with Count Leo Tolstoy in 1898, by correspondence in connection with the Doukhobors. His son, Count Sergius, visited me in Toronto early in 1899. When I went to Russia, in July 1899, I found in Moscow a warm invitation to go to Yasnaya Polyana.

About six o'clock, one morning in August, I reached the small station of Yasenky,[1] about twelve miles from Tula and one hundred and twenty miles south of Moscow. There I found waiting a rather shabby carriage with a peasant coachman, who wore the traditional peacock feather in his cap. I arrived at the manor-house of Yasnaya Polyana about seven o'clock, and soon the tall figure of the Count appeared on the verandah and greeted me heartily. At that time Leo Nikolaevich was seventy-one years of age. He bore his years well. His full untrimmed beard was grey, not white. He stood erectly with an easy poise and walked firmly with long strides. Like many Russians, he had broad shoulders and a slender waist. He wore, as was customary with him, long boots, into which his loose trousers were tucked, and a faded peasant's blouse with a narrow leathern belt, into which he usually passed one or both of his hands. His forehead was high, his nose prominent and broad at the nostrils; his brilliant blue eyes were overhung by bushy eyebrows. His mouth was large, the lips were full and mobile. His gums were almost toothless. While his eyes revealed a strain of tenderness, there appeared to me to be a trace of hardness in his mouth.[2]

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[1] A young woman threw herself under a moving train at Yasenky Station—this incident suggested to Tolstoy the fate and part of the career of Anna Karenina. Paul Biriukov, *The Life of Tolstoy* (London, 1911), p. 83.

[2] This hardness is to be seen distinctly in photographs of him as a youth, and in his portrait by Kramskoy, painted in 1876. Reproductions of these are given by Paul Biriukov in his *Life of Tolstoy*.

The great Russian artist Ryepin has represented him in a drawing with bare feet. I never saw him in this state. George Brandes has described him as a typical *mujik*, but this hardly conveys the impression he made upon my mind. Although he wore the dress of a peasant, he had neither the aspect nor the bearing of a peasant. No *mujik* ever had his piercing eye or his air of composure and mastery.

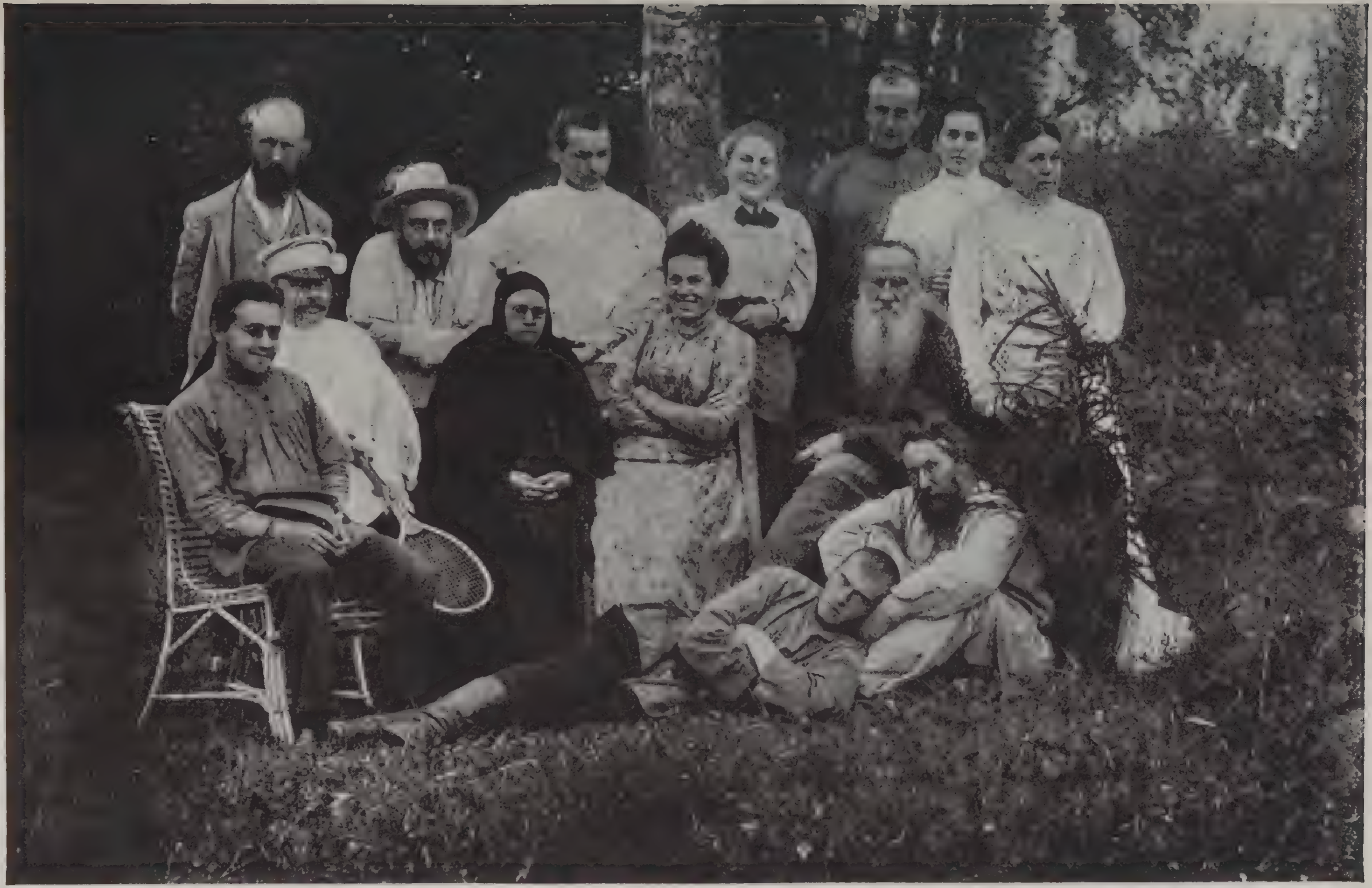
I noticed afterwards that his bearing towards the peasants on his estate, though friendly, was not that of a fellow-peasant. I have seen other proprietors in Russia, whose frame of mind was by no means democratic, conduct themselves towards their peasants in a manner much more affable than that of Tolstoy. The intellectual and moral difference between Tolstoy and his peasants constituted a gulf much wider and more impassable than any social gulf.

He spoke English with a scarcely perceptible foreign accent, though he had visited England only once, and had then stayed but a short time.

Tolstoy told me that he was writing a novel[1] for the first time for many years, that he intended to give the proceeds to the Doukhobors, and for this purpose alone he had resumed the writing of fiction. He told me that he rose early, wrote till shortly after noon, lunched, rested for a short time, and then in the afternoon walked or rode, or otherwise engaged in recreation. During my stay of about a week Tolstoy did not appear until one o'clock, having spent the mornings working strenuously upon his *Resurrection*. We generally played chess in the garden for a portion of the afternoon, before or after five o'clock tea, and then again in the big living room in the evening after dinner. Sometimes this programme was varied by Sergius playing Tchaikovsky on the piano while we played chess, or by Tolstoy reading Pushkin to me while his sister, Countess Marie,[2] played patience. Tolstoy's reading of the mellifluous verse of Pushkin was very sympathetic, although his defective teeth sometimes impaired articulation. Perhaps he read poetry well because he was not himself a poet. Every afternoon we had a long and sometimes rapid walk, occasionally accompanied by the Countess and by one or both of her daughters, Tatiana and Alexandra (Sasha). Sergius had told me, when he visited me, that his father would try my powers of endurance by long and rapid walks, and that he would inevitably measure me in general by this test. Apparently he was satisfied, for we had many long walks together, both on the occasion of my first visit and later.

[1] The novel was *Resurrection*.

[2] Countess Marie Nikolaevna Tolstoy, sister of Tolstoy, and two years younger. After her husband died she became a nun at the Shamardin Convent. She died in 1912.



Group at Yasnaya Polyana (August 1899)

From left to right: J. Mavor, Count Sergius, visitor, Countess Sasha, Count André, Countess Olga, Countess Sophie, Charles Simon, Countess Marie, Countess Tatiana, Count Leo N. Tolstoy, German tutor, visitor, M. Ge.

From a photograph by Countess Sophie Tolstoy

Tolstoy was a copious and sympathetic talker. He liked to hear about the things that interested others and to find common enthusiasms. He told me of his admiration for Kropotkin and wished me to convey his feelings to him. The two English men of letters whom he respected most were Dickens and Ruskin. He had read much of both. His enthusiasm for Ruskin I could readily understand, but I was a little puzzled by his estimate of Dickens. I found that it was neither Dickens' humour nor his art as a story-teller that attracted Tolstoy, but his sympathy for humanity and his views upon education.[1] Tolstoy expressed surprise that I did not know Ruskin, and charged me to go to see him immediately on my return to England, and to convey to him a message of good-will. Alas! Ruskin was already on his death-bed. He died soon after, and it was impossible to convey the message.

I was little inclined to venture upon criticism of Tolstoy's works to Tolstoy himself, but I did ask him if he had read the numerous books of æsthetics cited in his *What is Art?* published shortly before. He said that he had not; in fact, he had used a little book, *The Philosophy of the Beautiful*, by Professor William Knight, and had not thought it necessary to consult the original authorities.[2] I suggested that there were much better authorities in æsthetics than Professor Knight, and that his book, though a useful *catalogue raisonné*, could not be regarded as an important contribution to its subject. In his writings upon art, as in those upon biblical exegesis (his *Gospels*, for instance), I found Tolstoy's knowledge of the literature rather fragmentary, and sometimes even quite superficial. Tolstoy was in no sense a scholar. He had read discursively in many languages, and especially, in addition to his native Russian, in English, French, Italian and German. He was more or less familiar with the great classics; but he had not read systematically, and on any questions of philosophy or of theology he was imperfectly informed. Nor did he know almost anything of science. In two directions Tolstoy was, if not supreme in his generation, at least among the foremost. As artist in letters no one among contemporary Russians surpassed him, excepting perhaps Turgenev, and among Englishmen none came near him excepting George Meredith and Thomas Hardy; and as prophet or seer none approached him in any country excepting Ruskin. Yet his rôle of prophet adulterated, as it were, his artistic product, and rendered it less in quantity and perhaps also in quality than it might have been. In *War and Peace* and in *Anna Karenina* there is no moralising; but in his *Resurrection* there is a moral thesis, brought in, as it were, to extenuate the temporary abandonment of the prophet's mantle.

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[1] *Cf.* vol. i. p. 240.

[2] In this he was rather too modest. He had read Schasler's *Kritische Geschichte der Æsthetik* (1872) and Renan's *Marc Aurèle*, as well as some minor works, and he appears to have been acquainted with some of the writings of Guyau, although he does not refer to the work of his which is nearest his subject, viz., *L'Art au point du vue Sociologique*."

The life of a prophet must be a hard life, not merely because of the perpetual conflict of the higher emotions and the inferior passions, but also because of the effect upon the prophet of inevitable discipleship. No one could scorn discipleship more than Tolstoy, yet he suffered from it. There gathered gradually around him a group, the inner circle of which came to be known in Russia as the College of Cardinals. There were three of these so-called Cardinals—each of them men of fine spirit, but all of them laying themselves open to the accusation of ecclesiasticism. The three "Cardinals" were Vladimir Chertkov, Ivan Tregubov, and Paul Biriukov. In spite of the fineness of all these men, there was too close a resemblance between their position in relation to Tolstoy and the position of Princes of the Church to avoid good-natured banter, and even some not good-natured, on the part of the rank and file of the followers of Tolstoy. Tolstoy's views and phrases came to be quoted as if they were inspired, and in spite of protests on the part of Tolstoy himself a legend of papal infallibility gradually grew up about him.

While alike in his writings and in his conversation Tolstoy's psychological analysis was acute and sustained, I found his judgment on some things rather inadequately supported by investigation or knowledge. He entertained the opinion, for example, that the society of England is exceedingly aristocratic, and I found it hard to convey to him the idea that, on the contrary, it is essentially the opposite; that in England there is really no aristocratic class corresponding to the officially recognised aristocratic class in Russia and in Central Europe.[1] I found that he had acquired his knowledge on this subject from a mutual friend who was at one time military attaché in the Russian Embassy in London. I could readily understand how, in the atmosphere of the Embassy and of the social *milieu* in which it was involved, it would be quite easy to derive such an impression. Our friend had, I knew, lived for some time not only in London but also in the country, where he became acquainted with the life of the squire, the parson and the tenant-farmer. He had never lived in an industrial town, and he had never had opportunity of observing the social and political influence of the middle-class and industrial population. Moreover, his acquaintance had been confined to the South of England.

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[1] The collapse of the Russian and of the Central Empires has since then altered the status of the aristocratic class in Europe.

The members of the household at Yasnaya Polyana during the period of my first visit in 1899 were the Count and Countess, their daughters Tatiana and Sasha, their sons Sergius and André, the wife of the latter (Countess Olga), Countess Marie (sister of the Count), M. Ge (pronounced Gay), voluntary secretary of Tolstoy and son of a celebrated Russian painter who had himself been an intimate friend of Tolstoy, and M. Charles Simon, translator of the works of Tolstoy into French. Count Sergius had visited me in Toronto on his way to see how the Doukhobors were establishing themselves; the other members of the family I saw for the first time. The family life of the Tolstoys at that period made upon me a very charming impression. Later I shall have something to say upon the delicate and difficult subject of the causes of the unhappiness of the family at a subsequent period. For that precise reason I desire now to set down with as much fidelity as I can the impressions of 1899. All of the family treated me not merely with extreme kindness, but in a manner adopted me into it, regarding continued and abiding friendship as very natural. The members of the family whose characters particularly attracted me were three of the ladies—Countess Marie, the nun, and the Countesses Tatiana and Olga. The first-mentioned was at that time a woman of sixty-nine years of age. Her features shown in a family group taken in a snapshot by the Countess Sophie Tolstoy were extremely like the portrait of Savonarola. She was indeed an ecclesiastic, with her eyes turned towards the Reformation. One afternoon, while Tolstoy was taking his siesta, I was availing myself of the opportunity to catechise Ge upon the details of the variety of communism which he professed. I cannot now recall the precise point reached in his explanation and the consequent argument, but at a certain moment he replied to an observation of the Countess Marie with a quotation from Tolstoy. He delivered this with a conclusive air as if the opinion of Tolstoy finally settled the matter. The Countess Marie rose from the verandah table round which we were sitting, and approaching the door, raised her arm with the gesture of a tragic actress. Dropping French, which she had been using during the conversation, she exclaimed with ardour in her native Russian, "Much as I love my brother, I would rather pin my faith to the words of St. Augustine and St. Paul than to any words of his."

The Countess Tatiana struck me at that time as exhibiting more of her father's characteristics than any of the other members of the family, although she had a talent for practical details which her father did not have and her mother did not have, or having, did not exhibit. The Countess Olga,[1] wife of André, also appeared to have sympathetic relations with her father-in-law. She was a handsome young woman, well educated and highly intelligent.

Countess Sophie (Sonya) Andreyevna Tolstoy, *née* Bers, the wife of Leo Nikolaevich, was the daughter of a court physician in Moscow who was of German origin. She was sixteen years younger than her husband. There was little Slavic blood in the veins of the Countess Sophie, and she had few of the Slavic characteristics. She was extremely kind and hospitable to me, but I detected in her a certain desire to impose her will upon others. This was revealed in an incident in itself quite insignificant. The Countess and I were sitting on the verandah one forenoon. She was sewing and talking, and I was smoking.[2] After a short time she said to me, "Don't you think, Mr. Mavor, that you smoke too much?" "Perhaps," I replied, and threw my cigarette over the balustrade. I then remained silent. She addressed some observations on various things to me, to which I replied in monosyllables. Shortly she said, with a certain archness, "I think I prefer you smoking, Mr. Mavor." I took out my case, lit a cigarette, and we had an animated and cheerful conversation. The Countess did not engage in the discussions about life and social progress in which the other ladies as well as Ge and Simon engaged, but she was always agreeable, lively and intelligent.

One wet and stormy night, while heavy rain was beating upon the windows, Tolstoy and I were playing chess, when about eleven o'clock André came upstairs and told his father that a young man, drenched to the skin, had arrived on foot, and desired to speak to him. Tolstoy went down, and returned in a quarter of an hour. "This is an interesting young man," he said, "I would like you to see him in the morning. He has told me that he is a native of Odessa, that he inherited a fortune, and that under the influence of my writings and of his reading of the Scriptures he made up his mind to do what the young man who made 'the great refusal' failed to do. He had given all he had to the poor and committed himself to a wandering life, preaching the gospel wherever he went. He has walked from Odessa to Yasnaya Polyana" (a distance of about five hundred miles) "for the purpose of telling me that I am not myself living a Christian life, and that I am not even bringing my life into correspondence with my own teaching."

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[1] Countess Olga Tolstoy, *née* Dietrichs, is the sister of Captain Joseph Dietrichs (*cf.* p. 14) and of Madame Chertkov (*cf.* p. 81).

[2] All of the men at Yasnaya Polyana smoked incessantly excepting Tolstoy and Ge, who did not smoke, nor did any of the ladies.

I remarked that such conduct suggested mental disease. "Oh, no!" said Tolstoy. "We Russians are all like that." I did not argue the point, because to the suggestion that if the Kantian maxim were applied and everyone became a wanderer there would be no production, and the life of a numerous community would become impossible, I knew very well that Tolstoy's answer would be, "We have nothing to do with consequences." We therefore resumed our game.

The young man from Odessa had been hospitably entertained, and had been put to bed in a small pavilion adjoining the manor-house. It occurred to me that, having delivered his message, he would most likely depart very early in the morning. I therefore rose between five and six o'clock and went to the pavilion. I found that he had already gone. About daybreak he had tapped at the window of another pavilion, occupied by Charles Simon, and had called to him, "Charles the Frenchman, I am going away," and thus he departed, to carry his gospel to others.

This case so nearly resembled his own, that I wondered Tolstoy made a casual defence of it. The previous evening he had been quite earnestly desirous that in the morning I should see the pilgrim; and since I had been unable to do so, he may have thought next day that, the tangible evidence being unavailable, to discuss the abstract question would be fruitless. Besides, he was in the throes of imaginative composition, and he was not in a mood for wandering or thinking of wandering.

Tolstoy was quite right in suggesting that the course adopted by the Odessa pilgrim was characteristically Russian. Among Russians in general there is a tendency towards nomadism. This tendency has probably its origin, not in the nomadism of the primitive Scythian, but in reaction against the immobility of bondage in which every peasant was bound fast to his native soil. Nomadism is possible in Mongolia, where the land is wide and the people are few. Where the population attains a certain density nomadism becomes impossible, excepting under the conditions that the nomads are thieves or beggars. In another sense also the "going away" of the Odessa pilgrim was characteristic of Russians. When a Russian arrives at a conclusion, however impulsively, his habit is to act upon it forthwith without regard to consequences. From the West European point of view Russians are lacking in restraint, in caution, in conscientiousness, and in consideration for others. Undue simplicity on the part of some involves increased complexity on the part of those who realise the responsibilities of life in society. It may well be that egoism, of which Russians have no monopoly, lies at the root of the defects of Russian character.

Every day visitors, inspired by curiosity or genuine interest in the personality of Tolstoy, came up the avenue; but with the exception of the pilgrim from Odessa none of them saw Tolstoy, unless they came while he was in the garden, parts of which were visible from the avenue, and then they only saw him at a distance.[1]

Shortly before my arrival Tolstoy had a visit from Cæsare Lombroso, the Italian criminologist. He created a very unfavourable impression on Tolstoy's mind, as well in general as on account of a particular incident which Tolstoy narrated to me. There was staying at Yasnaya Polyana during Lombroso's visit a young Russian nobleman of good family and high character, well known to Tolstoy. When Lombroso was taking his leave, this young man volunteered to drive to the railway station with him in order to take out his ticket and arrange about his baggage as Lombroso did not speak Russian. About a week afterwards the young man received a letter from Lombroso, accusing him of having abstracted a note for a hundred roubles from his pocket-book when it was handed to him by Lombroso in order that his ticket might be paid for. The letter went on to say that unless this sum were remitted at once the affair would be placed in the hands of the police. The young man brought the letter to Tolstoy, who told me he thought the accusation quite ridiculous, and that his friend was wholly incapable of committing a theft. The young man was naturally perturbed. He wrote to Lombroso, and while repudiating the accusation said, since it appeared that Lombroso had lost the money, and since also it appeared that the sum was important to him, a hundred roubles was enclosed to make it good. If, he added, Lombroso found that the money had not been lost, this amount could be given to some charity. Tolstoy seemed not to be clear that the young man was right in adopting this course, but he was quite clear upon the impropriety and discourtesy of Lombroso's accusation. It should perhaps be said by way of explanation that from memoirs published after Lombroso's death it appears that during the later years of his life his mind was clouded and unbalanced as a result of arterio-sclerosis.

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[1] All the members of the family protected Tolstoy from the intrusions of unknown persons. Had he not been protected by some means, his whole time and energies would have been frittered away in futile interviews.

Tolstoy told me that, a short time before, he had a visit from William Jennings Bryan, the Democratic candidate for the Presidency of the United States. I had met Bryan and heard him deliver one of his orations; and I was surprised to find that he made a favourable impression on Tolstoy. Possibly this was due to a certain similarity between Bryan and Henry George, for whom Tolstoy entertained a great admiration. Yet the uncouthness and absence of cultivation of Bryan might have been supposed to induce a feeling of repulsion. Cultivation of the customary kind did not attract Tolstoy; and perhaps he found some virtue in Bryan which was invisible to other eyes. Tolstoy was not interested in Bryan merely because he recognised in him a certain American type, but because he really liked him on the ground of what he regarded as his sincerity.

Tolstoy was much interested in Henry George. Here again the special propaganda of George was not that which attracted him. He had obviously not worked out the reactions of the application to Russia of the plan of land nationalisation, nor had he considered in this connection the attitude of the peasants towards the land question. In general Tolstoy disliked and distrusted governmental administration, and disapproved of the nationalisation of anything in so far as that might involve governmental control. He was attracted to George because George brought the land question into a vivid light, and because the situation in Russia, in which the great landed proprietors were commercialising agriculture and altering the character of village life, corresponded in its general economic features to the situation in California, where the railway and land companies were commercialising land to their own advantage. Against this policy George's *Progress and Poverty* was primarily directed. The chief attraction of George to Tolstoy was, however, the same as that of Dickens, namely, his enthusiasm for and sympathy with humanity.

Tolstoy's view of the State was even more uncompromising than that of Kropotkin. He reached this view not through Bakunin, as Kropotkin did, but by an independent process. The State, with its apparatus of law, exercised control over men.[1] Tolstoy disliked any attempt to control his own actions and had no desire to control others. Therefore he regarded State and legal action as cumbersome, even when benevolent, and less beneficial than more direct methods.[1] We had long discussions on these questions, and Tolstoy frequently urged me to write upon them.

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[1] The impression derived by Tolstoy from seeing a man guillotined in Paris in 1857, as described by him in *My Confession*, seems to have determined his view of law.

On Russian affairs at that time Tolstoy spoke with little hope of immediate change, and with little confidence in any merely political or even social movements. Count Witte was then in power. Witte had made advances to Tolstoy, and had solicited his interest in measures proposed to be adopted for removal to Siberia of peasants from congested districts of European Russia. Tolstoy's influence with the peasants would have been important to secure. Apart from the fact, communicated to me by Tolstoy, that he had no faith in Witte and no liking for co-operation with him, Tolstoy thought that it would be necessary for the Government, not merely to give low rates for migration to Siberia, but to give free transportation at least, if not also to supply the peasants with capital to enable them to establish themselves.

At a moment when the European railway and steamship companies were quoting extraordinarily low rates for the transport of peasants and their belongings from Galicia and Italy to America, where the prospect of high wages constituted a powerful magnet, it might have been necessary for the success of the Siberian immigration policy that the Russian Government should do more than Count Witte had any intention of proposing.

Tolstoy seemed to me to be too well aware of the psychology of the Russian peasant to idealise him, as the Slavophils and many of the revolutionary groups were prone to do. He felt that the peasant needed not merely improvement in his economical condition but, more importantly, improvement in his mental and moral character. Such improvement was not to be achieved by the methods which were regarded as progressive in Western Europe. Tolstoy had the same dislike for industrialism as Ruskin had, and disapproved of the utilitarian basis of education prevalent in Europe and America.

I went frequently into the village of Yasnaya Polyana, which stretched in a single street westwards from the round gate-posts of the estate. Sometimes I went with Tolstoy and sometimes alone. I found the peasants in general living in conditions rather primitive even for Russia. They used the light Russian plough (the *sokha*), which they packed on the back of their horses as they trudged to the field in the morning and home in the evening. The peasant allotments were small; the peasants all worked in the fields of the estate. So far as I could ascertain there were no well-to-do peasants among them; they were *all* poor. The village house was in general the characteristic *izba* of the Russian peasant; each *izba* had a small houseyard enclosed in a fence of wattles. There were two or three brick houses, recently built by Tolstoy as an experiment. Wages at that time for field and household labour were very low. The ordinary rate for field labour was twenty kopecks a day. The peasants worked on Sundays, but of course they did not do so on many of the numerous holy days.

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[1] It is interesting to compare with Tolstoy's impersonal views on the questions of the State and law his attitude in the discussions with his lawyers when he made his will in 1909. *Cf.* the *Autobiography of Countess Sophie Tolstoy* (London, 1922), pp. 73, 97–104, and V. Tchertkoff, *The Last Days of Tolstoy* (London, 1922), pp. 32–47.

Cheapness of domestic labour rendered it possible at that time for landed proprietors to maintain, if not the large retinues of pre-emancipation days, much larger staffs of servants than those maintained in similar establishments in Western Europe. I did not ascertain how many servants there were in the Tolstoy household. I asked the question of Sergius, but he could not answer it. I found from him that service in the house was rather indefinite. There were many of the people whom I have described in my *Economic History of Russia* as "living on the back"—hangers-on of others, whether proprietors or peasants. Such people were on no wage-list, but received their food and found sleeping accommodation in one or other of the numerous buildings. I drove out frequently, always with a different coachman, and once at least was driven by one of these hangers-on. The servants customarily working in the house were, of course, more stable, although they were by no means efficient. My bedroom was a small one, but it required three housemaids to keep it in order. The table was served by two awkward footmen, who wore white cotton gloves to cover their horny, and perhaps not too clean, hands. Living at Yasnaya Polyana was much simpler than at many Russian country houses; yet it was, so far as food was concerned, more than ample. The Tolstoys abjured the *zakuska*, or side-table, with its elaborate *hors-d'œuvre* and liqueurs; but their table was frequently and bountifully spread. At eight in the morning there was first breakfast—a simple repast of tea, bread, and honey; at eleven there was *déjeuner à la fourchette*, a formidable meal—meat, vegetables, kwass and claret; at one there was lunch—also a formidable meal—soup, meat, etc.; at five there was afternoon tea in the garden; at seven dinner was served—a full but not a prolonged meal; at nine, supper—bread, honey, etc.; and then, if we sat late, there was a snack about eleven before we retired. Tolstoy lived mostly upon bread and milk. Although meat and wine were both on his table, he did not share them. I think perhaps he rather underestimated the value of fruit, although the apple orchard of Yasnaya Polyana was celebrated.

The mode of life in the household at Yasnaya Polyana, apart from the characteristically Russian incident of the brief intervals between meals, was rather below than above the level of an average middle-class family in England. Two efficient servants could easily have accomplished all the work which was actually necessary within the house, and one man as coachman and gardener could have done all that was done outside the house, excepting the work of the field, the orchard and the forest. The fact that the servants were much more numerous merely meant that their service was inefficient. The peasants on the estate of Yasnaya Polyana and other estates in the neighbourhood were living at a lower standard of comfort than the Tolstoys; but it is at least open to question whether the reduction of the standard of comfort of the Tolstoys to that of the peasants would have been more advisable than to attempt to raise the standard of comfort of the peasants.

While driving about the country at that time I derived the impression that neighbouring villages on other estates were more prosperous than Yasnaya Polyana. The houses were in better condition, the fields were better cultivated, and the roads were in better repair. Yasnaya Polyana gave the impression of spasmodic interest and occasional benevolence. Yet there were signs of care and management. I found that, in general, these were due to the elder daughter of the house, Countess Tatiana, who was evidently the organising head of the estate and of the household. The orchard was in good bearing, the fruit being gathered by peasant labourers and sold in Moscow, where the Yasnaya Polyana apples yielded a good price. The timber, of which there was much on the estate, seemed to be well looked after, and the fields appeared to be fairly well cultivated.

Life at the manor-house was free and easy. One day a couple of officers from the garrison of Tula arrived on horseback. They quickly threw off their smart tunics and appeared in a few minutes in loose Russian blouses, much more appropriate for tennis, of which the various members of the Tolstoy family, including Tolstoy himself, were fond. During the not very extended intervals between meals everyone did what he pleased—bathed in the river, walked, rode or drove—there were horses for everybody in the enormous stables, dating from the time when the manor-house was twice its present size, half of it having been destroyed by fire early in the nineteenth century. The numerous meals were invariably lively functions. Conversation was always at a good and sometimes at a high level. Like all Russians, the Tolstoys were fond of telling stories. A story would be told in Italian, for Ge, having spent much of his life in Italy, preferred to speak that language, then another in French, then one in English, often told by Tolstoy himself. Then a Russian story would be appropriately told in Russian and the nuances of it explained in English for my benefit. Everyone spoke English excepting the Countess Marie and Ge. The conversation was monopolised by no one, everybody joined in it, and everything was unforced and unrestrained. If Tolstoy was suffering at this time from domestic friction, his sufferings were thoroughly concealed.

In the manor-house there was a varied, though not very large, library. Numerous family pictures hung in the dining-room, the drawing-room and in the boudoir of the Countess. Among these was a portrait of Prince Gorchakov, grandfather of Tolstoy, and one of Ryepin's portraits of Tolstoy himself. Here also was an ēkon, in size about thirty by thirty-six inches, in commemoration of Tolstoy's grandfather. Tolstoy's grandmother had devoutly collected gold and silver coins from her pin-money, and from occasional gifts when timber or fruit was sold from the estate. When she had amassed a sufficient number of coins, she gave them to a maker of ēkons, who hammered them into a picture. For many years this ēkon had rested in a shrine on the roadside; but, I think during the disturbances after the announcement of the emancipation of the peasants in 1861, the family thought it wise to bring the valuable ēkon into the house. I estimated the bullion value of it roughly at about five hundred ounces of gold.

An arched room on the ground floor of the manor-house, whose windows looked upon the lawn, had been in former days used as a granary, but was now used as a study by Tolstoy. A scythe and some other implements hung on the walls, there were no books. Here, in the summer, Tolstoy wrote. Since most of his writing was done in the summer, this meagre room was the background of the long series of imaginative works as well as of those later religious and educational writings which came from Tolstoy's pen in an unceasing stream for fully fifty years.

The country round Yasnaya Polyana is well wooded, and although the roads left much to be desired, there were many pleasant excursions by driving. Sometimes we went out in several carriages with riders besides. There is at least one natural phenomenon of interest, in the shape of a floating island in a small lake. This island, upon which there are some large trees, was at a remote period formed through accumulating vegetation upon floating branches or a fallen tree. Gradually moss and soil came to be deposited upon the mass and a true floating island was formed. It was said to shift its position from time to time, according as the wind caught its foliage.

When I was taking my departure, I remarked to Tolstoy that I hoped one day he might find it possible to visit the New World. "No," he said, with a humorous twinkle, "I am preparing for another and a better world."

II.—1910

It was not my fortune to visit Russia again until eleven years had elapsed. On this occasion I went from Canada via the Pacific and the Siberian Railway. Some time before starting upon the long railway journey I wrote to Count Tolstoy from Port Arthur or Mukden, intimating the date of my probable arrival at Moscow. When I reached Moscow I found letters awaiting me from the Countess, urging me warmly to go to Yasnaya Polyana immediately on my arrival, and to stay there as long as possible. Had I known at the time what lay behind these friendly messages, nothing would have prevented my setting off for Yasnaya Polyana without delay; but I did not know until later.

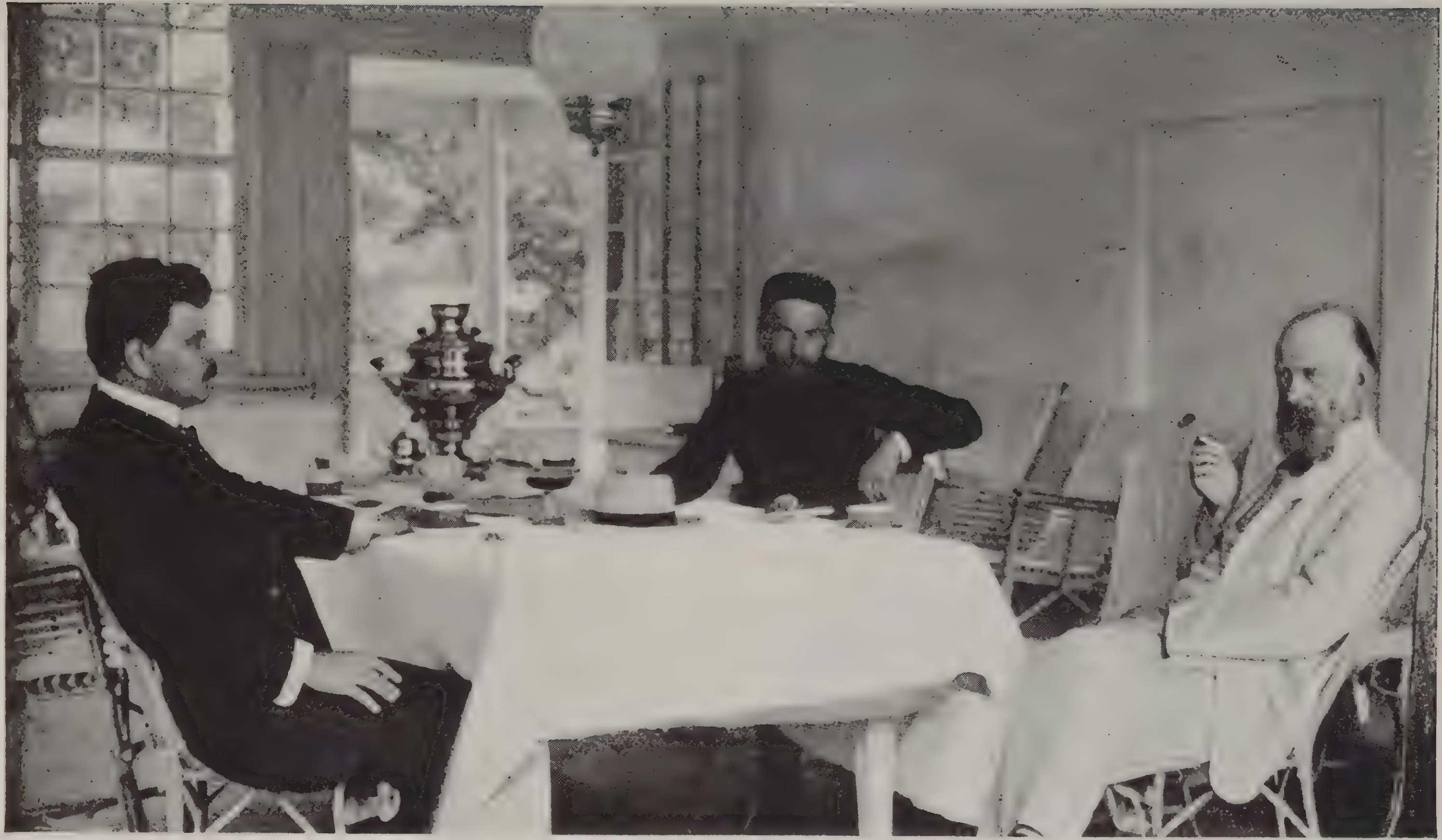
The scorching heat to which I had been subjected in China during July appeared to have at the time no injurious effect, but when I arrived in Moscow in the beginning of August there was an unusually cold spell, and my powers of resistance to cold seemed to have been diminished. People were wearing greatcoats in the streets, whereas when I had been in Moscow before, in August, the lightest of silk clothing was none too light. I had not been in Moscow many hours before I contracted a severe cold. While I was considering the expediency of setting off at once for Yasnaya Polyana, I received a telegram from my friend V. V. Svyatlovsky, of St. Petersburg, advising me that on the next evening he was passing through Moscow on his way to Yalta, in the Crimea, and inviting me to stay with him there for a week or two. This was most welcome, for the climate of Yalta is delightful, and it offered precisely what I needed. I accepted at once, with the consequence that I spent a much longer time in Southern Russia than I had intended, and my visit to Yasnaya

Polyana had to be postponed from the beginning of August until the end of that month.

On my way north from Kiev and Chernigov I stopped at Tula. I had been travelling from place to place rapidly, and had been out of touch with the Tolstoys. I made inquiries at Tula as to the whereabouts of various members of the family. It occurred to me that it was not improbable the Governor of Tula might know whether or not Count Tolstoy was at Yasnaya Polyana at that moment. I therefore called upon him. Unfortunately he was presiding at a meeting of his council, and could not see me personally; but with great politeness he sent his secretary to inform me that Count Tolstoy was staying with his daughter Tatiana, now Madame Soukhatin, on the estate of her husband near Mzensk, in the Government of Orel. The Governor was even good enough to instruct his secretary to find out the most suitable trains for me and to direct me by the most convenient route. Under these circumstances I telegraphed to Vladimir Chertkov, Tolstoy's literary executor, with whom I had had relations for many years. He lived on a small estate near Yasnaya Polyana. I received from him a telegram confirming the information of the Governor and inviting me to go at once to his place. I arrived there in the evening, and found not only Chertkov and his wife, but his sister-in-law, the Countess Olga, whom I had met in 1899. From them I received a very melancholy account of the Tolstoy family. Count André Tolstoy, the husband of the Countess Olga, had eloped with the wife of the Governor of Tula, the very man who had been so courteous to me. This elopement was followed by divorce. The Countess and her little daughter were living with her sister. Some of the other members of the Tolstoy family had in other ways given Tolstoy much sorrow, and the relations between himself and his wife had been in consequence seriously affected.

I had been aware in general of these conditions, but the details new to me were very distressing. Chertkov was rather prone to emotional views; but when all due allowance was made on this score, I gathered that the conduct of some of her sons and her attitude towards her husband suggested that the Countess Tolstoy, in spite of many good qualities, was an over-fond mother and a rather less than devoted wife. The marriage of Tatiana had, I realised, made a great difference in the family relations. Her practical sagacity had enabled her to act as a unifying influence, and through her shrewd management of the affairs of the estate had kept the family in comfortable circumstances. The withdrawal of her competent management had diminished the family income, which had been further impaired by the advance of wages due to the revolutionary movement of 1905–7. The relations between the Tolstoys and their peasants were by no means so cordial as they had been. In order to protect the manor-house against attack by their own or neighbouring peasants, the Countess had employed an armed Ingushi (a mountaineer from the Caucasus), who was at that moment still at Yasnaya Polyana. Moreover, the extravagance of some of the sons of the house had brought the Countess into the worry of financial difficulties. From these she saw no relief but in the copyrighting of her husband's works in foreign countries, and in the exploitation of them there as well as in Russia in order to supplement her income. These proceedings could not meet with the approval of Tolstoy. He had always refused to accept pecuniary benefit from his writings. He had given away the money forced upon him by publishers, and he had often given away his manuscripts without return of any kind. When acute financial crises resulted in hysteria on the part of the Countess, the prophet-like calm of Tolstoy was disturbed and the whole structure of the family life was shaken.

The Chertkovs told me that the visit of Tolstoy to Mzensk was of the nature of a flight. He could not stand the strain of the situation and simply ran away from it. Under these circumstances I was in doubt whether I should pursue Tolstoy to Mzensk, much as I desired to see him once more. Chertkov telegraphed to Madame Soukhatin, and I received an urgent invitation to go there so soon as the stream of visitors who had gone to congratulate Tolstoy upon his eighty-second birthday—on the 28th August—had ceased. I spent some days with the Chertkovs, and one day drove to Yasnaya Polyana. The Countess Olga, who had a pretty wit, advised me that I should meet there her successor, the former wife of the Governor and now the wife of her former husband. She remarked that I should find her a very stupid woman. "Had she not been so, she never would have eloped with André." At Yasnaya Polyana also I met Count Leo the younger, one of the sons of Tolstoy whom I had not previously met. He is known only from his having written the *Chopin Interlude*, a kind of retort to his father's *Kreutzer Sonata*. I have not read the book, and therefore have no opinion about it. The author did not impress me. He spoke as a pronounced Slavophil—even to the point of extreme Chauvinism. He thought that the Russian spirit was bound to dominate the world. By the Russian spirit I suppose he meant the spirit of idealism; but I could not see any special virtue in Russian



Pantelyemon Nikolaiev　Count Leo Leovich Tolstoy　James Mavor

Group at Yasnaya Polyana (August 1910)

Photograph by Vladimir Chertkov

idealism which might entitle it to dominate or enable Russia to dominate other countries.

I had no leisure to do otherwise than make casual observations, but the indications of inferior management of the estate thrust themselves into the eyes. The apples in the orchard had been sold on the trees to a Moscow dealer, and they were being picked by labourers employed by him and under his superintendence. Formerly the Tolstoys had employed their own peasants to pick and forward the fruit under their own direction. The roads on the estate were almost impassable in the daytime, and at night were quite impassable. The village was clearly deteriorated. The brick houses—a new experiment in 1899 at the time of my former visit—were now tumbling to pieces; the *izbas* were dilapidated and the whole village bore a forlorn aspect. I left Yasnaya Polyana with a feeling of profound depression.

A few days later I arrived at Mzensk, and drove about thirty miles to the estate of M. Soukhatin. As I drove through it I recognised at once the enormous difference between it and Yasnaya Polyana. Here everything was obviously well managed and everybody was prosperous. The house was simple—a large living-room and numerous small rooms entering from it—and the farm buildings were close to the dwelling. I met with a cheery reception from Madame Soukhatin (Countess Tatiana) and her elderly husband, and an affectionate greeting from Tolstoy. The Count appeared to be in fairly good health,[1] although during the interval of eleven years between my visits he had become thinner, and at this moment was clearly deficient in animation. He had just passed his eighty-second birthday. The Countess had followed him to Mzensk, but had left the day before my arrival. So soon as we were alone he began to tell me of his family affairs. Rightly or wrongly, I stopped him. I told him that I had heard all about them from Chertkov, that it would pain him to repeat them to me, and I begged him to talk of other things. I may have been wrong; but I felt that it would hurt him to have to tell me, and I impulsively prevented him.

Nothing about a great man is unimportant; but there is a certain kind of interest in the great in which disproportionate importance is attached to trifles, and in which casual errors or weaknesses are exaggerated so that the portrait which often remains in the minds of the public is only a distorted caricature. I suppose that the portrait of Cromwell means to many people only a wart with an adumbral face, of which the wart is the salient point.

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[1] Tolstoy had done no work during July and August, much to his distress. *Cf.* D. P. Makovitski's diary, quoted by V. Tchertkov, *The Last Days of Tolstoy*. London, 1922.

My only regret is that I fear Tolstoy was looking forward to the relief of unburdening his soul to me, and I prevented him from doing so. Yet had I allowed Tolstoy to state his side of the case to me, I should have felt morally bound to return to Yasnaya Polyana and to learn what the Countess had to say on her own behalf. In that way I should have been dragged into the position of a kind of arbiter in a domestic dispute actively in progress. Such a position would have been intolerable. Already too many people had been drawn into, or had thrust themselves into, the controversy. Tolstoy and his family affairs were being exploited by persons of little importance as men of letters in Russia and elsewhere. The differences between Tolstoy and his wife came to be subject of wide and sometimes vulgar gossip, and they became more and more accentuated between them as they became more public.

I felt that it was my duty, if I was to be of any service to Tolstoy in the unpleasant crisis through which I knew he was passing, to direct his mind into impersonal channels and to suggest forgetfulness, at least for the moment, of disputes to which in some aspects he had probably attached exaggerated importance.

We had a long walk, and he spoke of the future of the world. He found no comfort in governmental changes, and little in any social changes taken by themselves. He thought that the great need of the world was a religious movement. I thought of the similar idea of Stepniak, a very different type of mind, and wondered whether the new religious movement was destined to develop into a formal ecclesiasticism as most of the historical religious movements have done. Tolstoy did not seem to think so. He thought that a pervasive religious emotion, without doctrine and without ritual, was what was needed. With this pious hope, which I fully shared, the great question had to be left.

In his diary, under date 5th March, 1855, while Tolstoy was in the Fourth Bastion at Sevastopol during the siege, he wrote:

"A discussion on God and Faith brought me to a great, a stupendous idea, to the realisation of which I felt able to devote my life. The idea is to create a new religion corresponding to the development of mankind, a religion of Christ purified from dogma and mysticism, a practical religion, not promising bliss in the future, but giving happiness on earth. I understand that this idea can be realised only by generations consciously working for that purpose. One generation will bequeath this idea to the next, and some day by fanaticism or by reason it will be realised. To work consciously for the union of mankind by religion—that is the foundation of the idea which I hope will inspire me."

When he wrote these words Tolstoy was twenty-seven years of age. When he used substantially the same expressions to me he was eighty-two and on the brink of the grave. He thus may be said to have begun and ended his life with the same aspiration—an aspiration that in some way he might be himself a Messiah, or even might be elected to have Messiahship thrust upon him. In his diary he had already written (in 1852), "Something within me makes me think that I am not born to be as others." [1]

The only other visitor at Madame Soukhatin's was Dr. Makovitski,[2] the faithful physician of Tolstoy, who constantly attended him.

I had much to do in Moscow and St. Petersburg, and the day when I must leave Russia was approaching; to my lasting regret I had to go after too short a visit. Madame Soukhatin was anxious for me to stay. I wish I had been able to do so. What Tolstoy needed at that moment was a little healthy and common-sense companionship, support against the atmosphere of idolatry on the one hand and on the other of petty worries over domestic, pecuniary and like complications which incurably compromised the simplicity he had strained after for himself and advocated for others.

As, after the Russian fashion, I kissed Tolstoy good-bye, and as I saw his tall figure at the door waving his hand to me on setting off for my long drive to the railway, I felt that I was bidding him farewell for ever. About two months after I saw him he left his home, finally shaking from his feet the life of compromise. His flight was due to mingled motives.

For twenty-five years Tolstoy had felt a discordance between his actual life and his ideal. In 1884 he had desired to give up his property and to divest himself of the responsibilities entailed by its possession, but his family would not allow him to do so. At a certain moment they even threatened to put him under restraint if he attempted to abandon his property. He refused to accept remuneration for his writings. How Tolstoy could subsist himself, much less maintain those members of his family who depended for their support upon the material means derived from his property in land and from the sums which publishers were eager to pay for his writings, did not appear. Tolstoy, in spite of occasional handling of the plough, was not used to continuous manual labour. He had shown his inability to organise the labour of his peasants. His *métier* was that of a writer of works of the imagination, yet he refused to make his living by that employment. Thus his desire to abandon his property was, on the face of it, unreasonable and illogical. He was prevented from abandoning it. Even his literary property he was induced to bequeath explicitly to his daughter Sasha.

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[1] Biriukov, Paul, *op. cit.* p. 34.

[2] Dr. Makovitski was a Bohemian. He left Russia in 1920 and went to Czecho-Slovakia, where he died in 1921.

A great amount of literature has appeared in Russia since the death of Tolstoy. There have been numerous biographies, diaries and apologias by those concerned in the domestic controversies which became more and more acute as Tolstoy grew older. The Countess Sophie died in October 1919. Her death was followed by more "revelations." Her father and mother were people of "unbalanced minds." She herself was affected from her youth with "hysteria."[1] One medical report described her as suffering from "paranoia."[2] The latter statement remains uncorroborated, but there seems to be no doubt that the Countess suffered from frequent attacks of hysteria. After Tolstoy's "going away," she attempted to commit suicide.[3]

The publication of Tolstoy's diaries showed that he suffered from fits of despondency, and that he frequently revolted against the control which he said his wife was attempting to exercise over him. In *My Confession* he speaks of having meditated suicide at moments when he was overwhelmed by pessimism in his efforts to discover the meaning of life.

V. Spiridonov, in his preface to *The Autobiography of Countess Sophie Tolstoy*, speaks of the case of Tolstoy and his wife as if it were a suit before the tribunal of the world. "We must judge sternly, but justly." Why *should* we judge? Who is competent to pronounce judgment in a case of this kind? The cardinal cause of the dispute was the impossibility of two human beings pursuing precisely contemporaneously the same course of spiritual development. When they went on their honeymoon, the Tolstoys drove in a "new coach and six, with a postilion."[1] After a while Tolstoy perceived the sinfulness of driving in "a coach and six, with a postilion"; but his wife did not take the same view at the same time. Tolstoy perceived that the "coach and six" was a symbol of property, that property was theft (following Proudhon), and that therefore all property must be abandoned. His wife bore him thirteen children, and those who survived had to be provided for, even Tolstoy himself had to be maintained. How could this be done if the family property were abandoned? [2] Tolstoy was a man, not a spirit. He needed the means of life. His wife conceived it to be her duty to prevent him from sacrificing these means. In any court, while there remained any vestige of common sense, she would not be condemned.

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[1] Note to *The Autobiography of Countess Sophie Tolstoy*, p. 105.

[2] *Cf. Dela i Dni*, 1921, No. 1, p. 288, quoted in the notes to *The Autobiography of Countess Sophie Tolstoy* (London, 1922), p. 105.

[3] See her own account of it, *ibid.*, pp. 75–76.

Tolstoy as creative genius was accustomed to minute psychological analysis. He did not shrink from applying the process of analysis to his own mind. He habitually analysed his mental and moral activities mercilessly, and he applied the same test to others. He looked upon his emotions objectively and tormented himself in order to observe how his own nature reacted under torture. He rose early one morning in Paris to see a man guillotined, although he knew that the scene would cause him infinite and prolonged pain. He did so because he was an artist, and because it was a necessity of his being that he should do such things. In his search for the meaning of life he found that material things were valueless, that the things of the spirit alone availed. Hence his contempt for property and all that it implied. Hence his desire to give away what he had, in order that his soul should not be encumbered by the curse of possession. When he seized a spiritual truth firmly, Tolstoy could not allow it to escape him. It must be followed to its ultimate conclusion. This was what Sakya Mouni did, what Christ did, what everyone who aspires to lead humanity to higher things must do. "He that loveth his life, shall lose it, and he that hateth his life in this world, shall keep it unto life eternal."

What tribunal would condemn Tolstoy for doing what devout persons for two thousand years have done or wished to do?

Yet perhaps both Tolstoy and his wife were wrong—Tolstoy because he did not realise that spirituality lies not in the negation of the material things of life, but in a spiritual attitude towards them, and his wife in simple want of tact in dealing with a man of great, if abnormally introspective, genius.

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[1] *The Autobiography of Countess Sophie Tolstoy*, p. 30.

[2] The Yasnaya Polyana estate was, after Tolstoy's death, purchased from the rest of the family by Countess Alexandra (Sasha) by means of funds obtained by the sale of Tolstoy's literary copyrights. She then handed over the estate to the peasants. Within three years the timber upon it had been sold and cut down, and the peasants were involved in quarrels with the timber merchants who had bought it. The peasants had really wasted the estate.

Tolstoy's first novel, *Childhood*, was published in *Sovremennik*[1] in September 1852. This novel brought him at once into the inner circle of the most important figures in contemporary Russian literature—*e.g.*, Nekrasov the poet, Turgenev, Chernyshevsky, Dobrolubov, Goncharov and Ostrovsky. Tolstoy was twenty-four years of age. He could not fail to be impressed by the social views of the intellectuals in whose ranks he found himself enrolled. At this time Tolstoy was a non-commissioned officer of artillery in the Caucasus. When the Crimean War began, in 1853, Tolstoy obtained his commission and joined the army of the Danube, where hostilities commenced. He was present at the assault of Silistria and in the subsequent retreat. He then applied for transference to Sevastopol, where he remained as an officer of artillery until the close of the campaign. He bore a dispatch containing a report on the final engagement to St. Petersburg, and then, carrying out an intention the execution of which had been postponed by the war, he resigned his commission.

Although Tolstoy did not ally himself with any of the schools of Russian men of letters of the sixties, partly because of the independence of his own nature and probably partly because of the view he had taken of the relation of himself to the rest of mankind, he was nevertheless undoubtedly influenced by the contemporary stream of Russian thought.

My friend Kropotkin was deeply impressed with the influence of Fourier upon the Russian writers of the sixties.[2] Chernyshevsky was influenced by him, so were Mikhailovsky, Lavrov and others. Tolstoy could not escape that influence. The ideas of Fourier harmonised well with many quite fundamental notions in the Russian mind. In a remarkable article on "Russia," [3] Professor Peter Struve has recently shown how the Russian attitude towards property has resulted from the coalescence of native and foreign attitudes. In Russia agrarian evolution had not resulted in the development of peasant property in the West European sense. Notwithstanding the fact that in Russia there was a larger number of "economically independent cultivators living on their own land" than anywhere else in Europe, "peasant property in Russia did not exist. It did not exist in this sense, that the institution of property had not yet made itself the habitual and firm regulating principle of the life of the masses of the people. The combination of Socialism among the educated classes and of the absence of a feeling for property in the masses of the peasantry created that mental atmosphere in which the Russian Revolution took its course. The institution of property was defenceless on two sides; the *intelligentsia* had intellectually renounced it, and the masses of the people had not yet arrived at it. This is the historical explanation of that lack of conscious resistance to the Russian Revolution's onslaught upon property." Here also is the explanation of Tolstoy's abnegation of property. He held the primitive peasant point of view, and he sympathised with those aspects of the exotic views of the *intelligentsia* which harmonised with the peasant point of view. Property in land was as repugnant to him as it was to the peasant. Land was the gift of God; it must be used, cultivated, lived upon, but not *owned*, even by the cultivator.

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[1] *The Contemporary*, a monthly review, edited by the poet N. Nekrasov.

[2] I have noticed the wave of Fourierism in Paris at the same period.

[3] In *The Slavonic Review*, vol. i. pp. 24–39 (London, 1922).

Thus Tolstoy was a pre-revolutionary Revolutionist. His attitude towards property was substantially the same attitude as that which lay at the root of the peasant support of the Revolution. In 1910 Tolstoy abandoned his property and his means of life, and in 1917 "the Revolution swept down equally the property of the gentry and the peasantry."[1]

The violence of the Revolution was not Tolstoyan, the direction which it took—the Terror, the establishment of a form of communism supplemented by a kind of State collectivism, subsequent ardour for foreign capital and concessions to foreigners—were not Tolstoyan. Yet the initial impetus was in a sense Tolstoyan. Not that Tolstoy gave to the Revolution its initial impetus, but that the cardinal idea which lay at the root of the Revolution had been generated in the minds of the peasants and in the mind of Tolstoy alike. For that reason Tolstoy represents the Russian mind in an unique manner. Thus, apart from Tolstoy considered as the head of a numerous family,[2] enduring with impatience for forty years the tribulations of such a position and at the end of his life abandoning it, apart from Tolstoy as novelist, enjoying early fame on the ground of his imaginative works, and abandoning imaginative writing as if it were sinful, apart from Tolstoy as Messiah, leading in a propaganda of a new religion, there stands most importantly Tolstoy as significant representative of the Russian character and of the development of Russian ideas. Tolstoy, had he lived, might have been appalled at the consequences of the Revolution; but had he been told beforehand that civilisation would have been swept away, I do not think that he would have been moved. In his Messianism Tolstoy also represented Russia, which looks upon herself as a Messiah among the nations.

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[1] Struve, Peter, *op. cit.* p. 33.

[2] Numbering thirty-eight persons, as the Countess tells us, *Autobiography*, p. 80.

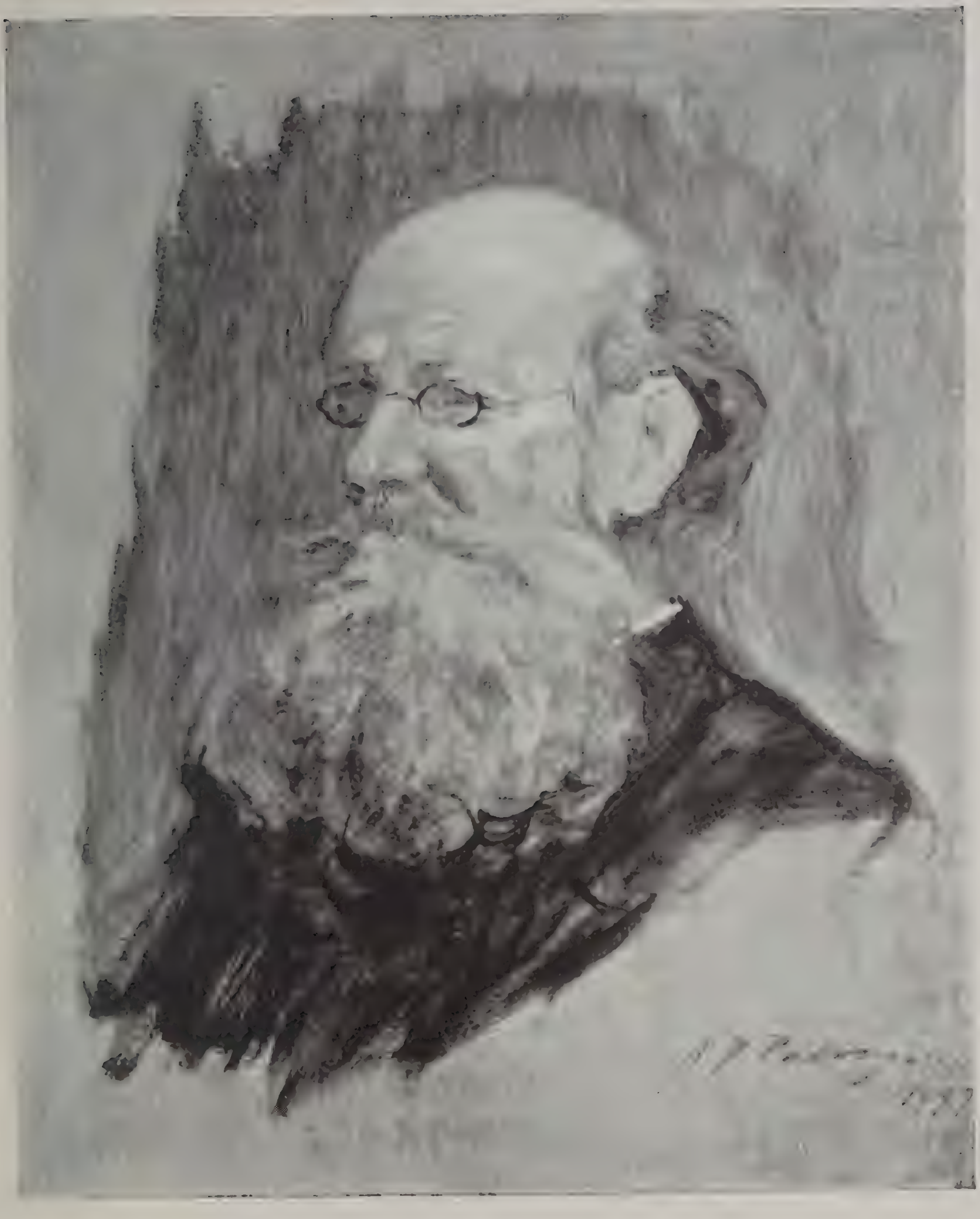
CHAPTER XXX

PRINCE PETER ALEXANDER KROPOTKIN, 1886–1921

> I never saw that you did painting need,
> And therefore to your fair no painting set;
> I found, or thought I found, you did exceed
> The barren tender of a poet's debt:
> And therefore have I slept in your report,
> That you, yourself, being extant, well might show
> How far a modern quill doth come too short,
> Speaking of worth, what worth in you doth grow.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Who is it that says most? Which can say more
> Than this rich praise, that you alone are you?
> In whose confine immured is the shore,
> Which should example where your equal grew.
> Lean penury within that pen doth dwell,
> That to his subject lends not some small glory;
> But he that writes of you, if he can tell
> That you are you, so dignifies his story:
> Let him but copy what in you is writ,
> Not making worse what nature made so clear,
> And such a counterpart shall fame his wit,
> Making his style admired everywhere.
>
> WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, *Sonnets* lxxxiii. and lxxxiv. (*circa* 1609).

I THINK I had met Prince Peter Kropotkin casually in 1884; but it was not until 1886, after his release from the prison of Clairvaux and his return to England, that I became intimate with him. He was staying for a few days with John Stuart Blackie in Edinburgh, and one evening we met at Patrick Geddes's in James Court. There was a large party. In a group of biologists there was a youth with yellow hair and blue eyes, taller by almost a head than anyone else in the room. He was a student in the Marine Biological Station at Granton. His name was Fridtjof Nansen. Thomas Kirkup, who had written the article on "Socialism" in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, Kropotkin and I formed a little group by ourselves. Kirkup was a thoroughly convinced Marxist. He knew very well the sources of Marx's ideas, and knew that they could not be called original; but he thought that Marx had formulated them in a convincing manner. He was a hard student and he had acquired, so far as was possible to do so from books, a really deep knowledge of the evolution of Socialist ideas in Europe; but he was a recluse, and he had never known any of the personalities of those about whom he wrote. By this time I had, so to say, found Marx out, and had come to be deeply sceptical of the validity of his conception of value as well as of the soundness of his central position, depending, as it did, upon a very narrow interpretation of the course of history. I had come to look upon Marx's propaganda as essentially anti-social, because it aimed not at the unity of society but at the disintegration of it. Although Kropotkin's positive views were not such as I could accept without great qualification, his hostility to Marx was at least as great as my own, and much more amply supported by knowledge of the subject. Kirkup was an exceedingly shy man, and it was hard to draw him into an argument. Kropotkin and I alternately hammered Marx and Kirkup spoke up for him, and we had an excellent discussion. I walked to John Stuart Blackie's with Kropotkin, and from that evening we became firm friends. I took the chair at a lecture he gave later in Glasgow, and soon after saw him in London. At that time he lived at Harrow-on-the-Hill. I arrived one evening at his house to find there Elisée Reclus, who had just returned from Alaska. He was full of his journey, giving us copious accounts of the Thlinkits, into whose life he had made researches. He had been collecting material for his *Geographie Universelle*, as well as for a little book he published shortly afterwards, *Primitive Folk*. Kropotkin was then (1886) forty-two years of age. He was short, not more than five and a half feet, slight in build, very erect, with unusually small feet, a slender waist and broad shoulders. He had a short neck and a large head. He wore a full brown beard, seldom trimmed and never lacking its distinctive character. The top of his head was destitute of hair, but on the sides and back of it his dark brown hair was ample. His eyes sparkled with genius, and when he was roused became almost incandescent. His manner had about it the air of a court; but with his friends his affectionate solicitude was the outcome of a sincere and warm heart. He wrote in English with accuracy and distinct sense of style, and he wrote in French with equal facility and distinction, but in speaking these languages his accent was by no means perfect.

During the years subsequent to 1886 I saw much of Kropotkin. In 1897, at my suggestion, he visited the United States and Canada, and stayed with me in Toronto for several weeks. He went through to the Pacific Coast; but I did not accompany him, as I had made the journey during the previous summer. While he was with me, on his



Peter Kropotkin

Æt. 55
From oil painting by A. Dickson Patterson, R.C.A.

return from the coast, he wrote the article in the *Nineteenth Century* in which he gave his impressions of Canada, and he also wrote a portion of one of his *Recent Science* articles. It was a great satisfaction for me to be able to induce him to write, and through an American friend, Robert Ely of New York, to arrange for the publication in the *Atlantic Monthly* of those chapters of his *Memoirs of a Revolutionist* which were afterwards issued in two volumes in England and in one volume in the United States. There does not, I think, exist in any literature a more charming series of autobiographical sketches or any more vivid account of the social movement of the latter half of the nineteenth century.

In 1901 Kropotkin returned to the United States, and delivered a course of lectures at Cambridge under the auspices of the Lowell Institute. These lectures were published under the title of *Ideals and Realities of Russian Literature*. After the Lowell Lectures were over Kropotkin came to Buffalo to meet me, and there we spent a couple of days together.

In 1899 and 1900, during my visits to Europe, I spent most of my spare time with Kropotkin, who had now removed to Bromley in Kent. In his house I met frequently Louise Michel, by far the most remarkable figure of the Paris Commune of 1871. Louise Michel, in 1900, was about sixty years of age. In her youth she had been a teacher in Paris. She was a highly cultivated woman, with the self-regardless enthusiasm that must have characterised the early Christian martyrs. Stung by the sufferings of the people, she led the starving mob to a baker's shop, where she told them to help themselves. For this offence against the law she was imprisoned. While the Dreyfus case was in progress she was at Rennes, and was shot at and wounded by an intended assassin, who was understood to be in the pay of the Clerical party. She refused to aid in the prosecution of her assailant by giving evidence, and urged the authorities to release him. She visited his family and provided for them during the man's incarceration. As I knew her she was an old woman, whose plain but expressive features showed in their deep furrows her anxieties, not for herself, but for the people, whom she loved with an almost weird intensity. She dressed plainly but with elegance, and she wore habitually an old gold chain of fine design, which was probably an heirloom. Among other *habitués* of Kropotkin's was Prince William Tcherkesoff,[1] a Georgian. Tcherkesoff was a friend of Nicholas Tchaikovsky, who then lived in London, and with him was engaged in the business of

[1] Usually written thus by himself. He is, I believe, now in Tiflis.

exporting manganese from the Caucasus. Tcherkesoff was an ardent anti-Marxist. He was familiar with Marx's debt to William Thompson of Cork, and he exposed in detail the indebtedness of Engels to Buret and to others of the French Socialist writers. Tcherkesoff maintained close relations with his friends in Tiflis. He gave me a quarterly literary journal, published in Georgian in that city, showing the existence there of a group of literary people who were maintaining against the Russification of the Caucasus an interest in the growth of Georgian literature.

On my return from Paris in 1900 I had arranged to spend two or three weeks with Kropotkin. I crossed the Channel by the Dieppe-Newhaven steamer, and having some affairs to attend to at Brighton, I found that I was too late to catch the last train from London to Bromley. I therefore left the train at New Cross, arranged about my baggage, and set off to walk during the fine summer night across country. I arrived at Bromley about three o'clock in the morning, startling Kropotkin out of his wits by my appearance at that unseemly hour. I found him alone, or rather with Madame Stepniak keeping house for him, as I had left Sophie, his wife, and Sasha, his daughter, in Paris. In a day or two Madame Stepniak was obliged to return to her own house, on account of the illness of Louise Michel, who lived with her, and thus Kropotkin and I were left to keep house strictly *en garçon*. We contrived without difficulty. Then one morning there came Demetrius Clements, Secretary of the Geographical Society of St. Petersburg.[1] Clements was one of the most eminent of Russian ethnographers, as well as one of the most industrious explorers in Central Asia. The explorations of Clements had been conducted with the severest economy. He had been given a certain amount of money to conduct an exploration. His custom was to proceed to the point at which he had to enter the pathless desert, there he purchased as large a number of sheep as his funds permitted, hiring at the same time the necessary natives. The sheep were then driven on; they supplied the food for his company, and afforded means of exchange with the nomads whom he encountered. When the flock was half consumed, or otherwise disposed of, it was time to retrace his steps. In this way all the journeys in which it was possible to pursue this course were accomplished at a minimum of cost.

Accustomed as he was to conditions of life the reverse of luxurious, Clements received with merriment the news that we were without domestic assistance and forthwith became of our company. Certainly we did not fare meagrely, there was plenty of food and plenty of wine. We ate, drank, and were merry. After regaling ourselves for two or three weeks, we suddenly realised that the crockery was exhausted. We had not broken anything; but we had simply piled our used dishes in the scullery, and had washed none of them. The crockery of a small house is not inexhaustible, and the day came when the situation had to be met. A woman would have been a welcome visitor, but no woman made her appearance. Pride, the most troublesome of vices, set our hearts and minds against applying anywhere for assistance. We resolved to do the deed ourselves. We repaired to the scullery, all three in aprons. We arranged a copious supply of hot water, and Kropotkin, with Clements as assistant, washed the dishes, and I dried them. Before we began this operation, we had embarked upon a discussion about the validity of Hegel's theory of the State. It would have been inappropriate to permit a trivial affair like washing dishes to interrupt so vitally important a debate, and we continued it—partly in French and partly in Russian, for Clements spoke no English—while we passed the dishes from one to the other and eventually piled them up ready for a second tour. None of us were young; but we renewed our youth over the wash-tub, and we even scoured Hegel in some muddy places.

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[1] Author of the article "Buriats" in Hastings' *Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics* and other ethnographical works.

Among Kropotkin's Russian visitors in 1899 or 1900 was Stassov, the philologist, a very fine old man; and while I was with Kropotkin my friend Vladimir Chertkov came to see us.

Kropotkin had a wide circle of English friends. Of these Scott Keltie [1] was the oldest and among the most loyal. Almost immediately after his arrival in England Kropotkin had begun to contribute to *Nature*, of which journal Keltie was editor. Kropotkin contributed under the name of Levashov, because he did not at that time, soon after his escape from the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul, care to draw the attention of the Russian political police by the employment of his own name. He was asked by Keltie, who was not aware of his identity, to review one of his own books—a treatise upon the Öser, or glacial lakes of Finland. With characteristic delicacy Kropotkin felt that, if he reviewed it, he would place himself in a false position. He therefore at once disclosed himself to Keltie and handed him back the volume. At the same time he abandoned the use of an alias.

Felix Moscheles, the painter, Mr. and Mrs. Cobden Sanderson, and Sir William and Lady Byles were for many years very warm friends of his. There were many others whom he knew more or less intimately. Next to Scott Keltie, Kropotkin's most attached friend was Robertson Smith, for whom he wrote many articles in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* under his editorship. Kropotkin met with much kindness from, and had great liking for, Sir James Knowles, editor of the *Nineteenth Century*. He thought Knowles one of the best-informed men in Europe. Impressions of some other English men of letters were not so favourable. One evening Kropotkin dined at Knowles's with Tennyson. He was not impressed by him. Kropotkin considered Tennyson reactionary. He thought that Tennyson had no vital grip on the problems of the time. It must be remembered that Tennyson was ageing and, besides, his real *métier* was that of an artist in words. The actual movement of life flowed past him without close observation, indeed for that he appeared to have slender capacity. I have been told by others that he had suggestive, though rather nebulous, ideas about science, especially in the field of biology; but even here he could not impress the acute and thoroughly informed scientific mind of Kropotkin.

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[1] Now Sir John Scott Keltie.

In order to illustrate the fineness of Kropotkin's character, it is necessary to touch on some matters which his own sensitive delicacy has avoided in his *Memoirs*. Readers of that delightful book will remember the picturesque account of his escape from the prison hospital in St. Petersburg. He describes how, every day while he was in the hospital, a carriage driven by one of his friends passed and repassed daily a gate in the yard of the prison hospital, on the chance of that gate being open at some moment during the period when Kropotkin was taking his daily walking exercise in the yard. In order to avoid suspicion of the purpose of the movements of this carriage, a lady was driven in it every day to a civil hospital in the same street. She took comforts of various kinds to the patients. This lady was sought for by the police, but she was never found. She was the wife of a physician. Her husband died at an early age, leaving her with two sons and sufficient means to maintain herself and them, and to educate them. Both of the youths were destined for the medical profession, and in course of time both went to the University of St. Petersburg, where they pursued their studies in the faculty of medicine. They were about to begin the practice of their profession when they both became insane. It was necessary that they should be sent to an asylum for treatment. Thus, at the moment when the young men were expected to be in a position to maintain their mother and themselves, they became instead a cause of expense, while the family means had been exhausted by their education and maintenance. Under these circumstances Prince Kropotkin felt it to be his duty to charge himself with the support of the widowed mother as well as of her unfortunate sons.

As is well known, immediately after the escape of Prince Peter Kropotkin, his brother Alexander, who had never mingled in political propaganda, was arrested and sent to Siberia. Under the Empire there was a general regulation that after fifteen years had been passed in exile in Siberia political exiles should be allowed to return to Russia or to go abroad, unless fresh offences had been committed by them. Prince Alexander Kropotkin had almost completed his exile of fifteen years when his mind gave way under the strain of prolonged isolation and he committed suicide.

Under the Russian law, the property of political offenders was escheated, not to the Crown, but to the order to which the offender belonged. Thus the property of a noble was escheated to the order of nobility, of a peasant to the order of peasantry, and of a merchant to the merchantry. It was not customary to sell estates of political offenders, but to hand them over to the bureaux of the respective orders; and the administration of them was conducted by these bureaux, incomes from them being applied to educational and other purposes relating to the respective orders. Thus the School of Pages at St. Petersburg, which was reserved for noble boys, was maintained out of the revenues of the order of nobility, part of these revenues being derived from escheated estates of noble political offenders.

Prince Peter Kropotkin and his brother, Prince Alexander, had both inherited from their mother certain estates in the government of Tambov. These estates were dealt with as above described, and they were both therefore deprived of the revenues of them. Since these revenues constituted their total resources, both of the brothers and their families were deprived of their customary means of subsistence. Prince Alexander's family, like himself, had refrained from political action, yet this fact was not considered as entitling them to any part of the income of the family estates, while in his position as exile in Siberia he was unable to contribute to their support. Prince Peter Kropotkin therefore charged himself with the support of his brother's family, although they were not in the least in sympathy with his political views.

During a period of political quiescence in Russia in 1895 or 1896 Prince Peter Kropotkin was surprised to receive from St. Petersburg some cases containing the books and papers which twenty years earlier had been seized in his apartment in St. Petersburg, as well as those which he had accumulated during his imprisonment for eighteen months in the fortress. At the same time he received a message to the effect that full amnesty would be granted him, and that he might return to Russia provided he undertook to refrain from political agitation. Prince Kropotkin refused to give this undertaking; but he asked that the income from his estates, or a part of it, should be handed over to the family of his brother Alexander, the members of it never having been in any way under suspicion of disloyalty. This request was, however, refused by the Government, and the maintenance of his brother's widow and her family remained as a charge upon Kropotkin.

So long as he was in good health, Kropotkin's indefatigable industry enabled him to sustain these charges in addition to those of his own simple household; but his imprisonment had left a permanent mark upon his constitution, and he was subject to occasional attacks of illness. During one of these attacks some well-meaning persons among his friends in London proposed to arrange for a course of lectures to be delivered by Kropotkin so soon as he should be sufficiently recovered. Kropotkin was quite willing to lecture; but some heedless person made him aware of the amount of the subscription, and he at once suspected an element of charity in the project. His sensitive nature revolted, and he positively refused to have anything to do with the scheme.

In his *Memoirs* Kropotkin has indicated by what process he was led to take an interest in social progress. He spent his youth in the atmosphere of serfdom, and he had experienced the effect of bondage, although he looked down upon it from above. In a country where birth counted for everything, he was born in the highest rank. He was descended from the Grand Princes of Smolensk, and, although their princely appanage had been absorbed into the Moscow State, the family had retained estates and political [1] as well as social influence. He had himself been brought up on the steps of the throne. He was educated in the School of Pages, and became page to the Emperor Alexander II. He had the inherited traits as well as the training of an aristocrat in the country above all countries where the aristocratic tradition was most tenaciously maintained. The scientific bent of his mind could not alter his fundamental character, but it did affect the direction of his activities. It is not *comme il faut* for a prince to be too intellectual; but the trifling of the court is insupportable to an eager intelligence. That he should desire some more evidently useful field for his energies than the court afforded was inevitable. Hence his project of going to Siberia. There he found himself in an altogether different atmosphere. He could look at statecraft more objectively in Siberia than in the centre of the governmental maelstrom. It is not without significance that it was in Siberia that the chief opponent of Statism, Bakunin, had formulated his destructive criticism of the State. When he went to Siberia Kropotkin was a mere youth; he was gazetted *aide-de-camp* to the Governor-General of Eastern Siberia, and he found himself at once on the frontier of Russian civilisation. Almost immediately he came into contact with a spirit of administrative hostility to a distant, procrastinating and incompetent central authority. The most enthusiastic loyalty was strained to the utmost. The energy of Muraviev had consolidated a great Empire in the East in spite of the neglect and even the opposition of St. Petersburg. In matters of practical administration, the ineffectiveness of highly centralised authority became evident. No public building could be erected excepting by explicit orders from St. Petersburg. The distance was enormous; the course of post before the construction of the Siberian Railway was extremely slow; the delays were exasperating. All these things induced a doubt of the efficacy of centralised government, and therefore doubt of the efficacy of the State. The Russian mind is prone to tear up things by the roots to examine them. Russians are fond of fundamental discussions, and in the long leisure of a remote outpost of empire such discussions were frequent. Under these conditions it is not wonderful that doubt and suspicion of the stability of the whole Imperial system should germinate in the mind of an eager youth. Kropotkin came back from Siberia to St. Petersburg with the seeds of anarchism sown in his mind. But he did not immediately become an anarchist. When he reached St. Petersburg he found that the educated youths were studying Marx, and that, under the influence of Tchaikovsky, many of them were joining circles for the study of social questions with Marx and his adherents for their guides. But the State collectivism of Marx, with its disregard of local needs and its centralised power, could find little sympathy from Kropotkin, because precisely these features in the Imperial system were repugnant to him. That he suffered imprisonment and exile because he was supposed to be a Marxist was an irony of fate. Marx's principles never secured any hold upon his mind; and Kropotkin became more and more a disciple of Bakunin, or rather of Peter Lavrov.

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[1] Prince Peter Kropotkin's cousin, Prince Dmitri N. Kropotkin, was Governor-General of Kharkov. He was assassinated by the Narodnaya Volya in 1879.

There can be no doubt that, from the moment the extreme revolutionaries discovered a sympathetic note in Kropotkin, they determined to make use of him. He was, however, too single-minded and too addicted to open declaration of his opinions to allow himself to be entangled in any of the dark conspiracies of the time. A single incident will suffice to illustrate this. While Kropotkin was acting as Secretary of the Geographical Society, and as yet unsuspected by the political police, he was present at a meeting of a small group among whom were extremists who were advocating measures of what appeared to Kropotkin to be futile violence. At that moment there could be no doubt that Russia was not prepared for revolution. The peasants who constituted the bulk of the population were inert; there was a slender and unorganised proletariat in the industrial towns. The only revolutionists were among the intellectuals, and these were to be found in the superior social ranks or among the families of the priesthood. I am not aware if Kropotkin had at this time (about 1873) met Peter Lavrov, but it is certain that he had begun to see the force of Lavrov's view, in opposition to that of Bakunin, that attempts at a violent revolution were premature, and that a more or less lengthy process of "permeation" was necessary, not only to effect a revolution, but to secure any social or political benefit for the people from a revolution, even if the Imperial Government were successfully overthrown. At the meeting in question a proposal was made for the assassination of the Tsar. The persons present at the meeting were all amateurs in conspiracy.[1] The project of assassination was followed by suggestions of numerous immature and impracticable schemes for carrying it into effect. Kropotkin intervened in the discussion:

Kropotkin. "Alone among you it is possible for me to do easily what you have decided upon. I have access to the Palace at any moment I choose to enter it. I would neither be interrogated nor searched. I am well known to the officials. I could take a revolver in my pocket, or even perhaps a rifle under my fur coat. I am a good shot. I could either shoot the Tsar from a gallery with a rifle or I could walk up to him and shoot him with a revolver. In the former case I might conceivably escape; in the latter case escape would be practically impossible. It would be perfectly useless for any of you to make an attempt of that kind. None of you, on any pretext that could be invented, would be permitted to enter the Palace, or, having entered it, would be permitted to approach the Tsar. Now, I will do this thing, and sacrifice myself in the doing of it, provided you can convince me that it ought to be done at all and that it ought to be done at this moment."

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[1] Then, and even long afterwards, the most fantastic schemes were proposed and discussed with gravity by youthful enthusiasts, who were zealous enough but quite ignorant of the methods by means of which successful attempts upon the lives of notable persons were accomplished nine or ten years later. The nature of the discussions at such meetings may be gathered from the fascinating memoirs of Debogorio-Mokrievich, *Reminiscences* (in Russian). St. Petersburg, 1906.

The discussion then reverted, as in Russia such discussions usually do, to fundamental things, to the relative merits of immediate if even temporarily unsuccessful action, and of the long and often discouraging process of permeation. The idea of immediate attack was abandoned. Ten years later the deed was planned and executed by others; Alexander II. was killed by a bomb at no great distance from his palace.

At a later period, while Kropotkin lived in England, a German called upon him, and confided to him his intention of assassinating the Emperor William II. of Germany.

Kropotkin. "I do not understand why you come to me with this intelligence. Do you not realise that you have placed me in a dilemma? Either I must be your accomplice or your informer. I am not disposed for either rôle."

I cannot repeat his further argument, because I am unable to detach it from analogous recollections; but the upshot of it was that no attempt was made upon the life of the Emperor. The visitor was the man who some time afterwards blew up the Hermann Monument in the Teutoberger Wald.

During Kropotkin's residence in France he had made the acquaintance of a working shoemaker, who exhibited a remarkable talent for vivid writing upon social questions. His name was Jean Grave. Grave was a gentle and amiable man, whose sensibilities were touched by the miseries of the proletariat. He quickly absorbed the views of the State which had come to be held by Lavrov and Kropotkin. Living in the south of Paris in the simplest manner, he devoted himself to anarchist propaganda and wrote numerous pamphlets and books upon social questions. He belonged to the very best type of serious and intelligent Parisian workmen. An active social revolution would have found him ready to lay down his life at a barricade; but it is impossible to conceive of his heedlessly provoking an upheaval. His writings had a wide circulation, and had probably more influence in Italy, Spain and in South America than they had in France. I met him once while Kropotkin was living in Bromley, and I was much attracted by his winning personality.

I am quite sure that Kropotkin was frequently disturbed by less desirable acquaintances among the anarchist groups. His life was wholly detached from their conspirative schemes, yet it was difficult for them to realise that fact. In his book, *La Conquête du Pain*, Kropotkin makes suggestions on procedure for the morrow of a revolution; yet the rôles of idealist precursor and revolutionary leader are far apart. Kropotkin was no better fitted for the part of Lenin than Rousseau was for the part of Robespierre. There are many analogies to the Revolution of France in the Russian Revolution; and among these may be found the analogy of the influence of Rousseau to that of Kropotkin. Rousseau died before the Revolution to which he had given so great an impetus; Kropotkin survived to witness the Revolution to which he devoted forty years of his life and to disapprove of the course of it, as undoubtedly Rousseau would have disapproved the course of the French Revolution had he survived.

When Kropotkin plunged into social propaganda, he did so because he felt that he had no right to enjoy the luxury of scientific investigation while the poor were eating "mouldy bread." Like many other Russians in the early seventies, under the influence of the movement "To the People," he sacrificed his career as a man of science to embark upon the career of social revolutionist. But the prosecution of such a career was very difficult in Russia in 1870–80. The people were not ready and the Government was strong enough to put down incipient revolt and to prevent the extensive carrying out of any policy of permeation. The arrest of the adherents of the "To the People" movement, and the punishments which followed, drove, on the one hand, a number of the survivors into exile, and, on the other hand, divided them into two groups—one group becoming discouraged, and the other becoming conspirative schemers. Kropotkin became an exile after his escape, but he did not belong to either of the groups. He was obliged to employ his pen and his time in the writing of scientific papers in order to make a livelihood, and to that extent he had to return to science. He was not discouraged, nor was he induced to engage in conspiracies. He felt that the Revolution must in time come in Russia, and that meanwhile the torch of revolt against its despotic Government must be kept alight.

I do not know that his residence in England reconciled him altogether to Parliamentary Government. He recognised the difficulties of applying any system like the English to the case of Russia. When he came out to Canada and to the United States he became aware of the working of the Federal System, and began to think of the application of that to Russia. He spoke with approval of the project, first suggested, I believe, by the Grand Duke Constantine, of the division of Russia into five great provinces, each province to be governed by a Constitutional Assembly. Kropotkin thought that a scheme analogous to Canadian Confederation might well be adopted in Russia. This position was, of course, very far removed from anarchism, and it was also far removed from the plans of the Social Democrats. As an anarchist, he attached great importance to the devolution of power. He distrusted central authority, and he was prepared to accept any system which gave the people in relatively small local groups power to manage their own affairs. Perhaps he idealised the people, but many others have fallen into that error. Of one error Kropotkin was, by temperament and by principle, absolutely free; that is, the error of supposing that, even for Russia, any good can come of dictatorship. The spring of his anarchism lay in his consistent opposition to the abuse or even the use of power. "If," he has said to me, "you ever find me countenancing the exercise of power by one man over another, I give you leave to stick a knife in me."

When the Revolution occurred, and the imperial system was destroyed, Kropotkin returned at once to Russia. Even if he had been younger, and even if he had remained in Russia and had not spent the greater part of his life in exile, I doubt if his uncompromising nature would have permitted him to play the great rôle in Russian political affairs to which his abilities might have entitled him to aspire. As it was, he was an old man, he had been absent from Russia for forty years, and he had inevitably lost intimate touch with his own people and with Russian life. In spite of himself he had been in a large degree westernised. His name, although widely known and respected in Russia, would not have sufficed to secure political influence in the presence of the competition for power of even little-known but more aggressive persons. Thus, when he did return to his native country, he played no leading part. Under the Kerensky *régime* he lived for a time in the Kremlin of Moscow. My friend Mr. Charles R. Crane[1] told me that he saw him there, and that, towards the fall of Kerensky, a group of Bolsheviki had gone to Kropotkin and told him that they intended to kill him. I do not know what Kropotkin's answer to them was, but I can readily imagine what it must have been like. "Very well," he would say, "I am an old man; and if you think that the Revolution for which I have worked for more than forty years would be advanced by your killing me, you may do so; but please do not waste my time talking about it."

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[1] Recently U.S. Minister at Peking.

At a great meeting held in Moscow before the fall of the Kerensky *régime,* Kropotkin denounced the Bolshevik propaganda, and thus, although an old Revolutionist, gave the extremists decisively to understand that he could not march with them. Shortly afterwards the faction headed by Lenin came into power, and Kropotkin left the Kremlin. Kropotkin found a retreat near Moscow, and there he remained waiting for better days. The universal respect in which he was held by all parties in Russia secured for him immunity against attack by any party.

In Western Europe and in America people are inclined to attach a somewhat restricted meaning to liberty. We are apt to think that we have secured liberty when we have elected some people whom we endow with power to deprive us of it. From Kropotkin's point of view, the rule of a democracy, unless it implies liberty of the individual and of spontaneously united groups of individuals, is as inimical to progress as the rule of an autocracy.

Liberty and material progress may be mutually exclusive. Even if they were, Kropotkin would say, "I prefer liberty, even at the sacrifice of material progress; but the history of Russia has shown us that the negation of liberty does not necessarily conduce to material progress."

While the primitive self-contained village, with its relatively small population, isolated from the rest of the world and enjoying immunity from State interference of any kind, might have satisfied Tolstoy, this would not have satisfied Kropotkin. He was quite alive to the sterility of small communities. He conceived, however, that the community should have a relatively small, rather than a large, geographical area. For example, he thought that the people of a river valley might form a community; such a community might be, indeed, of great magnitude if the valley were a large one. This was indeed a curious idea for Kropotkin to promulgate, for it was the idea underlying the distribution of the appanages of the princely houses over the valleys through which flowed the rivers tributary to the Volga. The consequences of this division were quarrels, not by any means always quarrels of the rulers, but often of the people, conflict, and eventual peace through conquest or absorption of the many by the one—that one being the Moscow State. In the same manner the independent city states of Italy, and those of Eastern, Central and Western Europe, had been conquered by or absorbed into national or imperial systems, and these processes had been facilitated by the frequent conflicts between the small independent communities.

Yet the large highly centralised state has shown a tendency to develop within itself the germs of disintegration, and has excited external forces making for the same result. Thus in our own time we have seen the simultaneous disintegration of four mighty empires,—Germany, Austria, Russia and Turkey. The historical pendulum seemed to be swinging towards imperial consolidation; it seems now to be swinging in the opposite direction. If the motion of the pendulum is true to character, we may expect at some period that the fragments into which these empires have been resolved will quarrel with one another, that there will be fresh conquests and absorptions, the League of Nations notwithstanding; and that new imperial or imperialistic consolidations will be effected, after perhaps a long period, in which the characteristic political unit is a small nation, or even a small isolated community.

Although Kropotkin's social ideals impinged upon politics in the large sense as well as upon economics, he did not regard either as the field of most importance. Many years ago, in talking with Edward Caird about Kropotkin, I ventured upon the remark that he was a moral genius. By that I meant that his chief interest in mankind lay neither in politics nor in economics, but in the moral attitude of man towards himself and others. This was evident alike in Kropotkin's intellectual bias and in his personal character—a character of singular purity and loftiness, impregnated with loyalty to his ideals. These ideals were not less high than those of Tolstoy, although they were embodied in a different formula. Kropotkin actually did, early in his life, what Tolstoy found himself unable to do. He reconciled the practical conduct of life with his ideals; and he did so in a manner which inflicted no obligation upon anyone else. In this he was quite un-Russian. He exploited no one and benefited by no hereditary privileges. When he threw himself into the social movement, he knew he must abandon his property. Morally, therefore, he stands on a higher plane than Tolstoy. In another respect he differed from Tolstoy: the scientific bent of his mind enabled him to see life in more accurate perspective and made him more reticent in his personal affairs.

This chapter was written in the summer of 1919. At that time Kropotkin was living near Moscow, suffering great hardships—not merely want of reliable food, but chiefly total separation from his friends. The days from the November Revolution of 1917 until Kropotkin's death on 8th February, 1921, were dark days—no association with congenial friends, no letters, no scientific or other journals, no new books. For a man who had been accustomed to keep himself abreast of the last results of scientific research in many fields, mental isolation was almost unendurable. How much his patient, uncomplaining spirit suffered during these years of privation may never be known.

CHAPTER XXXI

FRANCE IN 1900

. . . There exists
A higher than the warrior's excellence.
In war itself war is no ultimate purpose.
The vast and sudden deeds of violence,
Adventures wild, and wonders of the moment,
These are not they, my son, that generate
The Calm, the Blissful, and th' enduring Mighty!

Octavio Piccolomini, Lieut.-Gen., in *The Piccolomini*, by SCHILLER. Translated by S. T. Coleridge (1800).

MY friend Patrick Geddes organised, in 1900, a summer school in Paris during the Great Exposition. It was entitled, not without a touch of grandiloquence, the "International Association for the Advancement of Science, Arts and Education—First Assembly at the Paris Exposition of 1900." This Assembly was financed chiefly by Sir Robert Pullar of Perth, and was intended to demonstrate a theory frequently promulgated by Geddes, that international exhibitions are really important educational agencies.

Geddes's plan involved lectures upon a variety of topics by a number of persons, and personally-conducted tours to the various sections of the Exposition. He collected about him a numerous staff, and on the whole made a success of his ambitious design.

In many ways the Paris Exposition of 1900, apart altogether from his own enterprise in connection with it, illustrated Geddes's theme more fully than any other Exhibition which has yet been held. Not only had the Sorbonne and other educational institutions in Paris organised summer schools for the study of the French language and literature, but scientific societies almost without number had arranged for international congresses in Paris. Every branch of science, art, letters, administration and industry was represented, and for the time Paris was the Mecca for everyone who had intellectual interests of any kind. Never before had Paris opened her doors so widely to students of universal knowledge.

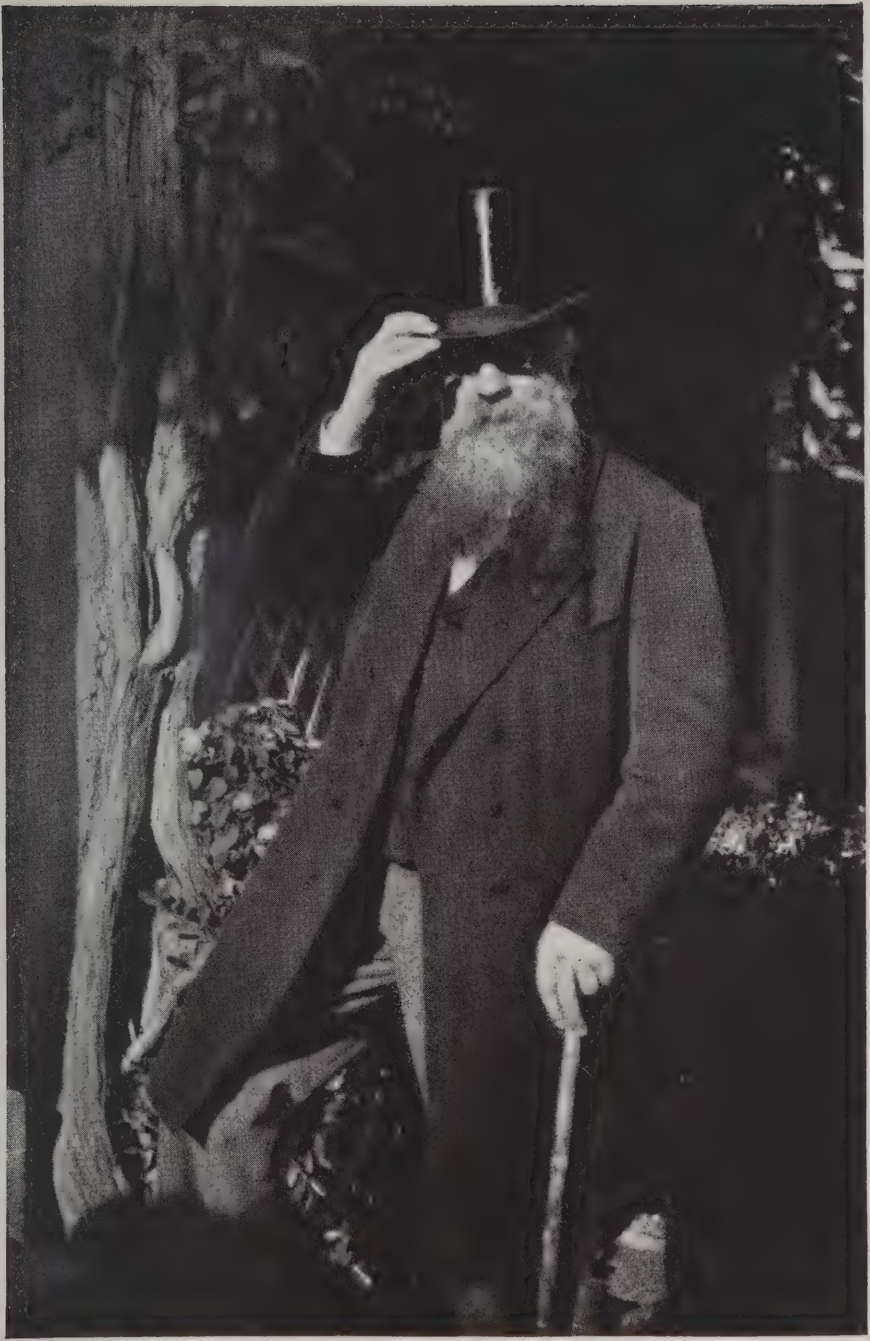
Yet the real education was in the Exposition itself. The Avenue des Nations was an epitome, sometimes of the history, sometimes of the art, and sometimes of the industrial development, of practically the whole world outside of France, while in the French and French

Colonial Sections there was an epitome of France. From the point of view of national history, perhaps the most instructive pavilion was that of Hungary. This pavilion contained the historical collection that had been gathered from old Hungarian houses for the thousandth anniversary of the Hungarian Kingdom, which had been celebrated at Budapest in 1899. The collection was not a large one; but it was comprehensive and systematic. At the entrance was the grave of a primitive Hun containing the bones of the man and the head of his horse, sacrificed at his funeral to serve him in the other world. Above was a series of historical portraits, no doubt of varying authenticity, of successive generations of Esterhazys, the earlier examples exhibiting the high cheek-bones and oblique eyes of the Mongol, and the later the gradual modification of these features through the mixture of Tartar blood with the blood of the Central European races.

The Spanish pavilion contained exclusively a small number of exceedingly fine early Spanish tapestries, while the Japanese pavilion showed, with characteristic exiguity in quantity, a choice collection of lacquer and of wood carvings, each important period being represented by a single piece of the finest order. The decadence of Greece and absence of pride in her past were sufficiently shown in the exhibition exclusively of articles of commerce, in none of which Greece could take any leading place. Belgium was represented by an admirable reproduction of the Hôtel de Ville of Oudenarde, a memorial of the period of Flemish municipal splendour. The British pavilion contained an eclectic collection of the British schools of painting.

In the exhibition of Modern French Art there was a curiously distinct note. The question of technique seemed to have reached an *impasse*; there was nothing of special novelty; but a distinct note made its appearance in the choice of subject and in the manner of its treatment. There was a large number of paintings of war—not realistic pictures, but paintings of aspects of war, each of them the more ferocious and dreadful aspects. Here a group of peasants stood with pitchforks and scythes defending themselves from attack, and there a riderless horse or an abandoned piece of artillery. In none of these paintings was it possible to see any evidence of the glory of war such as may be found in the conventional canvases of Vernet or in those of Meissonier.

In sculpture there was a remarkable though theatrical group in which was contrasted the decadence of Imperial Rome, with its drunken priests and citizens, against the rising dignity of the barbarian, who was about to invade and eventually to destroy the Roman system.



A Rodin

At Ville d'Avray, August 1900
From a snapshot by Mr. Sam Mavor

Of other sculpture, among the most remarkable examples were the pieces by the Russian artist Prince Paul Troubetskoy, whose seated figure of Monsieur N—— and his Count Leo Tolstoy on horseback were especially fine. I happened to notice that the name of this artist did not appear in the list of awards by the Commission of Judges in the Sculpture Section. I ventured to mention this to Rodin, who was himself *hors concours*; he said, "That is too bad. Troubetskoy is a very great artist." A few days afterwards the omission, if it were an omission, was rectified. Whether or not this was done by the intervention of Rodin, I am not aware. The award may simply have been for some reason postponed.

One Sunday in August I was invited to join a party of *Balzaciens*, who intended to have a demonstration at Ville d'Avray in honour of Rodin, whose statue of Balzac had been rejected by the Committee appointed to arrange for a Balzac memorial. Before starting from Paris we made a pilgrimage to the garden of Balzac, which was then a portion of the grounds of the house of the Baroness Rothschild. The house to which the garden originally belonged was occupied for a time by Balzac, and he it was who built the peristyle which is its only architectural feature. During the Haussmannisation of Paris the house was removed and a street made to pass over its site. When we arrived at Ville d'Avray we were joined by Rodin, and then we all went to a house in which Balzac had lived and in which Gambetta had died. The house is a national possession, and is maintained as a memorial of Gambetta. The death-chamber is a lugubrious room with banal funereal emblems. We gathered in another room and listened first to a recital by M. Roland, of the Renaissance Theatre, of the ode by Alfred de Musset written on the night of the death of Balzac. The recitation was an artistic performance of the first order. Madame Severine, an authoress of note and a charming elderly lady with beautiful white hair, pronounced an *éloge* upon Rodin. After these interesting preliminaries we went to the inn and lunched. Everybody made speeches, including Rodin, who said merely a few modest words.

I visited Rodin several times at his studio, and found him engaged upon his colossal statue of Victor Hugo. His assistants were then chiselling it in marble. There also Rodin showed me his *Porte d'Enfer*, his bust of Balzac being the head of the proposed statue, and his incomplete design for a tower in honour of Labour. The latter was intended to be of great height. The base contained the galleries of a mine, in which miners were working, and the tower carried spiral bronzes illustrating the various industries. Rodin had surmounted the difficulty recognised by Courbet [1] in such compositions by carrying a spiral gallery round the central shaft upon which the bronzes were placed, so that in climbing the tower the details of the bronzes could be seen at the level of the eye. I mentioned Courbet's point, and Rodin said that he had it in mind when he designed the column. An allegorical figure representing Labour was to crown the tower. I found that, like all really great artists, Rodin had a genuine enthusiasm for Labour, and desired in this monument to express its dignity and power. Rodin was sympathetic with Socialism in a general sense; but he had not worked out the economic implications of any particular form of Socialism sufficiently to justify his being docketed as a Socialist in a special sense. His view of Labour, as I gathered, was to the effect that the economical system under which the labourer works is of less importance than the character of the work itself, and that system is of importance only in so far as it contributes to determination of the character of the work. If State collectivism is found to yield better work from an artistic point of view than the system of capitalism under State control, then by all means let us adopt it; if it does not, communism might—or some other system. Any way, let us infuse into the labourer by some means pride in his work, skill in it, fastidiousness about it. What he is going to get in exchange for it is relatively unimportant. Yet the workman cannot be a good workman "without an income," and this income must be adequate to sustain the workman in such a way that he may be enabled to produce at the highest pitch in respect to quality permitted by his powers. These are, of course, not Rodin's words; but he had given thought to the question of labour, and I think that what he arrived at was as I have suggested.

Of course, in all such views there is an idealisation of labour. The peasant and the artisan are commonly sordid—as sordid at least as the commercial *bourgeoisie*, who are usually represented by the idealist as possessing a monopoly of selfishness. The importance of idealism like that of Rodin, Morris, Ruskin and Tolstoy is that it puts discussion of the social question upon an æsthetic plane, and in effect removes it from the narrow economic field to which it is in general restricted by conventional Socialist propaganda.

During this summer in Paris I met many old friends. André Siegfried, who had stayed with me in Toronto, came on the evening of my arrival, and then, as frequently later, we had long talks upon affairs. I made the acquaintance of his father, M. Jules Siegfried. The Siegfrieds are an Alsatian family. M. Siegfried is a large landed proprietor in Alsace; he retained his property after the loss of Alsace and Lorraine.[1] He resided in Paris and in Havre, the constituency he represented in the Chamber. M. Siegfried was Minister of Commerce in the Cabinet of M. Ribot, and he was concerned in the negotiation of many treaties, both while he was Minister and later. He was for many years a Senator, but, being defeated at a Senate election, he was returned as Deputy for Havre, one of the two Protestant constituencies in France. The Siegfrieds are a Protestant family. André, the son of M. Jules Siegfried, is Professor at L'École de la Science Politique, and also an official in the Foreign Office. He has made two important contributions to the literature of his subject—one upon Canada[2] and the other upon New Zealand.[3] Albert Métin,[4] at that time (1900) Deputy Minister of Labour, had also visited me in Toronto, and I saw a good deal of him. I met at Geddes's M. Marillier, who had written much on religion from an anthropological point of view. I found in him a very sympathetic nature. He and his wife met together a tragic end by drowning shortly after their summer in Paris. Among other friends of former years with whom I came into contact once again were Cecil Nicholson, who had been one of my contributors when I edited the *Scottish Art Review*, and Élisée Reclus, whose acquaintance I had made in London several years earlier. I went one day to the Rodin Exposition to hear a lecture on Rodin by the art critic, Camille Mauclair. To my surprise, for I did not know of his presence in Paris, Élisée Reclus came in, and by accident sat down beside me. He was accompanied by his brothers Élie and Onésime, whom I had not met before. Reclus was a geographer of amazing erudition and extremely high character. He had quite early in his career adopted opinions upon social questions analogous to those of Kropotkin, but he had too much independence to attach himself to any party. He devoted his life to geographical and anthropological studies, travelling extensively and, when he was at home, living in Brussels. The three brothers, as well as Élisée's son, Paul Reclus, were all engaged in similar studies and all of them held similar social views. The greater part of their work was done for the publishing house of Hachette; but they took an active part in organising and in conducting the Université Libre in Brussels, and also in managing the Geographical Institute there, the latter being a bureau of information upon the physical characters and products of every country.

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[1] *Cf.* vol. i. p. 115.

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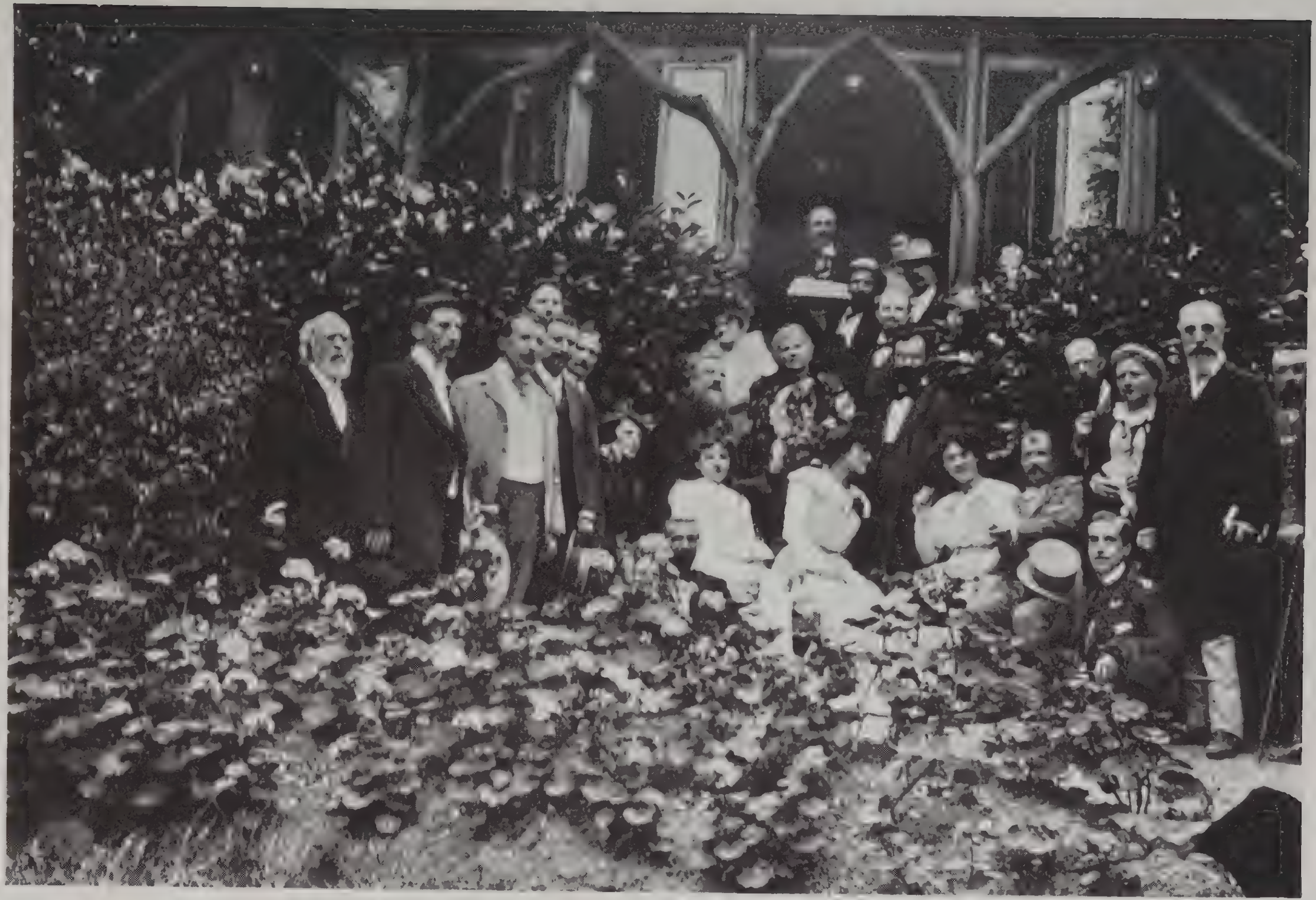
[1] Immediately after the signing of the Armistice on 11th November, 1918, M. Siegfried went to Alsace to take part in the formal resumption of French rule. When France lost Alsace, M. Siegfried was a young man of thirty-two; when the "old colours" were "unfurled" he was eighty years of age, and the Gallic Cock had once again raised a victorious crow.

[2] *Canada—Les Deux Races*. Paris.

[3] *La Democritie Nouvelle*. Paris.

[4] Author of *La Colombe Britannique* (Paris). M. Métin was appointed head of the French Mission to Australia in 1918. He died in San Francisco, while the Mission was on its way out.

One day I was walking down the Champs-Élysées when I noticed in a cab, driving up the boulevard, an enormous man whose vast bulk seemed to fill the vehicle. While as yet too distant for recognition, the idea occurred to my mind that only one man in Europe could present such an aspect, and that man was Maxime Kovalevsky. As the cab approached I found that I was right, although I had not the slightest ground for supposing that Kovalevsky was in Paris. In fact he had just arrived from Beaulieu-sur-Mer, where he customarily resided. He stopped his cab, I learned where he was staying and met him afterwards frequently. Once I asked Roberti, the Russian philosopher, why it was that Kovalevsky was so stout. "Very simple," he said. "He has always eaten too much, ever since he was a child." Perhaps he did; but dinners with Kovalevsky in former years, at Frascati's in London, a favourite restaurant of his, suggested rather the fastidiousness of an epicure than the copiousness of a glutton. His bulk was due more probably to some hereditary tendency. It was in many ways a great handicap to him. There was in the Exposition a *trottoir roulant* or moving platform, which extended over part of the central area of the grounds. This contrivance consisted of two platforms moving at different rates of speed—one at four miles an hour and the other at seven miles an hour. Posts were fixed at intervals on both. The platforms maintained continuous motion from morning till night, and passengers stepped on it from a stationary platform alongside, the less nimble availing themselves of the posts. Those who desired to go at the higher speed stepped from the slow to the rapid platform, generally managing to do so without misadventure. Kovalevsky permitted himself to experience the *trottoir roulant,* and succeeded even in stepping from the low to the high speed. But when he desired to descend his courage failed him. He was afraid to jump off or even to jump down from seven miles an hour to four. There was nothing to be done excepting to wait for the stoppage of the machinery. He therefore spent a whole afternoon and evening in circumambulating the *trottoir* when he would doubtless have preferred to dine at his ease.



Party of Balzaciens at Ville d'Avray, August 1900
(Rodin and Madame Severine in centre)
From a snapshot by Mr. Sam Mavor

In addition to Kovalevsky and Roberti, there were in Paris, either resident or visiting, a great number of Russians, some of them political refugees, many of them, like Kovalevsky, not politically suspect, but simply annoyed at the lack of freedom in Russia due to the reaction of the eighties and nineties, and preferring to live abroad rather than subject themselves to the nuisance of the attentions of the political police. There were others who were not out of favour with the Russian authorities, and who were living in Paris for other than political reasons. Among the refugees were Volkhovsky, who had escaped from Siberia, and Peter Lavrov. I greatly regretted to miss the latter, who was absent from Paris during the summer. Lavrov, who had been Professor of Mathematics, was one of the ablest and finest of the Russian revolutionary group. He was an intimate friend of Kropotkin, and in general shared Kropotkin's point of view. Madame Kropotkin and Sasha were during Lavrov's absence occupying his small apartment near the Avenue d'Italie, and naturally I saw much of them.

My Russian friends were anxious for me to give them some account of the Doukhobors, whom I had recently visited in the North-West of Canada. They arranged a meeting of about a hundred Russians who happened at that moment to be in Paris, and they asked me to give an address upon the Doukhobors. I did so in English, and Kovalevsky, who was in the chair, was good enough to translate into Russian, amplifying what I said about the Doukhobors with some pregnant remarks of his own. He was a little disappointed that I could not give any full or definite account of their system of communism; but, as will appear from the account I have already given of these people, they had only been in Canada for one year, they had not surmounted the disturbing influences of their migration, and their system had not as yet actually assumed a definite form. Nevertheless the occasion was very interesting, and I answered the numerous questions posed to me as well as I could.

I have already indicated that the Russian colony in Paris, temporary and permanent, was composed of various groups. All of the members of these groups were highly intelligent and cultivated people, yet they were by no means all even on speaking terms with one another. They belonged to the same social order, and many of them even to the same social circles, yet their social and political views diverged sharply. This division, even among those who desired a new political order in Russia, was highly characteristic, and was indicative of the reasons why political progress in Russia was so slow. Striving for ideals impossible of attainment because of the limitations of the

Russian people, not to speak of humanity at large, seemed to have taken the place in their minds of efforts towards realisable reforms. The legend of the conversion at one stroke of the Russians to Christianity by St. Vladimir seemed to induce the illusion that the modern Russian people were susceptible to mass movements of a similar character. Perhaps they were, but the *Credo* of early Christianity was simple compared with the numerous and complicated *Credos* founded upon recondite bases advanced with equal urgency and enthusiasm by constitutionalists, State collectivists, communists and anarchists. The almost innumerable varieties of social specifics rendered the application of any one of them extremely difficult and contributed to the maintenance of power by the reactionary forces.

When the Institut Psychologique was founded in Paris, some years earlier, I had become a member of it, and I went occasionally to its rooms. There was a good library of psychological literature and a very interesting group of people. Among those whose acquaintance I had made on previous occasions, or at that time, were Professor Charles Richet, Dr. Janet, Tarde and Letourneau. I found Tarde a personality of highly striking quality and Letourneau rather old-fashioned but erudite in an antique manner. Richet had been in Toronto in 1897, when the British Association met there.

I think it was in 1898 that Prince Roland Bonaparte visited Canada. He came to visit the University of Toronto in the summer, when almost everyone belonging to the University was away, and the task of entertaining him fell chiefly upon me. While I was in Paris he invited me frequently to his house in the Avenue d'Iéna, and spent some time with me in his enormous library. His collections relate principally to geography; or, rather, they are arranged in a geographical manner, for they include works of every kind, throwing light upon the history, constitution and economical resources of every country. His house is built round the library, the books being contained in an immense and lofty room with a gallery affording access to the upper shelves. This room is lighted chiefly from the ceiling, and the cases are arranged in a quadrangle. At Prince Bonaparte's I met Professor Bose of Calcutta, who had already distinguished himself as a physicist, Letourneau, who was a constant *habitué*, and many others. Prince Roland was the son of Pierre Bonaparte, who shot Victor Noire and thus contributed to the fall of the Bonapartes.

Among the foreigners who circulated about Geddes was the Swami Vivekananda, who had been in America, and had been engaged in India in the organisation of a religious system. He succeeded, while he was in Paris, in obtaining the adherence to his cult of a young Scots lady, Miss Margaret Noble, who went out to India, took the name of Sister Nivedeta, became a teacher of the Vedantic philosophy, wrote a very remarkable book, *The Web of Indian Life*, and died in India. Miss Noble was a young woman of fine and gracious spirit, who was evidently destined to sacrifice herself for a religious idea of some kind, and was accidentally attracted to Vedantism through meeting Vivekananda in Paris. Vivekananda himself died also at an early age. My impression of him was on the whole favourable. In conversation with me he refrained altogether from assuming the rôle of prophet, discussed many things with good sense and penetration, and appeared to enjoy good cheer without infringement of his principles. His writings are a singular mixture of Eastern and Western philosophy, although naturally he was more familiar with the Eastern. Occasionally his concessions to doctrines with which he could not be in real sympathy were suggestive of imperfect knowledge of the development of religious ideas.

Not many economists made their appearance. There were, however, Eugen von Phillipovich of Vienna, who had visited me in Toronto, and the French-Jewish writer Charles Gide, well known as an enthusiast for co-operation. Among others who were in Paris, and were specially interested in co-operation, was the Dutchman Anseele; I met him at M. Jules Siegfried's. I met Père Hyacinthe, the anti-cleric, and his American wife at lunch in the house of an American lady, and in the same house Mrs. Ole Bull, the widow of the Swedish violinist. The most pleasant Americans whom I encountered were Lester Ward and his wife. Ward was originally a palæontologist, but somehow acquired an interest in sociological questions. He developed a kind of sociological system, which he promulgated in his book, *Dynamic Sociology*. In so far as he followed the lines laid down in Comte's *Social Dynamics* it was possible for me to follow him; but when he embarked, as he did both in lectures and conversation in Paris, in doctrines of his own, he seemed to me to present a somewhat ravelled thread of thought. Nevertheless, Ward was a man of genius. He suffered, as do many men of original parts, from want of friction with other men's minds. His work thus lacks lucidity and continuity. He had not critical sagacity enough to correct this defect for himself, and he published voluminously in a field to which he was unaccustomed without subjecting his thesis to competent examination. Yet his personality had a strange charm, and his naïve belief in the importance and originality of his views, though pathetic, had a delightful side.

I went several times to the Université Populaire, in the Rue Serpente, near the church of St. Germain-des-Prés. This excellent institution was founded for the purpose of encouraging intellectual pursuits among working men. There I met Duclaux, successor of Pasteur, and de Sailles, professor of philosophy at the Sorbonne. These eminent men spent a good deal of their time at the Rue Serpente, lectured there, and devoted themselves heartily to the educational propaganda for which the institution was founded.

I think it was at a function at one of the Ministries, otherwise rather depressing, that I met Captain Max and Mdlle. May, who were then engaged in organising peace in connection with the Congrès de la Paix. Captain Max had been an artillery officer, and had been converted to peace after the Franco-Prussian War. When Bloch, the Polish economist, published his portentous treatises on War, Max found himself in hearty sympathy with his conclusions. Bloch himself had been in Paris, but unfortunately he left on or before the day of my arrival, and I missed him. It would be an interesting task to take Bloch's book and to examine his military and economical predictions in detail in view of the actualities of the Great War.

At some function I met the Hungarian Jew, Max Nordau, author of *Degeneration* and *Conventional Lies of our Civilisation.* Nordau was a dapper, well-groomed little man, with intelligent eyes and a confident, oily, insinuating manner—such a manner as might be supposed to be appropriate to a manager of a continental hotel, who hourly had to discriminate between persons of honour and swindlers. Nordau seems to have satisfied himself that in general mankind was a rogue, and that he was a rogue because he was degenerate. It would be idle to deny that there is validity in Nordau's emphasis upon degeneracy as an explanation of some phases in the history of mankind, but even he admitted in his *Paradoxes Psychologiques* that there is no necessary permanence in an observed tendency towards degeneracy. The oscillation of a pendulum probably affords a more accurate figure of the general movement of mankind than motion either invariably upwards or downwards. The healthiest life involves the sloughing off of degenerate tissue. In the social body, as in the organic body, degeneration is a question of proportion and of age. Nordau has been given what De Quincey regarded as the distinguishing mark of a philosopher. Like Kant, he experienced an attempt at assassination. In 1903 a hysterical and ill-informed Zionist shot at him twice in Paris at a Zionist Ball. Nordau was an ally of Theodore Herzl,[1] and may therefore be counted as a Socialist of the Herzl type. In so far as he committed himself to this point of view, he may be held not merely to have opposed his own pessimistic conclusions, but even to have attached more importance to a mechanical alteration in the methods of exchange than sound study of the psychology of society would seem to warrant.

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[1] Author of *Freiland.*

One evening, at the Institut Psychologique, I met W. T. Stead. Next day I lunched with him at the Club Républicain. He had with him Mr. White, the Secretary of President Kruger. The South African War had been in progress for nearly a year. White was the son of an English father and a Boer mother. His sympathies were altogether with the Boers. He was living in Paris as Kruger's representative. Some of the events which led to the war were recounted by White from his point of view. I spoke of the Jameson Raid and of Kruger's demand of an indemnity of a million pounds for moral and intellectual damages, and said something to this effect:

James Mavor. "If Mr. Chamberlain had replied to Kruger's demand with a proposition to pay to the Transvaal for the material damage caused by the Raid an amount to be determined by arbitration, coupled with the condition that the arming of the Transvaal, which was known to be in progress, should cease at once, what would have been Kruger's attitude to such a proposition?"

White. "President Kruger expected some such proposal, and he was quite prepared to accept it."

I had been aware that information about the ordering of field guns from the English gun factories had been conveyed to Mr. Chamberlain by the heads of the firms to whom the orders were sent from the Transvaal, and that Mr. Chamberlain had not only refrained from interposing objections to the execution of the orders, but had actually said that if the orders were not executed in England they would be executed elsewhere. It was better that the English factories should have the benefit of them.[1] With this knowledge in my mind, I put some leading questions to Mr. White. He told me that Mr. Chamberlain had telegraphed to President Kruger, complaining that purchases of guns were being made by the Transvaal Government. Kruger replied, "The arming of the Transvaal is no secret."

Stead told me that Lord Milner had said to him, on the eve of his departure to South Africa, "If I can help it, there will be no war."

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[1] This information was conveyed to me at the time by my brother Henry, who had it from a partner in the firm in question, and to whom Mr. Chamberlain made the remark.

It is possible that no human power could have prevented the war, and that Milner was a wholly innocent contributory to it; but it is also possible that the war might have been avoided if a statesman of more insight into the character of men and less confidence in his own powers had been at the helm than Chamberlain. Kruger was old; in the nature of things he could not live for ever; if the crisis in the quarrel between the Dutch and the English had been tided over, the war might have been avoided. Yet the racial causes of the conflict were positive and profound.

There were a few remarkable performances in Paris during the summer of 1900. In the Exposition grounds there was a huge building, with seats for an audience of twelve thousand and an immense stage, or rather platform, on which there was neither proscenium nor curtain. Here the French Government commanded several performances, for which invitations were issued. The corps of the Comédie Française was required to present Molière's *Le Médecin malgré lui*. The part of Sganarelle was taken by Coquelin *aîné*. In the same auditorium, on another occasion, Massenet's *Ballet du Cid* was rendered with a gigantesque orchestra and an equally gigantesque *corps de ballet*. I suppose that altogether there must have been some eight hundred performers. It is impossible to describe the impression produced by this magnificent composition rendered under circumstances of really great splendour.

Several functions of a similar character were held in the gardens of the Élysée, on the invitation of the President of the French Republic. One of them remains especially in my memory. The corps of many Parisian theatres were drawn upon one afternoon to give, on an open-air stage, representations of historical dances. These were arranged with great skill. Each dance was rendered with the costume and in the manner of the period to which it belonged.

In the Châtelet, I think it was, I saw Coquelin play Cyrano de Bergerac.

I spent a rather amusing afternoon acting as cicerone to the Exposition with Sir James Geikie, the Director of the Scottish Geological Survey, and Dr. Thomas Fowler, Master of Corpus. I had been plagued in my youth by Fowler's *Logic*, and I had a kind of mischievous satisfaction in finding the author of it more ignorant of art than, even in extreme youth, I possibly could have been of logic. The man of science was less demonstrative, and perhaps less naïve.

On the evening of *juillet quatorze* Geddes and I, with a small party, drove to the Place de la Concorde to see the illuminations. We met with no adventures, but we experienced one of those minor incidents which inspire doubt as to the accuracy of all historical records. We had ordered our coachman to return for us at 9.45, and to meet us at the corner of the Rue Royale and the Place. We arrived at the rendezvous at 9.40, and our coachman drove us off at 9.50 precisely. We stood for the interval of ten minutes opposite a barricade which surrounded the Palais de Justice. The crowd was in the centre of the Place, and, saving our small group, there were no persons in the immediate neighbourhood. On the following morning we read in the newspapers that on the night of the fourteenth, at 9.45, the pressure of the crowd watching the illuminations had been so great at the corner of the Rue Royale and the Place de la Concorde that the barricade surrounding the Palais de Justice had been broken down and several people had been injured. Clearly this incident, if it occurred at all, must have occurred at some other time or at some other place.

I had met several times an old revolutionist named Le Français. He had been a boy during the Revolution of 1830, a young man in the Revolution of 1848, and an elderly man in the Communist rising in Paris in 1871; and on each occasion he had fought behind the barricades. In 1871 he had been a member of the Communist Government. I thought that it would be a good idea to make a little excursion in Paris with Le Français as guide, and to go with him to the places of special interest from a revolutionary point of view. With Madame Kropotkin, Sasha her daughter, Geddes and Mrs. Geddes, we made a little party. Le Français showed us how certain parts of Paris were readily convertible into miniature fortresses, and how, by throwing up barricades at a small number of strategic points, these parts could be easily defended. The Haussmannisation of Paris had so altered the Faubourg St. Antoine that the revolutionary quarters there had been obliterated; but elsewhere the steep and narrow streets, notably the Rue Mouffetard to the east of the Institut, still afforded a refuge for revolutionists, and Le Français pointed out on the pavement the places where in all the Revolutions from 1789 onwards barricades had been thrown up and defended. We went with him to the Hôtel de Ville; and, leaning against the railings, I spoke abruptly to Le Français.

James Mavor. "Why did you burn down the Hôtel de Ville?"

Le Français. "It was a matter of military necessity. The burning of it delayed the advance of the Versaillists."

James Mavor. "Are you quite certain of this?"

Le Français. "Yes, I was present when the step was decided upon."

James Mavor. "By whom was the burning of the building decided?"

Le Français. "By the Government of the Commune."

James Mavor. "Where were you sitting when the decision was made?"

Le Français. "In the Hôtel de Ville, which was our headquarters."

James Mavor. "You then set fire to it?"

Le Français. "Yes."

I have already, in a previous chapter, given an account of this historical event of a totally different purport by an equally creditable and equally competent witness. Leo Mélliet, who also was in the Hôtel de Ville when it was set fire to, told me categorically that the building was burned by the mob, and not by the Communist Government.

I have no doubt that Le Français' account was the correct one; but I have equally no doubt that Mélliet told what he believed to be the truth. The facts must have been that the confusion was great, and that a small group of the members of the Communist Government acted in the emergency on their own initiative, without even informing the other members of their body who were in the Hôtel de Ville at the time.[1]

We went with Le Français to the Mur Fédéré in Père Lachaise, where the final scene in the rising was enacted by the mowing down of the last of the cornered recalcitrants.

Le Français was a fine old fellow—a man of high character, who maintained till the end of his days an uncompromising hostility to the *bourgeoisie.* He wrote an interesting and valuable account of the Commune of Paris.

As the summer drew to a close Geddes and I made a little walking trip in the north of France. We went first to St. Cloud, where we wandered in the forest and noticed, in the plan of the forest roads and in their frequent *ronds-points*, the evidences of the origin of the plan of the city of Paris. The radial roads, converging on numerous central points, afforded rendezvous for the hunters. The fact that radial avenues were readily swept by artillery was a secondary motive, but it sufficed to secure the continuance and even the amplification of the original plan. The Rond-Point in the Champs-Élysées may or may not have been originally a hunter's rendezvous in the forest; but if not, it seems to have been suggested by the forest *ronds-points.*

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[1] Nassau Senior gives a similar account of the confusion during critical moments in the Revolution of 1848. *Journals kept in France and Italy, 1848–1852* (London, 1871), vol. i.

We climbed the height of Mont Valérien, and had all Paris beneath us in the great basin through which the Seine meanders. This is by far the most striking view of the city. There may be seen, as nowhere else, the real proportions of things. The Tour Eiffel appears as an insignificant pin-point in a vast picture. The dominating figure is the Église du Sacré-Cœur, whose white walls crown Montmartre and look down over the city. France in discarding monarchy had also discarded the Church; but the Church nevertheless dominated Paris, and, through Paris, France. France might become atheist and republican; but the Cross rose above her notwithstanding—a symbol of spiritual power insusceptible of defeat and materially impregnable. We walked on to St. Germain, the grave of the Jacobites. Here the Stuarts and their cause died in squalid magnificence. The palace they occupied is now, with historical appropriateness, an archæological museum. The primitive art of the region that became Gaul is illustrated in engraved bones of reindeer and bear that once roamed in its forests. Here also may be found examples of the formidable catapults with which, before the invention of gunpowder, stones were thrown with incredible force in early sieges.

From St. Germain we went to Pontoise, and on to Noyon, Soissons and Crépy en Valois. As we travelled northwards we noticed the evidences of revolutionary raids from Paris, especially in the Great Revolution of 1789. Taine points out that the Revolution, as known to history, was preceded by numerous peasant risings; but these rural revolts were directed rather against the châteaux than against the provincial towns. The damage done to these was committed, not by revolting peasants or by small mobs in the towns, but by raiders from Paris, who plundered the provincial *bourgeoisie* as they plundered the *bourgeoisie* of the capital. This was evident, because in the towns near Paris the damage to the churches and public buildings was greater than it was in the more distant towns. In one town, I think it was Pontoise, we noticed in a church a brass monument erected to the memory of certain citizens of the town who had, as related in the inscription, saved the town from the ravages of the Paris raiders. Probably they had bribed them in some manner and thus had secured partial immunity. Everywhere near Paris, and to a less extent farther north, we found evidences, especially in the churches, of unrepaired revolutionary damage. The statues had been removed from their niches, and had in some cases been replaced by small plaster figures ludicrously disproportionate to their setting; or the statues remained mutilated as they had been by the mob more than a century earlier. Many churches were roofless, some of them had been abandoned for ecclesiastical purposes, and, ruined as they were, were being used as markets. There was on the whole small evidence of civic pride. The only place near Paris in which any revival of municipal activity was obvious was, so far as I remember, Noyon, where the people had beautified the town by public gardens. In some of the towns we found fragments of fine architecture in the ordinary houses. Occasionally a Merovingian doorway had survived the ravages of time and of conflict.[1]

When we came to Laon, we had passed the region of revolutionary activity. Here we encountered only the damage of mediæval warfare, partially repaired by a revival of civic energy. In a previous chapter I have noticed the condition of Laon as it was in 1878. Twenty-two years had passed, and something had been done. One of the gates had been repaired, and the cathedral had undergone restoration by means of a Government grant. A citizen of Laon had made a fortune in America and had returned to infuse energy into his native city.

St. Quentin was the scene of one of the great battles of the war of 1870, but the town itself did not present any tangible evidence of the fight in its vicinity. The colonnade of the Hôtel de Ville is one of the examples of the humours of mediæval architecture. The sculptured figures on the columns are, or were, riotously grotesque.

At Guise we paid a visit to the establishment of Godin. Godin, whose widow we called upon, was the author of *Solutions Sociales*, an outcome of the furore for Fourierism which I have already described. He had made a fortune out of the manufacture of stoves and kitchen utensils, and he determined to give his Fourierism tangible force by converting his factory into a co-operative society and his workers' dwellings into a *phalanstère*. He gave everyone who was employed an interest in the business, he built houses for his people, built a theatre, established schools for them, and founded scholarships for the more promising among the pupils, to enable them to pursue their studies at Paris. Yet the whole enthusiastic experiment produced upon us the effect of a chill. To describe the products of the factory as commonplace would be to flatter them. They may have been popular in the French kitchens, and they may have served their menial purposes, but so far as design was concerned they were destitute of applied intelligence. The houses were obviously designed on a Fourier model. They were *phalanstères*, excepting that they were not arranged like fingers.

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[1] Since then the harrow of the guns in the Great War has passed over all this region, and the waste and damage of past centuries have been obliterated in the universal havoc.

Perhaps they might be better described as large apartment houses in which the people lived in groups. Built in an expensive manner, they were nevertheless ugly. Here also there was no sign of intelligent design. The most depressing feature of the whole experiment was the total absence of influence upon the town of Guise. This ancient town consists of squalid cottages huddled under the walls of the castle. The contrast between the commonplace splendour of Godin's model factory town with the squalor of Guise was too vivid. The people of Guise, probably from instinctively sound motives, seemed to prefer individualism even with poverty to the regulated co-operative life of the Godin phalanstery.

We returned by train to Rheims, and from thence to Paris.

The general impression derived from my summer in France in 1900 was that so far as military ambitions were concerned the Imperial eagles were, by common consent, buried; and that, while the Gallic Cock might crow again, it would crow for victory in fields other than those of battle. After all, even in defeat, France had never lost her spirit, and the spirit of France was inseparable from her keen and perspicacious intelligence. Intellectual pre-eminence in continental Europe had by no means been decisively won by the Germans. They had struggled for it, but it was not their undisputed possession. German science had become adulterated by the exploitation of commerce, and German philosophy was rather a memory of the past than a living force. The field was still open for French brains to achieve indisputable intellectual superiority.

As for Alsace and Lorraine, the impression I derived was that the idea of reconquering them had been definitively abandoned. The frontier of France on the German side was looked upon as impregnable—the line of fortresses on the Vosges from Belfort to Verdun had secured immunity from invasion on that side. Even if the Vosges line were forced, or if by some means Germany was able to invade France, I was told that Paris could no longer be invested, that the outer ring of forts, which was established after the war of 1870-71, was of so great dimensions that no Power could provide an army sufficiently numerous to surround Paris. In a military sense France thus felt herself to be in a secure defensive position.[1]

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[1] The Great War of 1914–18 in part justified these anticipations. The Vosges line held, in spite of formidable attack, and Paris was not invested. Yet France lost heavily in men and for a time in territory. Had she been left alone in her contest with Germany, as she was in 1870, she must inevitably have been defeated through sheer weight of numbers of men and of material of war.

CHAPTER XXXII

GOLDWIN SMITH, 1892–1910

ergo Quintilium perpetuus sopor
urguet? cui Pudor et Iustitiæ soror,
incorrupta Fides, nudaque Veritas
   quando ullum inveniet parem!

Now on Quintilius broods the burden drear
Of sleep unending! When shall Modesty,
And Justice' sister, proud Integrity,
   And naked Truth, find one his peer?

HORACE, *Odes*, I. xxiv. Translated by John Marshall (1908).

ALTHOUGH my brother Henry had been acquainted with Goldwin Smith for many years, it was not my fortune to meet him until I went to Toronto in 1892. Mrs. Hertz was good enough to write, and thus I became known to him immediately on my arrival. I may relate his reasons for crossing the Atlantic as he gave them to me in confidential moments. He decided to go to America in 1864, as the Civil War appeared to be drawing to a close, in order to form an estimate of the situation and to report to Bright, Cobden and other sympathisers with the North during the struggle. He spent about three weeks with Grant at his headquarters before Richmond, and he was present when the city was taken.

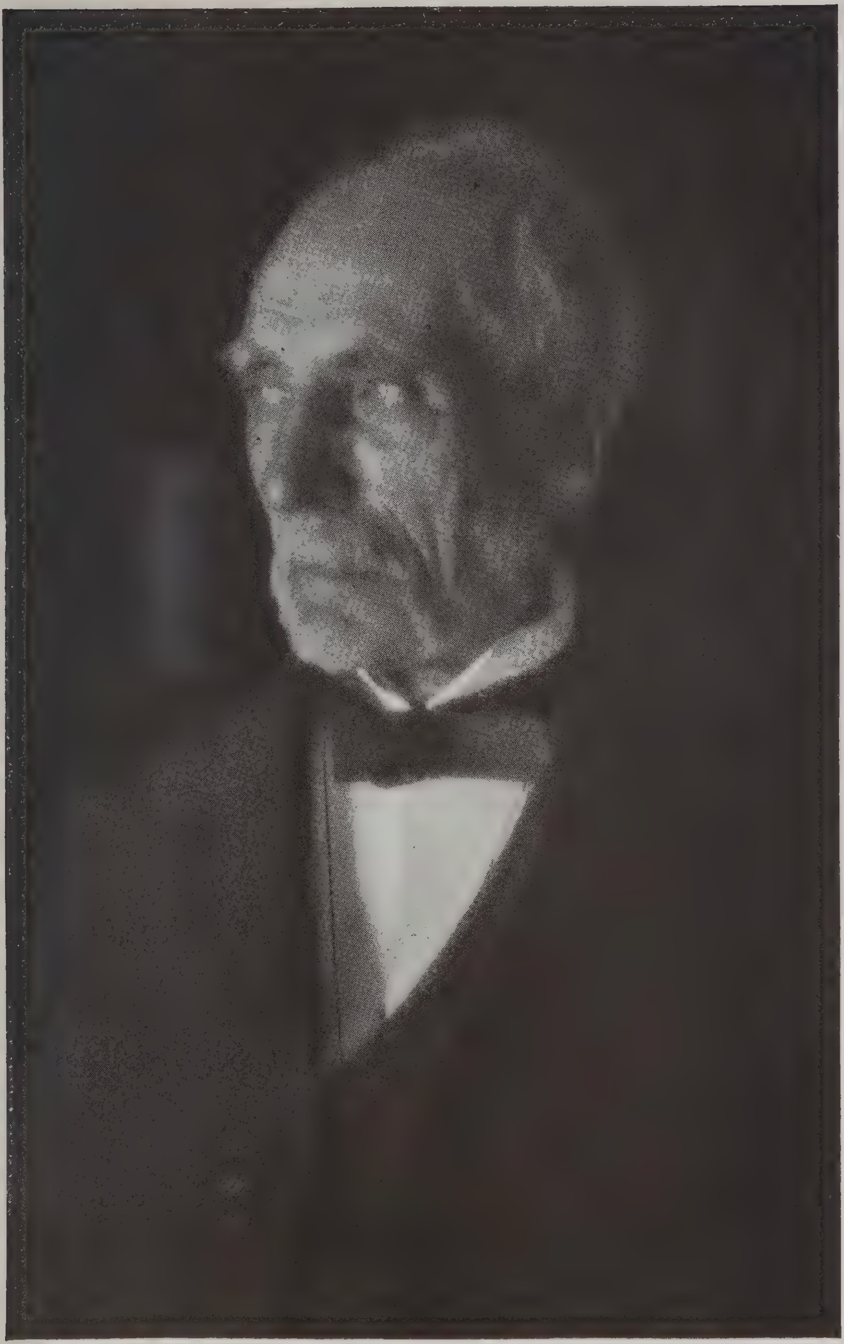
Smith returned to Oxford and the duties of his professorship of History in the autumn of 1864. In 1866 he resigned his chair on account of a serious domestic calamity. His father, a retired physician, met with a railway accident, which resulted in mental derangement. The idea of having the patient cared for in an institution for the insane was repugnant to Goldwin Smith, and no other member of his family being available for the duty of attending upon his father, he undertook it himself. For nearly two years he never left his father's side. Then, having urgent occasion to go to the north of England on business connected with an estate for which he was trustee, he left him for two days. During his son's absence Dr. Smith committed suicide. Goldwin Smith glozes over this tragedy in his *Reminiscences*, merely mentioning the fact of his father's death and the distress it occasioned him. My belief is that it had a profound effect upon his mind, and that he never fully recovered from it. I have no doubt that he lived in fear that under some strain his mind might also give way, and that he might destroy himself in a moment of aberration. He never actually put this fear into words, but I gathered it from various signs. The tragical event left Goldwin Smith with ample means and no occupation, for his place had been filled in Oxford and no position of a similar character was open to him in England at the time. At this juncture Andrew D. White offered him the Chair of History in the then newly-established Cornell University. This he accepted, and came to America. The burden of elementary teaching was, however, rather irksome; and in 1871 he left Cornell, and went to Toronto, where he had some relatives. There he married and spent the rest of his life, returning for some years annually to Cornell to deliver a course of lectures.

When I left England opinions varied about Goldwin Smith. There were warm admirers like Mrs. Hertz, who forgave him even when he differed upon vital things; and there were others who forgave him nothing. The Home Rulers detested him for his Unionist sympathies, and the Imperialists for his separatist views on the Canadian question. Nor was there any unanimity about him in Canada. In 1892 there were still echoes of the Annexation movement, and there were some who refused to act with Goldwin Smith on any committee for any purpose, or even to meet him at dinner. A member of the Senate of the University of Toronto resigned because that body proposed to confer upon Goldwin Smith an honorary degree.

For some time after I made his acquaintance he continued to entertain the view that the union of Canada and the United States was a historical necessity. He thought that the great lines of communication must run north and south, and that this circumstance must draw the two countries together. On this ground he opposed the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and predicted that it would never make "grease for its wheels." I never could agree with him on this point, although I found many of his criticisms upon Canadian men and affairs very just. The fact is that neither in the United States nor Canada do the great lines of communication run north and south. Agriculture and industry are parallel on both sides of the boundary, *i.e.*, the agricultural regions in Canada lie parallel to the similar regions in the United States; so do the industrial regions. Since excess of agricultural products must be exported, the main lines of communication must run from the regions where these are produced to the coasts, and industrial products must be sent into the agricultural regions by lines running westward and not southward or northward. On other than economic grounds the division of the continent between the two peoples is very natural. They are in many respects similar people; they have the same primary origins, and they have the same admixture of foreign races. There is much coming and going, especially among the commercial and industrial groups. Yet the peoples are distinct. Canada has retained a certain touch with Europe which the United States had lost through the Revolution, and this touch involves a point of view and a current of interests different from those which characterise the United States. Although I do not know that Goldwin Smith ever wholly abandoned the idea that the eventual union of the two countries was a historical necessity, I do not think that, in his later years, he looked upon such a union as an unqualified advantage. He regarded with great misgivings the growth of Imperialism in the United States, and disapproved of the Spanish-American War because he thought that it was the outcome of that Imperialism. These reflections led him to be at least less insistent than he had been upon the advantages of annexation.

During many years Goldwin Smith was in the habit of promulgating his political views in weekly articles in newspapers to which he lent financial assistance. He thus occupied himself chiefly in journalism; and when from time to time he wrote a book, the style of his books was coloured by his predominant occupation. Indeed, Goldwin Smith was a good writer for weekly periodicals—a good *Saturday Reviewer* in short—rather than an essayist or a historian. He did not write speedily enough for journalism in the strict sense; but he wrote too speedily for permanent literary fame. With all the respect I entertained for him, and the affectionate regard I have for his memory, I am unable to regard him as a historian. He had plenty of patience, but he exercised it upon polishing his periods rather than in previous meticulous research. For this reason, although his historical writings are brilliant and interesting, they cannot be regarded as contributions to history.

Goldwin Smith, if I may so put it, was not addicted to thought. His mind grasped readily impressions of facts as they struck him; but he was not used to abstract thinking, and rarely worked out implications and reactions. He made his first appearance in journalism in the *Saturday Review*. He was fond of saying, "Why, I was at the biggin o't," the only Scots phrase I ever heard him use. As is well known, the founders of the *Saturday Review* were Beresford-Hope, who supplied the money, although it paid from the beginning, and



Goldwin Smith

Æt. 86

From photograph by Sidney Carter

Douglas Cook, who supplied the organising power. The principal contributors at the beginning were Lord Robert Cecil (afterwards third Marquess of Salisbury), who was a brother-in-law of Beresford-Hope, and George S. Venables.[1] Smith entertained a high opinion of Venables' ability, and he often spoke of him, although for many years he had lost sight of him. Among writers in the first numbers of the *Review* were Smith himself, Sir Henry Maine, and others of less note. Sir William Vernon Harcourt joined the corps of writers later. Of the whole group Venables seemed to be the only one to whom Smith appeared to be attached. Of the others he spoke without warmth.

The portrait which adorns these pages is a vivid likeness of Goldwin Smith as he was in 1909, when age was creeping upon him and when the lustre of his eye was somewhat dimmed. My friend Sydney Carter went to his house and took the photograph at my suggestion. Smith never liked it. He thought it exaggerated his age. Yet it is undoubtedly a work of art. For the benefit of a generation which knew not Goldwin, I must try to give an impression of his personality. He was tall, and to the end erect in figure, slim in build—so slim, indeed, that towards the end his muscular tissues were more attenuated than any I remember to have seen in any other living being. He was both long-headed and long-faced. His cheek-bones were high and his forehead ample. In his prime, his eyes of steely blue were candid, penetrating and not unkindly. He liked to be served with traditional precision, but otherwise he was not punctilious at table. He ate sparely, drank exiguously, without knowledge of his wine, and smoked not at all. Smoking was not in fashion among serious men in his youth, and he never acquired the habit.

Lord Morley, in his *Recollections*, speaks of Goldwin Smith as being too much of a politician. Strange that this should be a fault in Lord Morley's eyes. No one who had the advantage of knowing him would, I think, have any hesitation in saying that in temperament and in attitude of mind Goldwin Smith was disqualified from being a politician, while Lord Morley's career may be held to prove the contrary so far as he is concerned. In spite of outbursts of political feeling and of spasmodic excursions into politics, Goldwin Smith had little abiding interest in the subject, and, above all, he was too detached from the political technique which occupies so large a part of the mind of a politician even to trouble to understand it. One instance of this attitude on the part of Goldwin Smith may suffice to illustrate this conclusion. He told me that while he was Secretary of the Liberal Committee in Oxford during the period in which Gladstone represented the University in Parliament, he was requested by the committee to see Gladstone and to remonstrate with him upon the appointment of so many High Church bishops, and to suggest a more liberal distribution of ecclesiastical patronage. Smith saw Gladstone, who demurred at the complaint on the ground that he did not think it was well founded; but the dialogue continued:

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[1] Venables was a friend of Tennyson. He it was who seems to have given the push which caused Tennyson's wavering mind to accept the Poet Laureateship. *Cf.* Tennyson's *Life*, by his son, vol. i. p. 336 (London, 1897).

W. E. Gladstone. "A diocese is about to become vacant; whom would you suggest?"

Goldwin Smith. "You could not have asked advice on such a question from anyone more incompetent to give it or, indeed, anyone more indifferent on the subject."

Whatever may be said of Smith's lack of tact in his character of emissary, his answer showed conclusively his lack of the interest of a politician. In telling me the story, Goldwin Smith added that he did not know whether the remonstrance he had made was of any effect, but that "shortly" afterwards Temple, whose views were by no means High Church, was appointed Bishop of Exeter. The conclusion that there was any connection between the two circumstances is, however, of very doubtful validity. Gladstone ceased to be member for Oxford in 1865, and Temple became Bishop of Exeter in 1869. While Gladstone was member for Oxford, he had not necessarily any direct influence upon ecclesiastical preferment; this direct influence came only in 1868, when he became Prime Minister. The point of the story is, however, not affected by these details.

In general, when Goldwin Smith launched, as he often did, an attack upon a politician, he really did so, not because he disagreed with his policy, but because he did not like the man, and he did not like him chiefly because he was a politician. The only politicians of whom I have heard him speak with approval were Cobden and Bright. For the first he had a sincere respect; and he admired them both not for their politics but for their characters. He rebuked me gently for expressing the opinion that Bright's mind was commonplace and his oratory too rhetorical. Although he did justice to Gladstone in the little book he published when Gladstone died,[1] in talking about him he rendered somewhat less than justice. He thought Gladstone's mind circuitous, and that by devious processes of reasoning Gladstone could bring himself to believe anything he wanted to believe. Smith's pet aversion was Chamberlain. To his mind Chamberlain represented a certain type of American politician. Smith had on occasion corresponded with Chamberlain; but he had no opportunity of intimacy with him. When Smith left England, Chamberlain had not yet even entered upon the public life of Birmingham. To Imperialists generally Smith gave no quarter. Once, at dinner, I made the jocular remark that "Kipling's verse was not poetry and his prose not English."[1] Everybody else at table was shocked; but Smith, who also took the phrase seriously, wholly approved of it, although his aversion to Kipling was not on any ground of literary criticism, but was on the ground of his Imperialism. While Smith often spoke and wrote in depreciatory terms of contemporary Englishmen, he disliked depreciation of England, and heartily despised those who ventured upon anything of the kind in his presence. Though not uncritical of many phases of American life and opinion, he was much more just in his attitude towards the United States than most of the people about him in Canada.

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[1] *My Memory of Gladstone.* London, 1904.

I never heard Goldwin Smith laugh, and only rarely have I seen his rigid features relax into a faint smile; yet he had a certain caustic humour. Polite as he habitually was to women, he often betrayed a certain contempt for them collectively. He could not be reconciled to University education for women, and he was still less tolerant of co-education. President Schurman of Cornell, anxious to modify his views, pointing to a group of young women on the *campus* of the University, remarked that no difficulties had arisen through the presence of men and women in the same college.

Goldwin Smith. "Not with these women."

Goldwin Smith was of opinion that much of the inferiority of education in Canada and the United States, and much of the deficiency of discipline in the schools and out of them, were due to the fact that elementary teaching of both sexes had fallen almost altogether into the hands of women.

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[1] I may have had in my mind:

"Will there never come a season
Which shall rid us of the curse
Of a prose which knows no reason
And an unmelodious verse;

. . . . .

When there stands a muzzled stripling,
Mute beside a muzzled bore;
When the Rudyards cease from kipling
And the Haggards ride no more."

J. K. Stephen in the *Cambridge Review*,
February 1891.

When a movement was on foot for the provision of a residence for women in University College, Toronto, two good ladies called upon Goldwin Smith to solicit a subscription. One of them stated their case at some length, while Smith sat with his hands raised and moving towards and away from each other, in a gesture habitual to him, listening in grim silence. The lady concluded her appeal and then said, "I am afraid, Mr. Goldwin Smith, I am wearying you." "Yes," he said, and rising, bowed them out.

He was not averse from telling stories of similar instances of discomfiture. For example, a favourite tale was of a conversation between Robert Lowe and Mrs. Lowe. Lowe had been making disparaging remarks on the terms of the marriage service.

Robert Lowe. "It is often untrue. For example, in the course of it I was made to say, 'With all my worldly goods I thee endow,' when everybody knew I had no worldly goods to endow you with."

Mrs. Lowe. "Oh, but, Robert, you had your brains."

Robert Lowe. "Of course I had; but everybody knew that I didn't endow you with them."

Goldwin Smith attributed to Lowe the *mot* about a deaf member of the House of Commons using an ear-trumpet in the House. "Look at that foolish man, throwing away his natural advantages." As is well known, Lowe was an albino, and like all albinos was very deficient in eyesight. Yet Smith told me that he was once driven by Lowe, with unerring skill, on a high mail phaeton through London streets.

Goldwin Smith had a great admiration for Sir Robert Peel, and formed many associations with the Peelites. He had been Lord Lincoln's fag at Eton, and had been on friendly terms with him throughout. He told the story, which is related in his *Reminiscences*,[1] of how Lord Lincoln walked from the House with Sir Robert Peel to Hyde Park Gate and continued to walk up and down until three o'clock in the morning endeavouring to dissuade Peel from sending a challenge to Lord George Bentinck. Froude, in his *Earl of Beaconsfield*,[2] relates a story, into which he says he made careful inquiry, but for which he gives no authority, to the effect that Peel "forgot his dignity" and desired to send a challenge to Disraeli. Peel was only dissuaded by the friend whom he wished to carry the challenge threatening to inform the police. Smith told me that this was impossible. Peel did not consider Disraeli a man of honour, because at the moment when Disraeli repudiated, in the House of Commons, the charge of

[1] *Reminiscences* (New York, 1911), p. 176.

[2] Froude, J. A., *Earl of Beaconsfield*, p. 137.

having offered himself for office, Peel had actually on the table before him in his despatch-box the letter in which Disraeli had made the application.[1] Only self-restraint enabled Peel to refrain from producing it on the spot. When Lord George Bentinck attacked Peel, the case was different. He was entitled to be regarded as a gentleman, and therefore, according to the code of the time, might properly be called out.

I do not know if Goldwin Smith was the originator of the word "froudacity," but he frequently employed it.

When Sir Robert Peel's family desired his papers to be given to the public, Goldwin Smith was asked to edit them. He did not feel himself equal to the task, and it was entrusted to Charles Stuart Parker.

One afternoon in the summer of 1896 I was walking with Goldwin Smith on the shore of Toronto Island, enjoying the cool breeze of Lake Ontario, whose expanse, bearing a passable resemblance to the ocean, lay before us. As we set out, he plunged at once into the subject that had been occupying his mind. He spoke of the dreariness of the Toronto winter, and of the need of some intellectual companionship. He had never been in the habit of working in the evening. After dinner he usually resorted to his library, glanced at a book or read a newspaper, and when he was alone retired early. He liked company, and during the winter about once a fortnight gave small dinner parties, for his dining-room had no great accommodation. When he had distinguished visitors he also gave small parties. He frequently called in a friendly neighbour to play a game of whist. Of this game he was very fond. He used to say that when he was a tutor at Oxford to the Prince of Wales, afterwards King Edward VII., he tried to teach him history, but he succeeded in teaching him whist.

The ordinary dinner party in Toronto was not attractive. In order to relieve the tedium of the winter, Goldwin Smith suggested, during our walk, that a little dining club might be formed. He thought a group of men might dine together once a fortnight or once a month, and that eight would be a suitable number. I hinted that to get eight it would be advisable to have twelve on the list; because anyone who would be worth having might be counted upon sometimes to have other engagements. "Twelve be it," he said. "You nominate one half and I will nominate the others." Thus there came into existence in the succeeding autumn the Round Table, a little dining club which met once monthly during the winter. It met up till the beginning of the war, although at less regular intervals. No papers were read; but someone, taken in rotation, was responsible for the introduction of a subject of conversation. When visitors of distinction came to Toronto during the winter, they were usually entertained by the club. The Round Table had the kind of success which such clubs usually have, sometimes it was stimulating and sometimes it was deadly dull. Goldwin Smith made a point of being present and usually contributed some vivacity. I may give the following as an example of his table-talk on such occasions.

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[1] *Cf.* Parker, Charles Stuart, *Sir Robert Peel* (London, 1891–99), ii. p. 486.

The incident occurred at the Nobodies Club (a younger dining club of a character similar to that of the Round Table). On an evening in January 1904, when Canon Glazebrook of Ely, formerly Master of Clifton College, was our guest, we were talking about education.

Goldwin Smith. "Oh, bother your education! I think we have gone quite mad on the subject. Some of the most delightful and charming people I have ever known and who have ministered greatly to my comfort and happiness have been quite uneducated. I remember, years ago when I was a young man, it was said that if education were more generally diffused throughout the community it would be a universal panacea for all the ills of mankind, and that crime itself would entirely disappear. Well, we know that education has been largely extended and is very widely disseminated, and yet, nevertheless, we know that many gentlemen of high scholastic attainments are pursuing means of gaining a livelihood which are very uncomfortable, to say the least. I think we have gone quite mad upon the subject. If we go on educating everybody in the way in which we are doing at present, what I should like to ask is, Who is going to do the common work of the world? I have been a great deal in the United States, and I have never observed any person discharging the menial offices of life who was a product of the public-school system. All this business of the State providing education for the people is entirely wrong. The parent owes his child, whom he has brought into the world by his own act, education, just as he owes him food and clothing, and just as he provides him food and clothing suitable to his condition and station in life, the education which he provides should be of the same character. But when you come to talk of the State providing an expensive education of a higher character for a man, the State has a right to ask, 'What return are we going to get for this?' Out of a simple and rudimentary education the State may indeed get some return, because it may say that, by reason of such an education, the citizen is enabled to discharge his duties to society with greater acceptance than he would be able to do without it; but when it comes to a matter of higher education, that is a luxury, and like any other luxury the expense of it should be defrayed by the person who gets it. Did anybody speak disrespectfully of Eton? I was there for three years, and during that time I scarcely heard the subject of English Literature mentioned. Dr. Crosbie, who was the humorist of the institution, on one occasion said to a boy who brought him his English composition, 'Don't bring me any more of your own trash. You are a wealthy boy, why don't you get somebody else to write your compositions for you?' "[1]

Two choice afternoons, of which unfortunately I have not preserved a record, occurred in the summer of 1897. Prince Kropotkin was staying with me, and Goldwin Smith lunched with us and spent the afternoon, and a few days later we spent an afternoon at the Grange. I was not surprised that they found they had much in common. Goldwin Smith had never realised how near he was to philosophical anarchism until he found himself in almost complete agreement with Kropotkin. "If all anarchists were like Kropotkin," Smith said to me afterwards, "I should be an anarchist myself."

Lord Morley, in his *Reminiscences*, mentions Goldwin Smith only twice, and then in a rather slighting fashion. Morley was born fifteen years later than Smith. While Morley was an undergraduate at Oxford Smith was appointed Professor of History, and Smith had left England before Morley achieved any distinction. Although their origins—they were both sons of medical men—and their pursuits in early life were similar—they were both writers for the periodical press—their temperaments and characters were widely different. I am not aware that they were ever on intimate terms. I had seen Morley in a casual way at Newcastle in 1889, while he was member for that constituency; but saving seeing him or hearing him speak in the House of Commons, I had not seen him for twenty years when Goldwin Smith invited me to meet him while he was staying with him in, I think, 1909. I feel constrained to set down the impression made upon my mind by this meeting. I do not know, but I fear that Morley had had an encounter with his host over the Irish question. At any rate he looked, and probably felt, bored. Naturally I allowed the little great man to choose his topic. He probably thought that I was a protectionist, for he plunged at once into an argument for free trade. He said that a tariff on manufactured goods for Great Britain was impossible, because it would destroy the depot trade. I told him that I should agree heartily with him on the inexpediency of a tariff for Great Britain on any ground, unless it were forced upon the country by circumstances. I had indeed for many years considered the question in the light of a possible war, and of a need for revenue arising out of consequent financial strain. I pointed out, however, that in the first place the depot trade of Great Britain had already been cut down by the development of direct communication between continental ports like Hamburg, Antwerp and Rotterdam and the East and West. In the second place, the remaining depot trade need not necessarily be affected by a tariff, because bonding arrangements could easily be devised to overcome any inconvenience that might arise through the imposition of a tariff—goods in transit being stored in bonded instead of in "free" warehouses—and that therefore the expediency or otherwise of a tariff must be discussed on other grounds. The idea seemed new to him, and I therefore explained very briefly how the system of bonding goods in transit was worked in Canada and the United States. Evidently Morley had been told this legend about the depot trade by someone in whom he trusted, who was imperfectly informed on the subject, and he had never looked into it for himself. I found, to my amazement, that when I contested his point, he lost interest in it, and I could make no impression upon his mind. In a subject of his own choosing I found him quite inert. I tried to stimulate him in some other direction, I do not now recall what, without success. Shortly afterwards I had occasion to re-read his book *On Compromise*, and there I found the explanation. Fearful of doing him an injustice, at some interval of time I re-read his *Voltaire*, and read for the first time some of his other works. Everywhere I found great honesty of intellectual intention, a certain talent for apt phrasing —and portentous dullness. These works all seem to me the laborious offspring of a slowly moving mind. This fatal want of rapidity of mental process, increased, no doubt, by advancing age, may have been responsible at a later period for his inability to grasp with the quickness the occasion imperatively demanded the real meaning of the war. Apparently he could not see the use of it. That is to say, his mind was too slow to work out the implications of the war with the necessary speed. It was honest of him to retire; but if his wits had been quicker he would just as honestly have remained, and would have given the enemy one less weapon to use.

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[1] This philippic is given verbatim. It was written down for me from memory, on the day after its delivery, by my friend George Tate Blackstock, K.C.

Chin, Goldwin Smith's butler, who had been in his service from time immemorial, was a continuous source of joy to me. He had, in his youth, been a footman in some great house in England, and I used, while he was assisting me into my coat after dinner, to catechise him on ancient matters. In the hall at the Grange there was, as there still is, a cabinet in which many relics were kept. Among these were several wine goblets without bases, used at a time when heel-taps were supposed to be not in fashion. As I always had doubts about the extent of the powers of bibulation of our immediate ancestors, I asked Chin, who was an expert witness, whether he had ever served wine in such goblets. He replied that he had. The following conversation ensued:

Mavor. "Did you fill the goblets to the brim, as a rule?"

Chin. "Oh no, sir, rarely more than half full."

Mavor. "Did the guests drink all the wine you poured?"

Chin. "No, sir. You see it was this way. Each guest had a small dish—we called it a cooler—at his plate, and he poured into it the wine he did not want to drink, and then he set down his glass."

Mavor. "That must have led to a great waste of wine."

Chin. "Certainly it did, sir."

From which I inferred that it was easy to be a four-bottle man at that rate.

One evening at dinner at the Grange there occurred the following dialogue:

Chin. "Port or sherry, sir?"

Mavor. "Port."

Chin (*in my ear, sotto voce*). "The Old Brown is getting very low, sir."

Mavor. "Thank you, Chin, Old Brown be it."

There grew up a legend that at his own table and elsewhere conversation with Goldwin Smith was apt to come down to a monologue. This is nonsense. The only occasions upon which I recollect Goldwin Smith indulging in monologue were those in which the company was intolerably dull. This generally happened when some political or municipal or even judicial dignitaries were present, and when it was exceedingly difficult to sustain the current of conversation so necessary to digestion. On such occasions Goldwin Smith came to the rescue with wholesome stimulant. I am convinced that one of the reasons for the prevalence of diseases of the digestive organs among the people of the North American continent is saturnine silence at table, and the other reason is that people did not drink light wholesome wine. Total prohibition has utterly ruined digestion and destroyed social life.

I am not sure that I experienced any intellectual stimulus from companionship with Goldwin Smith. His limitations were obvious. He knew nothing of science or of art; he knew nothing of metaphysics; he was, to a certain extent, interested in religion, although he knew little about theology, notwithstanding his dipping into the writings of the Puritans; he concerned himself, though mildly, about trade unionism and charitable relief, but of social movements otherwise he knew little. He had literary standards, but he was uncertain in applying them to modern and unknown authors. Like Charles Lamb in respect to a new writer, he would "damn him at a hazard." He leaned decidedly upon the old order. Yet he had a genuine enthusiasm for liberty and a horror of infringements upon it, whether these were inspired by aristocrat or democrat. He could be counted upon to support any cause, popular or unpopular, which seemed to make for freedom. He was an individualist, yet he had a strong sense of obligation to the community; he threw himself into the commonplace society in which he elected to live, and he supported everything which seemed to him to make for progress in that society. He knew nothing of art, yet he counselled his wife to bequeath the house and park[1] in which they lived as a site for the erection of a public gallery of art. He was in a manner detached from the currents of modern life, and he did not follow their course very closely, yet he felt that great changes were coming. He often said to me, "I wish I could wait to see the fun." He had the reputation of being austere and impatient of contradiction. Austere he was, in the best sense; yet when I wanted gossip I got it from him, distilled with a spice of sardonic humour. I never found him reluctant to accept an unfamiliar or even unwelcome idea when he encountered argument whose force he recognised. He was a real "lord of language," and the magisterial manner became him well, yet he could express himself with directness and simplicity when he had a mind to. I found that his most distinctive characteristics were loyalty to his friends, warmth of affection for them, modesty, and an invincible sense of justice.

I had called at the Grange several times in the spring of 1910, during his last illness; I did not expect and I was not permitted to see him. When a slight improvement took place in his condition he was told of my having called, and he sent for me at once. He had been moved down to his library, where so often before we had sat in happier times. As usual, he was kind and affectionate.

"I am sorry," he said feebly, but still in his magisterial manner, "that the time should have come when you were turned from my door."

He told me that he had heard I was about to leave upon a long journey, and asked when I expected to return. I told him. He said, "I must try to get well by the time you come back."

I felt I should never see him again. Early in June 1910 I saw the notice of his death in a newspaper in the club at Shanghai.

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[1] Nearly seven acres of extremely valuable land in the heart of the city of Toronto.

CHAPTER XXXIII

L'ÎLE D'ORLÉANS IN 1901

A glamour on the phantom shore
  Of golden pallid green,
Grey purple in the flats before,
  The river streams between.

From hazy hamlets, one by one,
  Beyond the island bars,
The casements in the setting sun
  Flash back in violet stars.

A brig is straining out for sea,
  To Norway or to France she goes,
And all her happy flags are free,
  Her sails are flushed with rose.

DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT, *At Les Éboulements* (1898).

IN the summer of 1901 I decided to make more intimate acquaintance with French Canada than I had been able to do in transient visits to Quebec and Montreal. I consulted chiefly my friend Louis Frechette, telling him that my design was not to travel about the province looking at the scenery, but to secure a foothold where in a few months I might hope to become acquainted as intimately as possible with at least one characteristic habitant group. He advised me to go to one of the villages on the north bank of the St. Lawrence, within easy reach of the city of Quebec, and gave me a letter of introduction to his friend, l'Abbé Casgrain, *curé* of L'Ange Gardien, a small village on the electric railway between Quebec and Ste. Anne de Beaupré. I arrived at L'Ange Gardien one afternoon early in June, and at once called on the *curé*. I found that my coming had been advised. He received me literally with open arms, embraced me warmly on Frechette's account, and drew me into his house with affectionate cordiality. He opened a box of excellent cigars, and we sat for an hour revelling in delightful and discursive conversation. L'Abbé Casgrain belonged to a distinguished French family which has given Canada many ecclesiastics, scholars and politicians. On the maternal side he was related to the Bâbys, another French family of note, which had settled at Detroit during the French *régime*. He told me that, after the cession of New France to England in 1763, his ancestor, the Bâby of that date, had decided to go to France instead of accepting the rule of England. He had never visited the land of his fathers; but he thought that his surroundings there would be more sympathetic than they could be under a foreign government. When he arrived in France, he found that his accent was regarded as quaint, as indeed it was, for a hundred years had made much difference in the tongue of France, and almost none in the tongue of Canada. He found many kinsmen, but they had forgotten his existence, if they were ever aware of it; they had their own interests, and they were merely amused with the rustic simplicity of their relative from a little-known village in a lost colony. Bâby found the conditions in France uncongenial, and speedily returned to his farm at Detroit, where he continued to reside.

The Abbé told me that if I went to my room I should find that my baggage had been brought from the station (the sexton having brought it by his instruction, and without any suggestion of mine), and that dinner would be served in half an hour. We had an excellent dinner with good wine and cigars and spent a delightful evening. The Abbé showed me with pride the exercise-books of the children of the village, and showed me also the records of his parish. I was scarcely then prepared to find how minute the collections were, even in so prosperous a community as that of L'Ange Gardien. It was evident that without private means or subventions from some external source the Abbé could not have lived on a scale of comfort even equal to that of the peasants who composed his congregation. The church contains a fine choir panelled in mahogany and of dignified design. This embellishment had been brought from France after the Province became English.

The churches in the Province of Quebec have rarely any architectural pretensions, and their interior decorations are usually tawdry and artless; but this little church deserves special mention, for in spite of its simplicity, indeed in large measure because of it, it possesses a certain dignity. Unfortunately the Abbé was just about to leave for a holiday of some weeks' duration, and he was for that reason unable to put me up himself, nor could he recommend anyone in his village with whom it would be practicable for me to stay. I had no intention of quartering myself upon him. To do so would not have served my purpose. From what I saw of the village it appeared to me to be too much in the track of pilgrims and tourists to the Shrine of Ste. Anne, and therefore not characteristic enough of the country as a whole to be useful to me. Although I had had the enjoyment of the Abbé's hospitality and the pleasure of making the acquaintance of a cultivated gentleman in a cassock, I felt that here also there was at least a suspicion of the unusual. For these reasons my regret at parting with the Abbé was tempered by the reflection that I had not set out merely to enjoy myself.

I then recalled that a lady, a friend of mine and an artist, had mentioned a habitant family at the extreme eastern point of the Island of Orléans with whom she had stayed some years before. I decided to visit this family. It was necessary to return to Quebec, although I could almost see the place on the north shore of the island to which I had to make my way.

I arrived at the small town of Ste. Pétronille, immediately opposite Quebec, and shortly made arrangements to be driven the twenty-two miles which intervened between that town and the village of St. François Xavier, near which was the place of my destination. Whenever I saw my driver, I felt I was on the right track. His name was Célestin Rousseau, his age about sixty. His horse, which he proudly described as of *premier qualité*, must have been approaching the limit of equine age. His *voiture* was not exactly modern. I arranged with Célestin to come for me at eight o'clock the following morning. It was not surprising that he made no appearance until ten o'clock; but I did not upbraid him, as time was of no more importance to me than it was to him. I therefore did not learn from his own lips why he was so late; but I learned afterwards, from a mutual friend, the lugubrious details. I hope the shade of Célestin will forgive me for revealing them. Célestin, after he left me, had gone to the tavern, where, with some of his cronies, he had caroused until the preposterously late hour of eight o'clock in the evening. When he went home, he found his wife, his second, much younger than himself, in something of a temper. She scolded him heartily with a broomstick, and sent him supperless to bed. Next morning, at four o'clock, she aroused from slumber the amiable and unfortunate Célestin by means of sharp applications of her customary weapon.

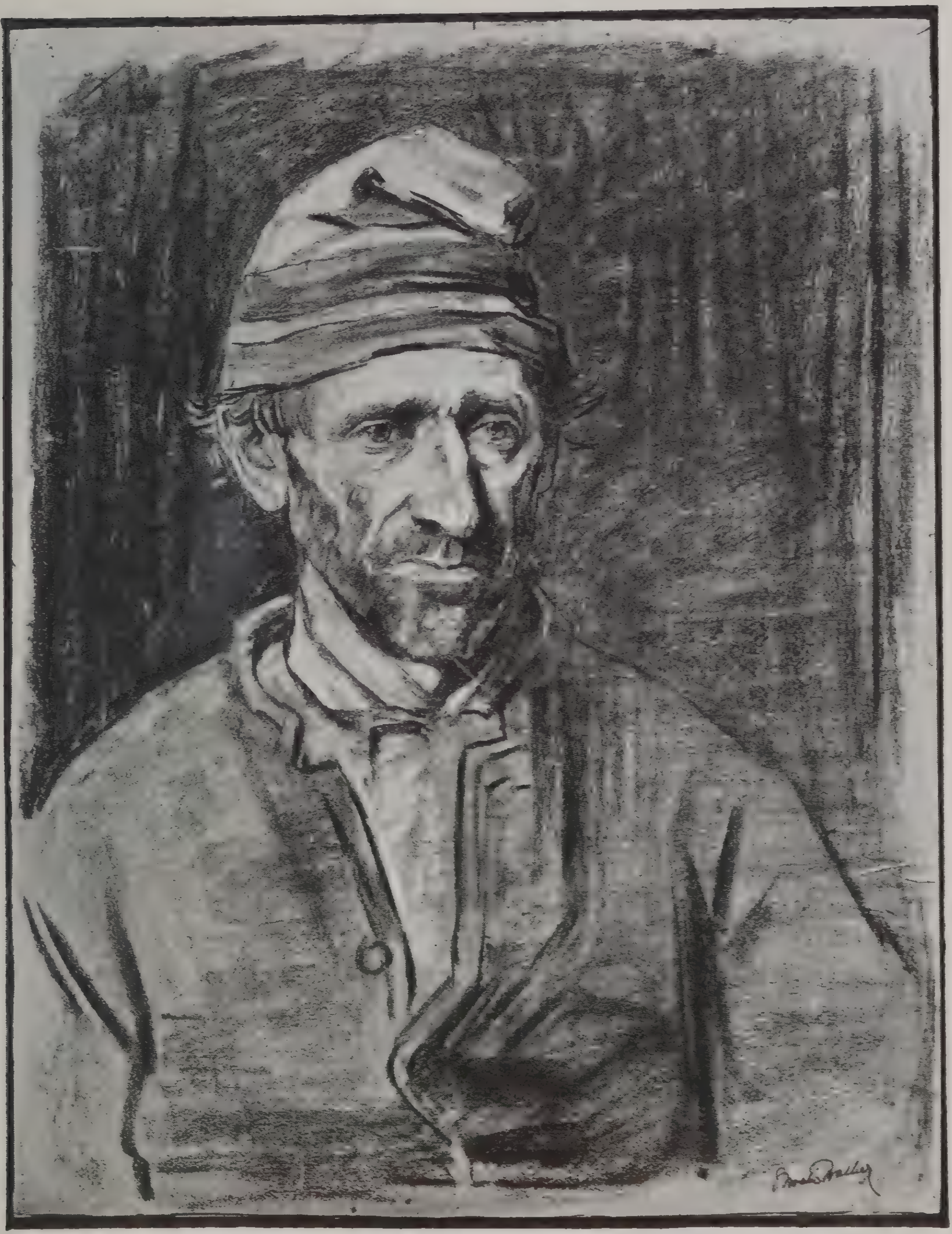
"Get up," she said, "you lazy beast. Here you are, lying abed until four o'clock in the morning, when every decent person is up at half-past two."

Célestin had thus lost at least an hour and a half of the dawn, and having to perform, under the bidding of his spouse, the accustomed tasks before he could come for me, his tardiness was explained. I have told the story as it was told to me. If there is in it a touch of humorous exaggeration, I am not responsible for that. In essence it is a faithful narrative.

Célestin and I had a pleasant drive and chat during the forenoon. We arrived between one and two, of course unannounced and unexpected. I found myself at an isolated farm-house about two miles and a half from the nearest village, St. François Xavier. The farm was known as St. François de Sales. My landlady that was to be for fully four months, Madame Sanschagrin, stepped out of her door and surveyed us critically. Célestin she knew, but the stranger puzzled her. When I ventured to suggest that I had come to stay, she at once said it was impossible. She had no accommodation nor any desire for visitors of any kind. She did not keep a boarding-house, etc. However, I succeeded in convincing her that I could not so easily be got rid of, and in fact that here and nowhere else it was my purpose to stay so long as it suited my convenience. Not without good grace she capitulated. I asked her to give Célestin something to eat and to provide for his steed, and then I went down to the shore behind the house to examine the surrounding region. On being catechised about his adventures, Célestin is reported to have said that, while he noticed nothing unusual about me on the way down to St. François, whenever I arrived there I exhibited symptoms of lunacy.

"Instead of having something to eat after a long drive he went for a walk, and besides he is paying five dollars a week, when nobody in his senses would pay more than four."

While the immediate surroundings of the farm-house were featureless, the northern landscape was superb. The Laurentians lay like the "folded hills of Idumea" to the north, their long line of about forty miles from the eastern to the western horizon being terminated in the east by the towering heights of Cap Tourmente, and on the west by the hills above L'Ange Gardien. From the ridge behind the house the line of the beach could be seen, with its fringe of trees and shrubs, and to the west a dense grove of pine, absolutely destitute of undergrowth. The trees were straight poles without lower branches. This grove produced a weird impression, as if life in it were impossible except for the pines, which were able to penetrate into and to rise above the soil. Probably the superficial soil was too salt or was lacking in some constituent indispensable for the life of plants which had no deep roots. Beyond the pines, about a mile along the shore from the house, I found the sharply-defined frontier between the Laurentian rocks and the Cambrian. I sent at once to Ottawa for the geological map and monographs on the district, as well as a geological hammer, and amused myself at odd moments in examining the surroundings. I found that the farm contained the pointed *bout de*



My Friend Celestin Rousseau
Ste. Pétronille, Island of Orleans
From a drawing by Horatio Walker, LL.D., R.C.A.

l'île, which faces the St. Lawrence eastwards. Beyond it lie l'Île aux Greux and several other low-lying islands. The easterly winds appear to blow the seeds of numerous species of trees up the river, and these find a lodgment and an appropriate soil in the ridge of the Island of Orléans, and especially on this very point—the most easterly point of the island. I counted some thirty species of trees and large shrubs. I have no doubt there are many more. I did not find so great a variety in smaller plants.

The fauna of the region was not very varied. One evening, after a glorious sunset, during which I had enjoyed the rapid changes of the panorama in colour afforded by the Laurentian hills and the moving clouds, the twilight was deepening into dusk; I was sitting on the shore, directly opposite St. Jerome and Cap Tourmente, when a young doe stepped daintily down the beach to drink the brackish water of the river. She came within a few yards of the rock on which I sat, half-concealed from her by a boulder. She suddenly became aware of the presence of a stranger, for she threw up her head and withdrew softly into the wood. There were many heron, who came from the islands farther down the river on fishing expeditions. They often rested on the unfrequented shore, and when disturbed rose in deliberate flight, spreading their powerful wings and stretching out their long legs. There were cranes also from the shallows round the lower islands. In winter, bears and foxes cross from the north shore on the ice; but in the summer these predatory animals haunt places even less frequented than the island.

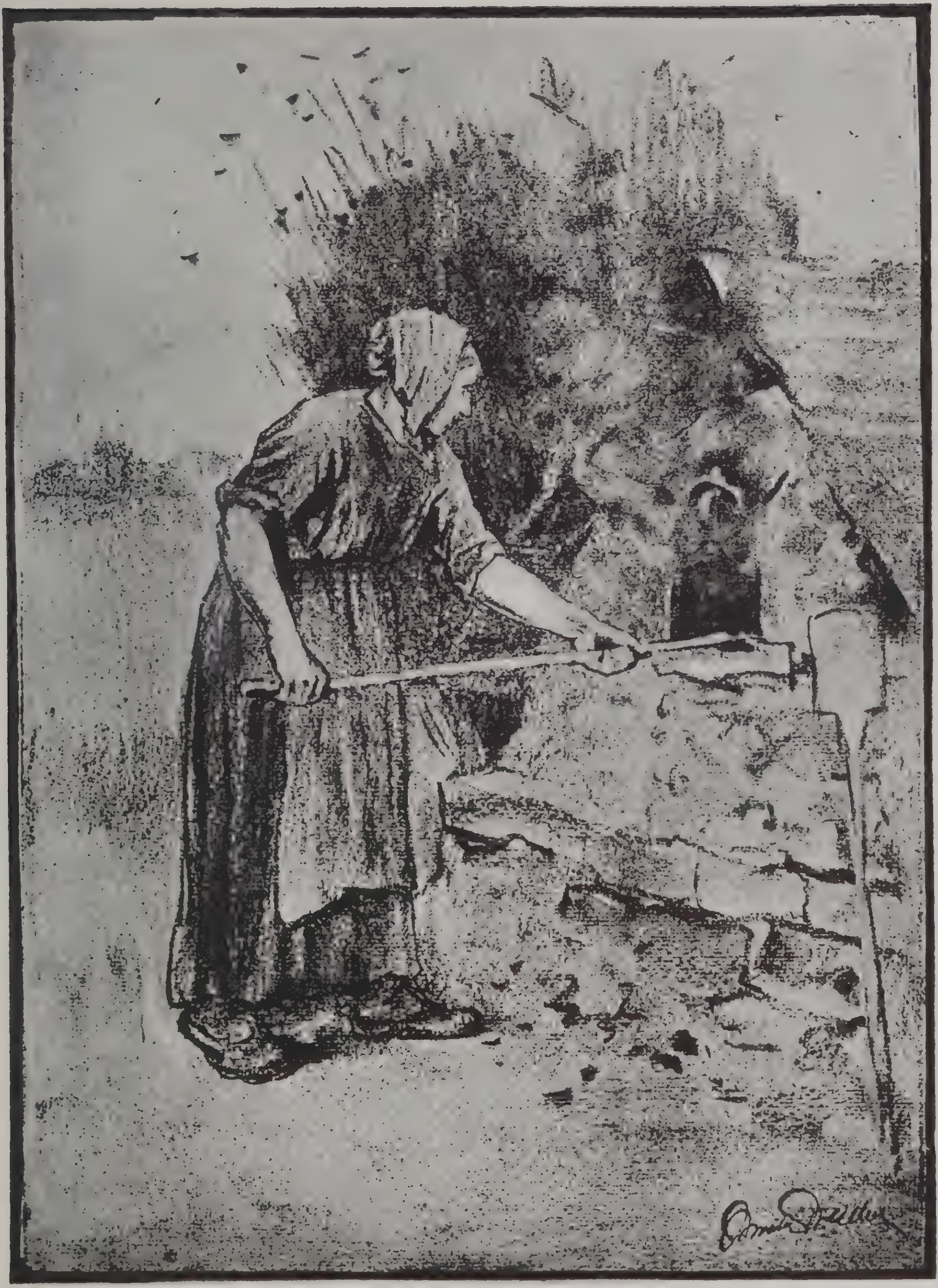
The family of Sanschagrin or Lassalle was composed of the *bon homme*, a well-preserved man of between fifty-five and sixty, Madame, rather younger than her husband, their only offspring, René, his wife, and child of about two years. There was a little maid-of-all-work, Pétronille, who was an orphan from a convent school, and a hired man, known as Johnné, who had remained with the family for many years. The house contained a central room, about fifteen by eighteen feet, entered directly by the outer door. There was no hall, nor porch, nor verandah. On one side of this room there was a chamber about twelve by fifteen feet—a kind of parlour, in the centre of which a table bore a glass case covering the sugared upper works of René's bride's-cake, now about three years old. Leading from this room was a bedroom, which was destined to be mine. Here I slumbered peacefully by night, saving when a bat occasionally awoke me by fluttering its velvety wings across my face. The first-mentioned room had also leading from it two small bedrooms, fitted with enormous beds occupying almost the whole of the space. Leading from the main central apartment was a room which appeared to have no very definite purpose, and beyond it there was the kitchen, with a large stove and an ample table for the family meals. I had the main room as my dining-room; but after dinner I generally joined the family in the kitchen for a smoke and a causerie before they went to rest, which was usually about eight o'clock. Then I went to work. Sometimes, when I sat late, Madame opened my door cautiously, to make sure that I had not fallen asleep in my chair. From the nondescript room before-mentioned there was reached, by means of a stair, the attic. I did not immediately gain admittance to this apartment, but I did later. It extended the whole length of the house, and partitions divided it into three portions. In one of these portions there was the loom—a heavy construction, used principally for weaving linen. Neatly arranged on shelves there was a great stock of home-spun linen sheets, table-cloths, etc., and there were also the tools necessary for making the family shoes. The other portions of the attic were the bedrooms of the family. I suppose that, had I not been in possession of the lower part of the house, the members of the family would have occupied the bedrooms there, while the dependants would have had the attic to themselves. The furniture of the house, with the exception of a commode of walnut and the table in the parlour, was wholly home-made. The chairs were elegantly slender; some of the seats and backs were made of plaited rushes and some of narrow interlaced strips of tanned cowhide. The carpets were of linen, woven on the family loom. The decorations on the walls were few. A picture of Pope Pius IX. and one of Ste. Anne embellished the central room, and a coloured engraving of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, cut from some illustrated newspaper, hung unframed in the kitchen. A phial of holy water hung at each bed head, and there was a crucifix in each room. In the kitchen there hung an old flintlock shot-gun. The area of the farm, according to the French-Canadian method of measurement, was two arpents and a half. It comprised the extreme eastern end of the island, the wooded tract occupying about a hundred acres and the arable and pasture land about fifty. When I was there the family had two horses, two cows, some young cattle and a couple of litters of pigs. The farm buildings consisted of a barn, the lower portion being divided for the accommodation of the horses and cattle, and a coach-house and small dairy. The upper portion, entered by means of an inclined plane, was a granary and hay-loft. There was also a carpenter's shop, for René was a good carpenter. Near the house there was a "balance," or swing, which had been made originally for René himself, and was now renovated by him for his little boy.

In addition to the farm, the family had fishing rights on the St. Lawrence. They had one trap, a large contrivance of the type usual in the Province of Quebec and on the Atlantic Coast of Canada and the United States. The trap was cleared between tides. The great catch was the eel; large quantities being salted down in tubs, partly for the use of the family in the winter, and partly for sale in Quebec. Other fish also were taken in the trap. These were customarily consumed by the family. As I became intimate with them, they entrusted me with knowledge of their affairs. They were comfortably off. They had a good deal of money lent out at the moderate rate of five per cent. to their less prosperous, less careful, or more adventurous neighbours. Their income from eels alone sometimes exceeded four hundred dollars in a season; they had incomings besides from their stock; life with them was almost self-contained. They produced almost everything they needed, and although luxury had crept into the family, they had few wants outside their own production. All the family worked hard, but the special burden of labour fell upon the willing shoulders and competent head of Madame, who toiled incessantly. Madame and her son occasionally went to Quebec, driving to St. Jean and taking the steamer there. When they did so they always returned the same day. They told me that the whole family made at least one journey to Quebec in winter, driving by Ste. Pétronille, and from there across the ice of the North Channel. For such excursions they had two vehicles: one a small buggy for two persons, and the other a more roomy, newer and smarter *voiture*, which had been purchased for René's wedding, and was, when I was there, the smartest vehicle on the island. When the bishop of the diocese visited his parishes, René was very proud to be able to place this carriage at his disposal.

I have referred to the family by the name Sanschagrin. This was the name by which it was universally known, but it was not its patronymic. This was Lassalle. A jovial soldier in the French army who was its ancestor had earned the sobriquet of "Sans chagrin" because he was never put out by anything, and this nickname stuck not only to himself but to his descendants. In legal documents one or other name is used, and even both. On tombstones of members of the family at St. François and at villages on the south shore of the St. Lawrence, where some of them had migrated in earlier generations, both the patronymic and the soubriquet are chiselled. In some there is the legend "Lassalle *dit* Sanschagrin," and in others "Sanschagrin *dit* Lassalle." The family appears to have come, as did most of the families of the island, from Picardy in the seventeenth century.

While the women, who are usually educated to some extent in convents or in convent schools, speak modern French-Canadian, taught by nuns who are sometimes, although not always, educated ladies, the men, and also the women within the domestic circle, speak more or less purely the dialect of the French province from which their ancestors came as it was spoken at the period of emigration. I am not competent to speak with authority on such a point, but my friend M. Grand, of the University of Montpellier and l'École des Chartes at Paris, has arrived at that conclusion after exhaustive researches into the subject in various parts of the Province of Quebec. He told me that it was possible to determine the place of origin of every family from their intonation and from their use of archaic expressions.

As I have mentioned the name of the family, it would be invidious to analyse the personal character of the individual members of it, although the impression they all made upon me was of the most favourable character, and their kindness to me was uniform; but I cannot refrain from giving some account of the remarkable woman who, when I visited it, presided over the family. Madame Sanschagrin was not merely industrious, alert, resourceful and kind, she had a high sense of duty, a proper pride in her own personality, and an unusually keen intelligence. Alas, she now rests by the church at St. François, where every Sunday during my visit I went with her to mass, walking across the fields on fine days and driving in René's *voiture* by the road when it rained. Madame had strong artistic instincts without the faintest knowledge of the plastic arts, as may be gathered from the following incidents. The lady artist whose mention of her family had brought about my visit, on leaving after her own visit, desired to make some return for her kindness, and in a casual manner, which was habitual with her, gave Madame one of the pictures she had painted during her stay. It was probably a mere sketch, perhaps even quite impressionistic. The canvas had, moreover, been removed from its stretcher. Madame Sanschagrin, in telling of the gift, described it as a nice piece of linen, very useful when she had scrubbed it with hot water and soap and rid it of the oil and paint with which it had unfortunately been covered. It took a lot of labour; but eventually it had been thoroughly cleansed and hung up to dry. Luckily for her peace of mind, the artist did not discover for a long time the unusual kind of hanging to which her picture had been subjected. Against this strange absence of appreciation of a work



An Open-air Oven, Island of Orleans
From a drawing in chalk by Horatio Walker, LL.D., R.C.A.

of plastic art I must place the following. One day, during harvest, I was resting on the stubble of a newly-cut field, which was separated from the beach by a narrow fringe of trees and shrubbery. This fringe had become rather dense, and Sanschagrin was engaged in thinning it out. He did so with discretion, probably leaving a good tree and cutting out a poor one. Lying where I was, I saw the opposite shore and the distant Cap Tourmente, with a tree in the foreground left in the precise spot to make an excellent composition for a picture. I said to Madame, "Why did your husband leave that tree and not another one?" She put up her hands and framed the scene with them, and then said, "What else could he have done?" It was an example of the inevitable in art recognised by her with instinctive æsthetic comprehension.

Madame, on Sundays, wore a gown of black cashmere, which she had, of course, made for herself. She had also made her *chic* little black bonnet. Her shoes had been made by René. Nothing that she wore she owed to any shop. One Sunday, in walking to Mass across the fields, we noticed before us a young woman of our acquaintance. She was a hard-working girl, the daughter of a neighbouring farmer. She was well enough off, in consequence of her industry, to afford to go to Quebec and fit herself out from time to time; but her garments, though evidently made by professional hands, were by no means so appropriate or so elegant as Madame's own. From her stern *habitante* point of view, Madame did not approve of buying that which she could make for herself, and so she remarked to me:

"What do you think of that? There she goes. Store clothes every one of them. Is it not dreadful?"

For several weeks I had the whole of the house, or as much of it as I wanted, for myself, as well as the share of the attention of Madame which was not required by her family and her labours on the farm; but one day there came a letter asking if she would take as boarders, for a week or so, a young couple on their honeymoon. She was not at all keen about it; and only after some persuasion on my part did she consent to receive them. Unfortunately the groom spoke no French and the bride very little, so that from the first Madame entertained a prejudice against them. On the second day after they arrived, Madame came to me bursting with indignation.

"What do you think?" she said. "These people! I cannot stand them, and I will not. To-day at dinner they were not satisfied with the soup I gave them, they asked for more. I gave them more. Then they ate my fish and again they asked for more. They don't think that the good God does not send many fish into our trap every day. How can I feed my family if they eat up everything? Then, of course, they had eaten so much that they could not touch my *poulet* that I had carefully cooked for them, nor my *confiture* that I am sure was good." Then she added in a magnificent outburst, "Est civilisation comme ça—à bas les civilisés."

Certainly the young people would have been well advised to accept Madame's arrangement of their menu without question or duplication of its well-ordered items.

One day, while cutting some walking-sticks in the woods about a mile and a half from the house, I ran my knife into my leg, inflicting an ugly wound. I extemporised a tourniquet out of my handkerchief and hobbled home with difficulty, rather late. My appearance caused the worthy couple much concern. On my explaining what had happened, Sanschagrin immediately went out. In a few minutes he returned. Although it was pitch-dark, he had gone straight to a balsam pine in his woods and had cut some strips of bark with blisters of balsam upon them. He cut the blisters and pressed out the pure colourless fluid upon the wound, which he then covered with a leaf of *tabac Canadien*. This rude surgery was effective. In two days the wound was completely healed.

In order to make the acquaintance of the people of the district, I threw myself in every way in my power into their simple and uneventful life. There were only two deaths in the district during my stay, and in the case of one of these I went with René to sit up all night with the corpse. It was a solemn sitting. The corpse lay on a bed, and about half a dozen watchers sat on a form. There was no conversation and there were no refreshments. It might be described as a still wake. An Irishman would not have appreciated it at all. At funerals there were no obvious appearances of grief; there was only a quiet solemnity. Like the peasantry of most countries, the people of the district habitually kept their emotions under severe restraint. I found them very solicitous about their children, but as a rule they concealed their affection under an apparently harsh attitude. Under no circumstances did a husband manifest in any ostentatious way his regard for his wife. Any manifestation of this kind was looked upon by the habitants as improper. They spoke, for instance, in terms of severe disapprobation of quite innocent dalliance by strangers when it came under their notice.

The population of the village of St. François Xavier, with the farms roundabout, numbered about two hundred. Each family had from one to two and a half arpents of land. They were thus comfortably off. There were no rich proprietors, large employers, industrial workers, or summer visitors. I was, indeed, the only outsider in the region. There was no poverty, and crime was unknown. A theft was reported to me as having taken place at a farm near-by. Had I not been on such good terms with the people, I might have supposed that they suspected myself. I remarked that surely some stranger had committed it.

"Étranger, naturellement," was the answer. "Un pauvre de Québec, sans doute."

Although the members of the Sanschagrin family were at least among the most intelligent, and were certainly the best off in the district, they never saw a newspaper. The only periodical they subscribed for was the *Annales de la Bonne Ste. Anne*, a monthly journal in which the miracles performed at the Shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupré are narrated. The subscription to this journal is fifty cents a year, and this includes an indulgence. I doubt if they read even that; for it certainly would have remained for a long time unclaimed at the post office unless I had carried it to them myself. They were not interested in public affairs, and they knew nothing about them, excepting what they learned in the weekly gossip at the church door after Mass, or from rare visitors. While I was there a French Cabinet Minister came to see them, to make sure of their vote and interest no doubt. He belonged to a group of politicians for whom I could not help entertaining a particular aversion, and I avoided him. The Sanschagrins said little about him, and so far as I could learn did not attach any more importance to him than I did.

During my stay on the Island of Orléans I visited all the villages on the island, and made the acquaintance of several different types of parish priest. Not one of those whom I saw is now on the island, so that I trust none of the priests described can be readily identified. There was an example of the thoroughly materialised, even corrupt, type of cleric in one parish, who could be swayed in any desired direction. The others whom I met were of distinctly better type. One was an ascetic, a peasant, very narrow, but possessing a certain spiritual exaltation which was almost uncanny. His parishioners regarded him with compassion, but otherwise without interest, for although he was not unpopular he mingled little with his people. After prayers had been read, when he went into the pulpit to deliver the sermon, they all with one accord curled themselves up in their pews and slept soundly to the end. There was one real *curé du village*—a fine old man, of benevolent aspect, genial and warm-hearted, a genuine shepherd of his flock, capable of any self-sacrifice, and therefore beloved by everybody. On the island at that time there was no representative of the type of which l'Abbé Casgrain was so admirable an example, the type of gentleman and scholar as well as cleric.

The Sanschagrins were accustomed to make an annual pilgrimage to Ste. Anne de Beaupré. The shrine was easily reached in their own boat from their farm. It was only a couple of miles distant. Although I had been there frequently, I went with them. It was a warm Sunday, I think about the 15th August, the Feast of the Annunciation. There was a great crowd of pilgrims. These arrived by special steamers from Quebec; most of them had come from the United States. In the course of a normal year between two and three hundred thousand pilgrims make their way to this shrine, which has a reputation for miracles second only to Lourdes. The shrine is under the care of Redemptorist Fathers, who have, I believe, for the most part come from Belgium. A large basilica and many other ecclesiastical buildings have been built out of the gifts of grateful beneficiaries of the bounty of the good Ste. Anne. The basilica is decorated in the gaudy and tasteless style of French-Canadian churches in general.[1] Many crutches abandoned by those who have been cured, or who have alleged that they had been cured of lameness, surround in tiers the columns at the entrance of the church. The shrine is really an immense money-making business, reflecting little credit upon the Catholic authorities and still less upon the intelligence of the people who throng to it. I came upon many pathetic cases of parents who brought, at great sacrifice to themselves, sick children for long distances in the hope that they might be healed of some disease which their rather inefficient medical men had been unable to treat. In some cases, especially of hysteria, no doubt the simple faith of the *dévoués* has effected a cure, and such cases, skilfully advertised, have served as lures to the crowd. Although my friends were devout Catholics, I do not think that their strong common-sense permitted them to do more than tolerate the shrine and what it implied. Of course, since the town of Beaupré, and the villages near it, lived and thrived upon the shrine, doubts thrown upon any of the miracles alleged from time to time to have been performed would have been denounced as rank blasphemy. Certainly Ste. Anne was a benefactress to the region. She has made it prosperous. But she has converted a simple-minded people into a sordid group who are coining faith in miracles into coin of the realm.

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[1] The basilica was destroyed by fire and rebuilt recently.

At that period there were no acute antagonisms between the French-Canadian and his British-Canadian fellow-countryman. The bilingual issue had not yet made its appearance in any serious sense, their compatriot Laurier was in power, many of the loaves and fishes of office were reaching French-Canadian hands, as yet the religious orders expelled from France had not arrived to compete with the orders already established in Canada, nor had the War brought conscription to disturb their peaceful family life and to drag their sons into a conflict in which they could not realise their interest. Many things have happened since then; but that is another story which may be told in its proper place.

One of the professors in the University of Laval told me that it was a great advantage to Canada that the course of events had saved it from the French Revolution and its consequences. As a matter of fact, while France has become Republican and atheist, French Canada has remained Royalist and Catholic, and thus the French in Canada have ceased to sympathise with the people of the country of their origin. They look upon themselves as a people apart—a people who have retained their ancient faith, while their kinsmen have fallen away from it. The impression made upon my mind by the French-Canadians with whom I came into contact at the time I speak of was similar to that which might be expected to be experienced by one thrown back into the Middle Ages, before machinery, "efficiency," and popular interest in politics had begun to perplex the world. No problems of Church or State or society disturbed their minds. They were not worried about "uplift." Their creed was traditional, and they were content with it. The cost of maintaining the observances of religion did not press heavily upon them. Their Church was richly endowed. The State appeared to them, if it appeared at all, as a distant entity whose existence scarcely concerned them, excepting as a source of emolument to those of their sons who went into politics or became civil servants. Their farms and their fisheries occupied their minds and sustained their bodies. Beyond their horizon there lay the outer world; but of that they knew little, and the less they knew and saw of it the better.

I have elsewhere given a systematised account of the life of the habitant population in general.[1] The family of which a description has been given may readily be associated with others of its type.

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[1] In the *Oxford Survey of the British Empire* (Oxford, 1914), vol. iv. pp. 117–122. See also Gérin, Léon, in *La Science Sociale* (Paris, 1899), pp. 96 *et seq.*, and Proceedings and Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada, 1898–9.

Although it is a riparian family, its distance from any urban centre, and its relative isolation induced by the compact life of the Island of Orléans, has caused it to conform to the type of the families of the interior uplands rather than to that of the riparian family of the upper reaches of the St. Lawrence between Quebec and Montreal. It has thus preserved with tenacity its self-contained character, its devoutness, and its absence of interest in the general progress of the world. Its relative infertility (one child only in each of two recent generations) is unusual, large families being common.[1] This infertility has prevented its comparatively large possessions in land from being subdivided, and has also enabled it to avoid the experience of family separations. Otherwise it may be said to correspond to its type.

I found that in the larger families, which were customary on the island as on the mainland, the eldest son inherited the farm to the exclusion of the younger members, unless the farm was large enough to divide. The younger members sometimes remained until the demise of their parent, working on the farm if their labour was necessary. When the eldest son married he continued to live with his parents, his wife sharing the family labours. On the death of his father, the eldest son stepped into possession and the younger sons then usually separated themselves from the family home. They were given a small sum of money by their eldest brother (usually only a few dollars) "in full of all claims" on the family property, and then they went into the manufacturing towns in Canada or crossed the line into the United States, where there is, especially in New England, a large French Canadian population. Some of them became timber drivers on the rivers and some of them took up new land in another part of the Province of Quebec, or went to Nova Scotia or to Western Canada. These latter adventures were often facilitated by the clergy, who secured ecclesiastical funds to enable promising young men to acquire farms, the Church taking a mortgage upon them. In this way Catholic communities were built up both in Eastern and Western Canada. Side by side with these forms of separation there was a practice which prevailed especially among the more prosperous habitants. This practice involved training one member of the family for the priesthood, another for law, another for the public service and another for medicine. This practice has furnished the Church, the Bar, the Civil Service and the medical profession with an embarrassing number of recruits; and it has undoubtedly contributed to the inferiority of the standard of education which characterises the professional classes in the Province of Quebec. The inconvenience of recruiting the professions from an uneducated peasantry is most conspicuously manifested in the medical profession and in the Civil Service. The inferiority of the educational standard among the French Canadians in these services is a menace to public health in the province and to public business throughout the country.

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[1] I have heard of a case of twenty-nine children being born to one couple.

CHAPTER XXXIV

THE UNITED STATES IN 1903

The World is too much with us; late and soon,
  Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:
  Little we see in Nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!

. . . . .

      Great God! I'd rather be
  A pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
  Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
  Or hear old Triton blow his wreathéd horn.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, *The World* (1806).

IN 1903 I spent the summer in the United States. My principal object was to study the situation in the larger municipalities, and to ascertain so far as I might the extent to which the then widely prevalent charges of corruption and incompetence on the part of local administrations were justifiable. There is a legend that people always get the kind of government they deserve. A grain of truth sometimes lurks in such banalities. When the communal spirit declines or becomes infected with futile sentiments, local government must deteriorate unless it falls into the hands of disinterested and able individuals, who govern the communities well in spite of the communities themselves. Yet when the communal spirit declines, disinterested and able individuals are rarely produced because the soil appropriate for their nourishment is absent. I have elsewhere endeavoured to contrast the ideals of a community closely knit together by common blood and common worship with those of a community formed by the coalescence of fragments from other and disarticulated communities.[1] In countries which have experienced colonisation—and these are very numerous in all continents—the characteristic community is composite. Yet even in such countries there are occasional transferred survivals of organically compact social groups. Notable examples of such groups in Europe are Spanish Jews in Salonika and many German colonies in Russia; while in Canada there are the French Canadians, the Scots settlements in Nova Scotia, in Prince Edward Island and in parts of Ontario, as well as the settlements of Hungarian Catholics,

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[1] *Cf.* chapter xxvii.

Galician Uniates, German Catholics, Mormons,[1] Mennonites[2] and Doukhobors[3] in the Prairie Provinces and in British Columbia. In each of these instances there is the coincidence of common blood and common worship, and there is as well the consciousness in each of being surrounded by people of origin and character and religion different from theirs, the consciousness of being a more or less hard and indissoluble knot in a population composed of detached or readily detachable atoms. In these instances communal feeling, considered as relating to each individual group, is strong; but in those groups in which the sense of community is strongest, there is little realisation of common interests extending beyond the group. In spite of the atomic character of the general population of Canada, there is a certain sense of community in the population as a whole; because alongside of the people of Canada, and in a manner exercising pressure upon them, is the population of the United States—a population very similar to that of Canada, but historically and politically distinct. The United States contain knots of people in some cases precisely corresponding to the Canadian knots. For example, there is a large group of Germans in Pennsylvania corresponding to the Pennsylvania Dutch in Ontario. They are similarly localised and almost identical in their social character. There are nearly as many French Canadians in the United States as there are in Canada; but they are not concentrated upon one area, and they have no political unity. There is, in the United States, the formidable negro knot, localised and industrially concentrated; and there are groups of Irish, Italians, Germans, Swedes, Poles, Greeks, Jews, etc., who cannot as yet be regarded as in any sense "assimilated."

The cities of the United States do not stand alone in respect to heterogeneity. Many of the European cities, in spite of their antiquity, present even now highly heterogeneous populations. Assimilation is a slow process, and where individual groups subjected to it have numerous members, the process cannot be otherwise than slow. In cases where religious beliefs are tenaciously retained, as for example among Jews and Mohammedans, assimilation with neighbouring peoples cannot be said to take place anywhere to an appreciable extent. It is not surprising, therefore, that these people—Jews and Mohammedans—should be as difficult to assimilate in New York as they are in Salonika.

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[1] Mostly of British descent.
[2] Of mingled Dutch, German and Russian origin.
[3] Of mingled Russian, Finnish, Tartar and German origin.

The characteristic social phenomenon of Europe during the past two centuries and of Asia Minor during the past quarter of a century has been disintegration of village communities and of composite families. This disintegration has proceeded in spite of opposition of governments to which it was repugnant, because it rendered maintenance of order and collection of taxes both more difficult.[1] But the desire for freedom from family control and for independent wage- or profit-earning was a powerful force, and in defiance of family and governmental pressure "separations" took place and disintegration resulted.

Excepting in those cases where families migrated as a whole, or where communities migrated, immigration into the United States during the past two hundred years had been the fruit of disintegration of the European family and of the European community. The immigrants have brought with them, quite inevitably, a feeling of hostility to the family and the community, because they experienced in these what they considered oppression. They escaped from that oppression, from the service of the family task-master or task-mistress, and from the irksome conventions of the community in which they had spent their earlier years. The escape was often permitted by the family on condition that the emigrant should contribute to the support of its remaining members or should continue to pay his quota of the family taxes (as notably among Russian and Turkish emigrants); but this did not ameliorate disintegration. The conditions were observed for a time and then were forgotten. When the family emigrated as a group, there were influences which contributed to disintegration of it after immigration. The position of the woman in Eastern and Northern European households is different from her position as it has developed in Great Britain and in those countries that have been influenced by Great Britain, as for example the United States. The Mohammedan woman is still secluded, and no great time has elapsed since the Russian woman emerged from the *terem*.[2] In the Baltic Provinces of the former Russian Empire, and in Norway and Sweden, the woman is under the dominion of the man to an extent unknown in Great Britain or America. Emigration speedily changes that condition. Either the man accepts the change or the woman revolts. In either case the fundamental condition of the family has been altered—the family is no more as it had been.

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[1] I have dealt with the question of "Separation," involving the disintegration of the family, in my *Economic History of Russia.*

[2] Literally the "attic."

Since a large part of the population of America consists of immigrants who have arrived upon its shores in their own persons, or whose parents have arrived within the past half-century, it is obvious that the families in process of disintegration, together with separated individuals from disintegrating families in Europe, form a large proportion of the total population of America.

Thus if we find the family and the community as unifying forces comparatively inert in the United States we need not be surprised.

It must not, however, be forgotten that, although change of locality may be accompanied by, or may even be the cause of, alteration in some characters, there are many characters which are too deeply lodged in racial roots to permit of their being permanently altered by mere removal from one place to another. Thus the population of America is predominantly a European population — the presence of North American Indians, Africans, Chinese, Japanese and other peoples notwithstanding—and the characters of its various constituent elements persist, in spite of the difference between the atmosphere of their origin and the atmosphere of their growth; but these characters do not uniformly persist. Sometimes they are weakened by the new soil, and sometimes they are strengthened. The caution and acquisitiveness of the Scots have wider opportunities in the United States than in Scotland; and the talent for political intrigue possessed by the Irish found for half a century a more profitable sphere in New York than in Dublin.

The molecular structure of American society is different from that of European society, not because the characters of the individuals composing American society are different from those in European society, but because in the former the mingling of its elements is more recent, and because the proportions of these elements present at a given time are different. Thus, when the Pilgrim Fathers left England and went to America, their emigration was not attended by any manifest change in the structure of society in old England, but their settlement in New England gave a Puritan character to society there, because the Puritans were for a time its sole constituents. Moreover, their history in England had imbued them with a strong communal sense. They had really formed a community within the state, distinct from it and even hostile to it. The Puritan settlers thus easily established the "town meeting" and organised local government. Their adoption of the system with which they were familiar saved them from troublesome constitutional discussions and from expenditure of time in political experiments. The Pilgrim

Fathers were sensible and practical men. They had settled their religious views before they embarked; they brought with them habits of municipal government, and thus, their spiritual and political relations being established, they were free to devote themselves to problems of their economical settlement. But when the Puritan society of the English colonies in America became diluted by arrival of other elements, these elements found in Puritanism a continuance of the rigid social conventions and political regulations against which they had revolted in the countries of their origin. As dilution of Puritan society by these elements became more and more marked, American society became less characterised, not merely by the Puritan but also by the communal spirit. When the Revolution occurred and the American colonists discarded what remained of external pressure, the sense of community still further lost its force and American society passed into an individualist phase not very dissimilar to the phase of *laisser faire* through which Western Europe was passing during the same period. In Western Europe the *laisser-faire* phase had spent itself by 1870, and a new spirit came to be manifest. This spirit had as its cardinal characteristic a sense of communal responsibility, and it expressed itself in social legislation regarding factories, shipping, mines and the like, as well as in municipal enterprises and local building "improvements."

The American Civil War may be held to have retarded the social movement in the United States, and the subsequent economic development of the country through provision of railways and rapid industrialisation was so definitively associated with individual energy that during the height of the economic movement there was no room for any other. The best minds in the community were occupied in industrial and financial activities rendered indispensable by the need for reconstruction after the close of the Civil War, or in literature, or in philosophical speculation. Municipal administration thus fell into inferior hands. Civic politics came to be regarded as a means of obtaining individual fortunes, or of acquiring individual political or industrial power. The sense of community dropped into the background under the influence of the general spirit of *laisser faire.* In time competition overreached itself. Financial, commercial and industrial struggles ended in conquest or in combination of previously rival interests; and larger groups fought one another with increased means and energy. But the markets were strewn with wreckage of defeated enterprises, and those who were suffering from domination of joint-stock corporations became articulate. Everyone who was not involved in corporate activity, and even some of those who were, began to realise that State and municipal powers might be brought to bear in the attack upon corporations.

Then came a period when, to sustain their position, directors of corporations conceived that their only chance of survival was through corruption of State legislatures and municipal councils. This process was facilitated by the character of the persons to whom membership in these bodies had fallen through public neglect. Then the better elements came to be roused, and exposures of corruption and maladministration took place in many of the large cities. Within a few years the furore against corporations and for "good government" swept the field. This furore was often indiscriminately directed. It imperilled or destroyed much that was good in financial and industrial combination; it embarrassed transport and industry in procuring capital, and it contributed to advance in the price of capital, to advance in the rates of transport, and to advances in prices. Corrupt administration is bad; but violent overthrowal, even of corrupt administration, may at least for a time produce serious reactions. Continuance in well-doing is a more beneficial social policy than spasmodic outbreaks of extreme virtue.

In 1903 reaction against municipal maladministration had just begun; maladministration still existed, but it was undergoing exposure and the corrupt administrators were quaking. On different grounds, and in a different manner, the policy of *laisser faire*, which had been reversed in Great Britain about 1870, was reversed in the United States more than thirty years later.

I spent several weeks in Chicago, in Philadelphia and in Boston, and a shorter period in each of the following smaller cities: St. Louis, Cincinnati, Detroit, Cleveland, Baltimore, Washington and Richmond. My tour occupied altogether five months. Although I passed through New York several times, I did not detain myself there because I had made frequent visits in previous years.

On the whole, I found the most alert group of civic reformers in Chicago. During my stay of about six weeks in that city I lived for a portion of my time at Hull House; and I met there a number of persons who were interested in social progress. I had known Miss Jane Addams, to whom Hull House owes its existence, for some years. She was intimate with Kropotkin, whom she had visited many times in England, and she had made at least one pilgrimage to Yasnaya Polyana to see Tolstoy. No woman in the public life of our time has shown so vital a sympathy with those who have found the problems of life in great cities unendurably burdensome by their unaided powers as Miss Addams; and no one has exhibited a more consistent and immanent communal sense. She has inspired an innumerable group of young men and women with her own spirit, and the labours and success of Hull House have induced the organisation of many settlements with similar aims. I cannot undertake a comparison of Hull House with Toynbee Hall, which I have noticed elsewhere in these memoirs; but it should, I think, be said that the special aims of Hull House have been more successfully attained than have the special aims of Toynbee Hall, largely because the direction of Hull House has been in the hands of a woman. The aim of a Settlement is to guide the daily life of those who need guidance and since the greater number of those who are unable to direct their own lives, and who are therefore in need of external assistance, are from the point of view of mental development really children, the Settlement, with its daily round of domestic problems, is a woman's business. Above all, it is the business of a woman with a special gift of sympathy and with intelligence trained to rapid insight and to instant application of experience. Such a woman is Jane Addams.

Among remarkable people whom I met at Hull House was Henry Demarest Lloyd.[1] Lloyd was a man of lofty character, with unusual detachment from the common things of the world. A pearl in a dung heap would be no stranger than was a spiritual genius like Lloyd in the city of stock-yard and wheat-pit.

One Sunday Miss Addams, her cousin, George Hooker, and I went to Zion City, which lies about forty miles north of Chicago. At that time (1903) Dowie was at the height of his power. As we walked from the railway station to the Tabernacle, we noticed a handsome victoria drawn by a fine pair of horses. This carriage was conveying Dowie fron his house to the Tabernacle, although the distance was only two or three hundred yards. The Tabernacle was an immense building, with seats for about five thousand people. At one end of it there was an extraordinary decoration composed of india-rubber hot-water bottles, abandoned by sick persons who attributed their cure to the spiritual ministration of Dowie. There was a huge choir and a number of attendant elders or clergy. After some preliminary singing of hymns, Dowie made a dramatic entrance and preached. He had a good voice and a masterful air, but there was nothing of special note in what he said. He must have had some crude power, for he was able to draw into his community, and to keep in it for a time, people from all parts of the United States and from many different parts of the world. The idea of an economico-religious community is not new. There were many such communities among the early Christian sects. I have already given an account of a modern example in the case of the Doukhobors. Periods and places of extremely materialistic tendency have sometimes produced by mere force of reaction pseudo-spiritual movements like Dowieism, and these have obtained a temporary vogue. After Dowie's death the motive force of his movement expired, and the community founded by him melted away or lost its special character.

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[1] Author of *Wealth and Commonwealth.*

The Treasurer of Chicago at that time was a kinsman of mine, William Mavor. He had come from New Deer, Aberdeenshire, to Chicago, and had commenced business there as a builder immediately after the Great Fire in 1871. The moment was opportune, and he was very successful. Many of the high buildings in Chicago had been built by him. He told me a singular story about the construction of high buildings in America. A stonemason from Edinburgh had begun business as a builder in New York in, I think, the late sixties. Some people proposed to build in the lower part of Broadway near Trinity Church. They wanted to erect a building of *five* storeys, but they found the New York contractors unwilling to attempt so tall a structure. The Scots builder laughed at the idea of being frightened at a five-storey building. He told them that in the Lawnmarket of Edinburgh there were houses of nine or ten storeys. He was given the contract, and he constructed later several of the New York sky-scrapers. The Flat Iron and the Woolworth Building may be said to have reached New York from Paris via Edinburgh.

The account given to me by William Mavor of municipal affairs in Chicago was, on the whole, favourable. He thought that administration was improving, and becoming more honest and efficient. At that time the chief subject of discussion was the relation of the city to the street railway companies. In Chicago, as in all large cities, the problem of urban transportation is very hard to solve. One of the consequences of the sky-scraper is that provision has to be made for traffic, not merely on horizontal streets, but on what are practically vertical streets. In one of the large buildings in Chicago I found thirteen elevators. The traffic on these elevators amounted to forty thousand persons per day. These persons, many of them from the suburbs, had to come or they had to be brought, by street railway or motor-car, to the building. Most of them had to be brought between certain hours in the morning and had to be taken away at certain hours in the evening. The figure given above must be multiplied many times to give the total traffic on the streets of Chicago. How is mechanical transport to be provided for such overwhelming numbers during brief periods in the morning and evening of each day? If the plant of the street railway is adequate to deal with the traffic at these periods, it must be much more than adequate to deal with it during intervening periods. Equal distribution of traffic throughout the day is impossible, and therefore a vast plant must be idle, or must move without complete use, during a large part of every twenty-four hours.

Apart from this, which is a physical problem, there is the problem of fares. American life appeared to have established a conventional uniform fare of five cents irrespective of distance. So long as the cities were restricted to moderate limits, it was possible to provide transport at that rate; but the extension of the cities involved extension of the car lines until it became impossible to maintain a uniform fare of five cents. Either the uniform fare must be increased or a zone tariff must be devised. In some cities the charters or franchises gave extensive powers to the companies; but even in such cases the full exercise of these powers was not always expedient. Public opinion had come to be easily excited, and to excite it was dangerous. The furore against corporations was beginning to rise, and even where it was possible it was evidently inexpedient to increase the fares. Later, street railway companies encountered the problem in another form. Trade unions forced advances of wages, while at the same time the public, either through refusal to amend franchises or through some other channels, insisted upon maintenance of rates which, under the weight of increased wages, reduced or eliminated dividends. Then came inevitable reactions; new equipment and desirable extensions could not be secured because in the teeth of public hostility new capital could not be obtained to secure them. The services deteriorated. As the services became worse, public opinion against the companies became more aggressive. Baiting corporations was a popular amusement. The politicians who had been maintained by doles from the corporations joined in the attack against their benefactors. Perhaps in a very early stage of this phase of municipal history, the rising furore against the corporations raised the price of a vote in their favour. Gradually the taking of bribes by municipal councillors became more risky, and by 1903 it had become comparatively rare.

Several groups with widely differing aims now took part in the attack upon the street railways in Chicago, and similar groups began about the same time to emerge in other cities. Most influential was probably the group of municipal politicians who enjoyed, or flattered themselves that they enjoyed, the confidence of the general mass of the citizens. These politicians were quite willing to impose upon street railway companies any conditions appealing to their constituents, no matter whether or not these conditions were fair to the interests concerned. Then came the group of persons who had been touched by the communal spirit, at all events to the extent of taking notice of growth of municipal enterprise abroad, and who were beginning to look upon "public ownership" as an inevitable tendency. This attitude of mind, destined to become within succeeding years widely prevalent in the United States, was rarely based upon any critical study of the complicated problems of State and municipal industrial management. On the contrary, though many morally, and even intellectually, superior persons adopted that attitude towards public ownership, the attitude was seldom otherwise than opportunist or fatalistic; it had no logical basis. The persons who assumed this attitude were much shocked when it was described as Socialism. Yet in a sense this was Socialism, even if some of the avowed Socialists refused to admit the fact.

The next was the group of avowed Socialists of one or other of the numerous Socialist parties. At that time the Social Democrats were the most prominent, anarchist groups having been practically eliminated by the Chicago police. Social Democrats have usually been indifferent to municipal enterprise, but they have adopted a negative attitude towards capitalistic exploitation of public utilities. The ideal Social Democratic State is one in which there is no local government whatever, in which the central authority of the State is universally dominant and pervasive. The interest of the Social Democrat lies in demonstrating that the existing system of capitalistic industry is unworkable, and that the existing capitalist organisations must be ruined before the State assumes control of the enterprises organised by them. There need be no compensation for ruined enterprises, so that the question of expropriation need not arise. The Social Democrat is also a fatalist. According to him, historical necessity has already determined the transitory character of capitalism. It may be that historical necessity has also already determined the transitory character of Socialism.

The groups enumerated constituted the effective forces allied against the street railway companies. It remains to account for the attitude of the general mass of the public represented by the politicians. The public sees as a rule only effects and not causes.

Inadequate and steadily deteriorating service was obvious. There could be no dispute or discussion of the fact. The causes of this fact were not obvious; they were not fully understood excepting by an extremely small number of engineers, accountants and financiers. The public, the Social Reformers and the Social Democrats refused to listen to the experts. These were regarded as the slaves of the corporations and therefore unworthy of notice.

It was evident in 1903 that some of the municipalities in the United States would have to pass through a costly experience of "public ownership" before they realised that the essential interests of the public are not necessarily served more effectively by collective than by individual ownership of anything. Essential interests are served in the use of things and not in the possession of them. Some things are appropriate to private use and some are appropriate to public use; but the public are not always the soundest judges of the limits within which the exercise of their powers of appropriation would on the whole, at any given period of time, be most beneficial.

The street railway question and the question of transport in general, in the United States and in Canada, have been obscured by the intervention of the politicians, including the Social Reformers and the Social Democrats. All questions relating to the people have their political side; but the most important side of the transport question is transport—that is, the movement of people and goods from one place to another. That movement is accomplished by human direction of mechanical agents, and is therefore primarily a technical question, and only secondarily and remotely a political question. Until the public of the United States and Canada realise that the guidance of the "man in the street" is rarely otherwise than costly and is sometimes ruinous, and that competent guidance is always worth paying for, extravagant experiments in "public ownership" will be conducted under political conditions and the incompetent management which in general results from political control.

While politicians were affecting to urge extension of "public ownership" on the ground of economical advantage to the public of Chicago, the already existing public property of Chicago betrayed symptoms of gross neglect. The City Hall would have been a discredit to Pittsburg; the public parks of Chicago were equally suffering from misuse; the streets were indifferently paved. In fact, nowhere was there any evidence of fitness of the municipal corporation to manage what it already possessed, much less of fitness to manage an extended system of "public ownership." A few years after my visit in 1903, the Municipal Council of Chicago invited Dalrymple, manager of the Glasgow Corporation Tramways, to go to Chicago to examine into and advise upon the street railway situation. When he arrived, it was evident that he had been called upon to bless "public ownership." Since he was himself the manager of a publicly-owned enterprise, enthusiasts for "public ownership" naturally thought he was bound to report in favour of it under all conceivable circumstances. Being an honest man, Dalrymple did nothing of the sort. He told the Chicago City Council flatly that, while public ownership of street railways was feasible and, on the whole, beneficial in Glasgow, it was not feasible and not likely to be beneficial in Chicago. Dalrymple was received, I believe literally, by a reception committee with a brass band and much public applause. After a few days he rendered his report, and his departure was silent and unnoticed. Such are the penalties of unpopular truth.

While I was in Chicago I realised the extraordinarily cosmopolitan character of its population and the magnitude of the racial groups. One evening there was a debate at Hull House, between Greeks and Macedonians, on the Macedonian question. The debate was conducted in English, and on both sides was explosive rather than coherent. On some fête-day there was a procession of Poles. There were about forty thousand men in the ranks.

The history of Chicago is a history of successive waves of immigrants, each succeeding wave forcing the preceding out of the ranks of unskilled labour and occupying its territory. Thus the first immigrant wave was Irish, partly from New York and partly direct from Ireland. The new-comers occupied the marsh at the junction of the Chicago River and Lake Michigan. Their rude shacks were clustered on the water front, and the Irish made their living by discharging and loading the ships that conducted the lake trade. Then came the Swedes. They had to work for lower wages than the Irish, or they could never have gained a foothold. Presently they forced the Irish out of the water front, secured the monopoly of the labour previously exercised by the Irish, and established themselves in houses previously occupied by them. Swedes had to give way to Italians, who underbid them in wages, excelled them in frugality, and speedily occupied the position. Thus it was in 1903. Later new-comers, like Bulgarians, Roumanians, Greeks and Syrians, invaded the water front and divided its occupations among them. Meanwhile the Irish had moved their quarters and the Swedes had followed them, each removal being accomplished not *en masse* but gradually from the water front to interior localities, the people keeping together as if they constituted an *enclave*. Chicago became a congeries of communities contiguous to one another, but separated by differences of language, religion and traditional customs. Each of these communities was the product of disintegrated communities in Europe, yet they had acquired, through external pressure, a certain new unity based upon common language and common cult. Irish Catholic and Swedish Lutheran were kept apart by differences in race, language and religion.

I found that among some of the recent immigrants there was a counter-emigration movement. In the evenings I used occasionally to drop into a Greek restaurant, to glance at the Greek newspapers and to talk with the young Greeks who frequented the place. In the course of a few weeks the *habitués* changed, and I asked the proprietor the reason. He told me that So-and-so, mentioning the names, had gone back to Athens, having accumulated some money. This process was also going on among Macedonians and among Italians, chiefly those from Calabria, who were beginning to return to their native places with their savings. In subsequent years this movement became more important, and was undoubtedly beneficial to Southern Italy and to Greece and Macedonia, which had, from various causes, been subject to economical decline.

I spent some time in the Jewish quarter—congested as all such quarters are everywhere to an incredible degree.

On this and other visits to Chicago about the year 1903 I made the acquaintance of some leading people. Instead of mentioning them by name, as has been my custom in these memoirs, I prefer in this case to employ initials, and in general to consider types instead of individuals. It was my fortune to be entertained by "people of importance in their day," and the plan I am adopting relieves me of obvious embarrassment.

Mr. A. was a lawyer acting for large corporations. He was reputed to be wealthy; when he died a few years after 1903 he left a large fortune. A. was a man with intellectual interests; he had a small but well-selected library consisting, to an unusual extent in such collections, of philosophical works, with which he had more than casual acquaintance. He had not read systematically, but he had been content to take some guidance, and his own shrewdness and industry had enabled him to acquire a fair knowledge of the philosophical field, although he had no intimate knowledge of any one of the systems of philosophy.

He was not in the habit of reading discursively, and therefore his acquaintance with contemporary literature was not wide; yet he was a reading man. He read and re-read the authors he liked. He lived some miles out of Chicago, and went to and from his house to his office by train and street railway. The period was before extensive use of the motor-car or probably he would have adopted this mode of conveyance. I frequently stayed with him overnight, and thus became acquainted with his manner of life. I found that this was typical of men of his class, although the character of his intellectual interests, and perhaps the fact of his having such interests, were by no means usual. I met him at his office at five o'clock in the afternoon, and went with him at once to the adjacent elevated railway station. A short ride brought us to the station from which the suburban line started, and after a run of about three-quarters of an hour we reached our destination by rail. Here we were met by a buggy or one-horse trap, in which we were taken in about three minutes to his house. This house was of modest dimensions. My friend was a widower with a grown-up daughter, who kept house for him, and a son of about twenty years. We reached the house about six o'clock, and at half-past six we had "supper." The appointments were good but not noticeably fine, and the food was substantial and well cooked. There was no wine. The house was furnished without conspicuous good taste, but without vulgarity. After supper we smoked cigars of a good brand properly kept in a humidor. We talked philosophy, politics, and the prospects of business. At ten o'clock my host announced that it was time to go to bed. The breakfast-bell rang at seven-thirty; and at seven-fifty-five the trap came to take us to the station for the eight o'clock train. We reached A.'s office at nine o'clock. The clerks were coming in and opening their desks. I suggested that I should now go about my own affairs; but I was easily persuaded to go into his room and to smoke a cigar with him. He did not seem to have important business to occupy him at that moment, for he entertained me throughout the forenoon with stories of his experiences as a corporation lawyer, which were indeed very illuminating. We were interrupted once or twice by callers, but these were soon dismissed. Towards one o'clock we went to lunch at the principal business club in Chicago, where we met many energetic prosperous-looking men, some of whom were good talkers. I left the club with A. about two o'clock; and after keeping an engagement rejoined him at his office at five, to go through the same routine in the evening and the following morning. I would not have it supposed that this manner of life was invariable. I know that from time to time A. conducted negotiations of great magnitude, and I have no doubt that while he was engaged in these he had continuous hours of hard work and anxiety. It was courteous of him to treat me as he did. Yet I am convinced that the manner of life I have sketched—long journey by train, idleness at the end of the journey, a second journey followed by an unstimulating evening—involving a dull mechanic round, is not conducive either to economical use of powers or to prolongation of life. Every now and again A. would rush off to Los Angeles or to Atlantic City or to Bar Harbour or to Hot Springs, Virginia, because he felt out of sorts and needed a change. Of course he needed a change; but the change he needed was more radical than he supposed.

I had not quite the same opportunity of observing the intimate life of Mr. B., a Chicago merchant of large means. He lived in a very handsome house within the city. His wife was an ambitious woman, who entertained extensively and brought to her table artists, literary people and other notabilities. Here, for example, I met President Eliott of Harvard, who had been, I was informed, expressly invited to make the acquaintance of a rich old lady of whom Harvard considered itself justified in nourishing certain expectations. Whether the suave President succeeded in his object I am not aware; but he devoted himself throughout the evening to the old lady, and obviously succeeded in keeping her amused. Otherwise the party (it was for Sunday supper) was brisk and pleasant. I had some conversation with the host, whom I found excessively dull and destitute of even the most rudimentary courtesy. The hostess, on the other hand, was bright, and at least anxious to appear to be intelligent.[1]

Mrs. C., whom I met at lunch at the house of a friend, had long ago arrived, and had become as well known in London and Paris as she was in Chicago. I never met her husband. I suppose that he was toiling as the husbands of such women must toil. The distinguishing feature about her was that she was evidently thoroughly enjoying life. She diffused an atmosphere of energy to no particular end but simply the energy of living. She died at a comparatively early age, but at the time I met her she was in the full maturity of her remarkable powers. I have thought of her sometimes as being comparable to Margaret Fuller, Countess d'Ossoli, although I have never seen anything that Mrs. C. wrote. If her intimate letters were published, I should think that they would exhibit a picture of American society at once faithful and brilliant. Although I have compared her with Margaret Fuller, I do not mean to suggest that she was by any means so cultivated a woman, but merely that she had similar potentiality. She might have been cultivated if she had not been so naturally brilliant. I can well understand that she was the despair of everyone who attempted to instruct her. She was capable of pouting at Plato and of making Aristotle blush. I recall an anecdote told by her with delicious humour, scarcely susceptible of being repeated without destruction. The day before she told the story some young people had been boating near Chicago. The boat capsized, but its occupants were able to secure an uncertain hold upon the upturned hull. While the group were in a manner struggling for their lives, one of the young men politely moved his hands upon the keel in order to make way for a young lady by his side. She smiled sweetly and said, "Oh! thank you so much." Mrs. C. said that that morning the young lady had had three proposals of marriage. The addition was probably her own invention, but it was *ben trovato*.

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[1] My friend Miss Cather has drawn with great artistic skill an extreme example of her type in one of her short stories, *Youth and the Bright Medusa.*

The feminist movement was not at that time enjoying any vigorous popularity, but there were several energetic exponents of it in Chicago. I made the acquaintance of two of these elect ladies. They were very sincere, very intelligent and very charming women, excellent public speakers and full of enthusiasm for the cause of feminism; but I observed with distress, though without surprise, that their own households suffered sadly from the public demands upon their abilities and their time.

Mrs. D., who was not one of these, was a wealthy lady, who possessed what in any city might well be called a palace. Like Mrs. C., she was a patron of the arts. She had many choice examples of the Barbizon School, which was then in fashion, and she had besides some old and modern masters—all selected with judgment, either by herself or by competent experts. She was not a feminist, she had no pretensions to brilliancy, but she had abundant common-sense. Her features were not handsome, but she had a good figure and invincible good-nature. In a wholly unpretentious way she was the support of many educational and charitable enterprises.

Mr. E. was an educational enthusiast. He had written a critical book upon one of the great masters of literature, and he had the misfortune to be worshipped by a group of ladies who seemed to treasure everything that fell from his lips. He was an elderly, pleasant person, obsessed with the importance of his views upon primary instruction, and possibly useful in arousing the administrators of the Chicago schools to some other than merely mechanical interest in their educational administration. I found little of positive value, though much of pathetic interest, in his dreamy and sometimes incoherent disquisitions.

By way of tonic after such experiences, I paid several visits to the Chicago Wheat-pit. Here the price of wheat was fixed for the United States and Canada, although the prime agent in the fixation was the Corn Market at Liverpool. I had noticed the noisy manner in which business is conducted in the Paris Bourse and the scurrying to and fro in the New York Stock Exchange, and I had also noticed the quiet in which the business of the Iron Ring at Glasgow is conducted. Here in Chicago there is similar quiet, excepting when unusually rapid changes in the market occur, and then there is an excited buzz. Normally transactions of great magnitude are conducted without noise. When a purchase is to be made at the market price of the moment, a broker holds up one finger if he wants to buy one hundred thousand bushels, two fingers if he wants two hundred thousand, and so on. A nod settles the transaction and it is immediately reported to the secretary, who is the final arbiter in all disputes. The pit is a real pit, that is to say the floor rises round a hollow in the centre. This arrangement enables the brokers to see one another even although the pit may be crowded. The room in which the market is held is not a large one, and business is conducted by a comparatively small number of persons. It has sometimes been argued that speculation in wheat is injurious to the public interest. "Corners" have been made in wheat, and for a time prices have been forced up by speculation for an advance; on the other hand, sudden realisation of wheat purchased by speculators has depressed the market. It is very difficult to prove what the price of wheat would have been at any particular moment had there been no speculation. In any case the buyers and sellers through the brokers in the wheat-pit are by no means the only speculators. The farmer who holds his wheat for a higher price, the miller who buys in anticipation of the requirements of his mill, the baker who buys in anticipation of the requirements of his bakery, the institution or private person who enters into a bread contract, all speculate in wheat, and their speculation would be extremely difficult to prevent by any legislation.

It is undoubtedly an advantage, both to the public and to the producer and warehouser of wheat, as well as to the banks by which the production, transport and distribution of wheat is financed, that there is a liquid market for the commodity. This liquid market could not exist without speculation. The market is liquid because there are always people who are willing to take the risk of buying at a certain price, whether they really want the wheat for consumption or not. The price of wheat is determined, not by the speculator, but by the actual conditions of the supply of wheat and of the total demand for it at the moment in so far as these are known. The sudden placing upon the market of a large quantity of wheat the existence of which had been unsuspected would destroy any "corner," because its mere appearance would break down confidence in the completeness of statistical information. "Corners" in wheat are possible only when there is a slender margin between the visible supply and the known demand. Otherwise the magnitude of the operation necessary to influence the market by restricting the supply at a given moment is too great even for the richest operators.

From Chicago I passed through waving fields of corn and other grain almost ripe for harvest to the Mississippi and St. Louis. There everybody was occupied in preparing for the Exhibition of 1904. Mule teams were hauling the felled trees and the "diggers" by means of which the sites of buildings were being excavated. Some of the buildings were already erected. Municipal politics were in a doubtful posture, but authentic information about them was rather difficult to procure. One of the principal people in the town refused point-blank to talk on the subject on the ground that he had no time. There seemed to be a conspiracy of silence in order that the deficiencies of municipal management should not be advertised at the moment when the people of St. Louis wanted to present a brave face to the world. Even here, however, there was evident the beginnings of civic pride and of a communal sense. I heard of, although on account of their temporary absence I did not see, some individual citizens of remarkable energy and disinterestedness, who were evidently responsible for the rise of the civic spirit. A university had recently been founded and was being supported by large gifts. This was a good sign, although the streets of the city bore visible evidence of incompetent municipal management.

Cincinnati lies in a basin hollowed in a plateau. From the rim there is an abrupt descent to the town. For a time growth was confined to the depression, but the town gradually overflowed the rim and spread itself out on the plateau beyond. The existence of large contiguous towns rendered an interurban system of electric railways at once desirable and profitable, and the street railway question in Cincinnati thus became one of interurban rather than of urban transport. Less than a year before my visit an amalgamation of four or five lines had been carried out. The system seemed to be vigorously conducted with competent administration and under a reasonable charter. The new company appeared to have avoided the difficulties which attended street railways elsewhere, and to have succeeded in satisfying the community. One of the directors gave me an interesting insight into the internal difficulties of management of such enterprises. When the amalgamation took place, the natural thing to do was to appoint as general manager of the combined system the manager of the largest of the constituent lines. This manager had been very successful in his previous position, and the new company made a contract with him, extending over several years, at a salary much higher than he had been receiving. Unfortunately he was unable to rise to his new situation, and in a few months the directors saw that the advantage of the company lay in cancelling the contract and in compensating the manager. They then, after extensive inquiry, made another appointment, bringing a manager who had been managing a steam railway of some magnitude. Again they found that they had made a mistake. Through the adoption of a type of car which was shown by experience to be unsuitable to their traffic, he was said to have involved the company within a few months after his appointment in a loss of about two hundred thousand dollars. A change had to be made, and the result was not yet apparent. This was a vivid illustration of two facts—one that management is an important function, and the other that the growth of industry has outrun the supply of managers competent to supervise large undertakings. Unless this condition is altered, a natural check must be imposed upon amalgamation as well as upon the growth of individual enterprises.

The civic politics of Cincinnati were dominated by a boss. This boss was Mr. Cox. Cox was a Lancashire man who had emigrated in his youth.[1] He had by exercise of peculiar skill, and probably by means which would not bear close scrutiny, acquired complete control of municipal politics. He held no office; but he secured election of councillors and of mayors devoted to his interests. He controlled all municipal contracts, and in general openly governed the city. He was understood to have made a large fortune by speculation. One of the means by which he maintained his hold upon the community was the ownership of a baseball team. He gave the people unexampled gladiatorial exhibitions. His team was the crack team of the region and one of the best in America. I made the acquaintance of Mr. Cox and found him a very candid and informative, if rather uncultivated, man. I suspect that his opinion of the ability and the uprightness of the average man was not very high. He did not in the least disguise the fact that he controlled the community in which he lived. "We give them good government and cheap government," he said. "What more do they want?" The government of Mr. Cox was probably neither good nor cheap, but since the people of Cincinnati appeared to be satisfied with it there was no more to be said. In a democratic country, the people might be supposed to desire some share in the administration of their public affairs.

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[1] American bosses were rarely American born. They were English, Irish and German.

Detroit I found interesting in many ways. The City Council met in the evening, and I attended one or two of its sessions. The most striking feature was the extreme youth of many of the members. The Council had indeed the aspect of a juvenile debating society. In strange contrast, I found that the principal civic officials were mature and even quite elderly men, who impressed me with their competence. It may be that this condition was on the whole favourable to good government, for the civic officials were not likely to be interfered with by the youthful members of the Council. There had been a spasmodic interest in the "single tax," but it seemed to have died a natural death.

Pittsburg, the centre of the steel industry in the United States, is the very capital of American industrialism. I went down the Ohio River one night past the blazing furnaces of Pittsburg and its ancillary pits—an amazing exhibition of ferocious activity. From these furnaces were being poured the steel billets that at that time were conquering the iron trade of the world. The rough labour—and there was little else—of the steel, locomotive, electrical and chemical works of the Pittsburg district was rendered wholly by recent foreign immigrants. Peasants from Russia, Bulgaria, Roumania, Austria and Italy were toiling in these enormous factories, under the direction of Irish foremen and American clerks and managers. The inducement of piece or task wages was impelling them to work with a strenuous energy to which, in the countries of their origin, they were total strangers. I was told that the skilled workers in these enterprises were all from Great Britain and from Germany. The American-born was neither a rough labourer nor a skilled workman. It was interesting to speculate upon the consequences to American industry of a falling-off in the stream of immigration. Can the existing stock of foreign workers be counted upon to supply, by natural increase of population, new recruits in numbers sufficient to keep the gigantesque mechanism of industry in motion, or must American industry decline with the decline of immigration? How are the American industrial enterprisers to face the problem? Will they demand wholesale admission of Chinese and Japanese, or will they transfer their enterprise to the countries of origin of the labourers upon whom they have hitherto relied? Will they transfer their capital and their organising power to Russia, to Austria, or to Italy, and, as it were by sheer power of capital, industrialise these countries?

The aspect of Pittsburg, and of the towns surrounding it, is indescribable. Never on any such area could a larger amount of ugliness have been concentrated. The ghastliness of the dwellings, even when they were surrounded by landscape not destitute of beauty, was infinitely greater than that of similar industrial centres in England or in Germany. Ghastly as are St. Helens, Wigan, Coatbridge, Essen—and these are ghastly enough—they do not compare with the irredeemable squalor of East Pittsburg.

In some works I visited I was struck by the prodigality of material and of machinery. These seemed to have no value. Machinery was scrapped, and being scrapped meant merely being thrown into the yard, where with unused material it made formidable piles of rust. In the desperate attempt to save time, every other element in economical production seemed to be disregarded. I was particularly struck with this waste in one of the works, and I was not surprised to find, when I went to New York a few weeks later, that the company was in deep financial waters and was making desperate attempts to raise money.

The district conveyed the impression of tremendous energy and urgency in using the flying moments, without thought for the lives of the men and women that were being used up by this reckless speed, or for the continuity either of the individual enterprise or of the industrial system. Pittsburg induced in me a feeling of profound depression.

The municipal situation was as might be expected of such a place. The magnates who controlled the huge enterprises, nominally or really, seldom set foot in the city where their millions are made. Everyone was toiling to the fullest extent of his powers; life was at an abnormally high pitch so far as physical endurance was concerned. Civic feeling was conspicuously absent. I met a few alert and intelligent men, but clearly they had no influence, nor much vision.

From Pittsburg, through Pennsylvania and its exhausted oil-wells, with their abandoned derricks standing gaunt and ruinous among the spruces, I made my way eastwards, and thought that when the supply of labour and of readily available coal and iron was used up the chimneys and forges of Pittsburg must also stand gaunt and ruinous among the spruces.

The park at Pittsburg, in 1903 rather raw and new, contains the Carnegie Art Gallery and Museum. Both are instructive. In the Art Gallery there are many fine bronzes. The nude figures among them are prevented from disturbing the modesty of the people of Pittsburg by attachment to them by clumsy screw nails of large fig leaves fashioned in copper by some blacksmith. This naïve destruction of really fine works of art is symbolical of the Pittsburg mind, and of its strange refusal to look the facts of life in the face—a refusal which impresses itself upon everything. In the picture gallery there was a portrait of the donor of the Gallery without merit of any kind, surrounded by excellent examples of modern British and French schools selected by an international committee. There were only a hundred paintings, but they were all admirably selected. The collection was, indeed, the only sign of grace to be found in Pittsburg. In the museum there was a collection of plaster casts of restorations of gigantic creatures excavated at the cost of the endowment. These huge pieces were deduced from the bones discovered, I think, in Nebraska, and were intended to represent the creatures as large as life. Among them, appropriately for a Carnegie institution, was a colossal marsupial—a touch of evidently unconscious humour.

In an avenue in the outskirts of the town among the gaudy villas there was one belonging to a person whose name was associated with much-advertised pickled vegetables. The lawn in front of his house was decorated with bedded plants representing a half-unrolled web of Brussels carpet—a weird indication of misdirected industry and of vulgar ostentation.

In Cleveland I met Edward Bemis, who had suffered for his advocacy of public ownership at a time when there was little public interest in it. He was now acting as Water Commissioner for the city, and I have no doubt he made a conscientious official. Here also I met Frederick Howe, an alert and enthusiastic young lawyer.

Philadelphia, although a city of Quakers, had exhibited in its municipal administration a singular absence of Quaker-like qualities. The city had had for a long time a bad tradition. Here the boss was all-powerful. He dominated everything, both in the city of Philadelphia and in the State of Pennsylvania. The centre of civic politics had been the gas works, which had been under public ownership and operation; but they had been so mismanaged by the city that, by universal consent, they had been handed over to a joint-stock company, by which they were being profitably and efficiently managed, after the excessive number of civic employés had been gradually discharged. I met Mr. Walton Clark, the manager of the combination of companies known as the United Gas Improvement Company, which had developed a formidable rivalry between gas and electric light, with resulting improvement to both of these means of illumination, heating and power. I found that Mr. Clark had a statesmanlike view of the whole question of the relation of public utility companies to the public interest. He afterwards took an active part in the inquiry into the subject initiated by the Civic Federation. I also met Mr. Doane, the president of the United Gas Improvement Company.

Apart from my friend Tait MacKenzie, sculptor, physician and director of physical training at the University of Pennsylvania, the most interesting person whom I met in Philadelphia was Talcott Williams, who afterwards became head of the School of Journalism founded by Pulitzer in Columbia College, New York. Williams' father had been connected with Robert College, Constantinople, and Williams was born there. He had spent his earlier years in Turkey, and had maintained his knowledge of the affairs of the Near East. He was the only American whom I have known, excepting those who had definitively expatriated themselves and lived continuously abroad, who had a thorough knowledge of any country but his own. Williams knew the Balkans well, and his familiarity with the history and struggles of that turbulent region was complete.

In Baltimore I found little of interest in the civic situation, but a great deal of interest in Johns Hopkins University, the chief university in America for post-graduate instruction, especially in the medical sciences. There I saw John Macrae, a graduate of Toronto, and then on the staff of the Johns Hopkins Hospital, afterwards to become famous through his "Flanders Fields" and to die upon them; Harvey Cushing, who became afterwards professor at Harvard, and Professor Welch, the pathologist. Welch had just been painted by Sargent in the group of four Johns Hopkins professors exhibited at the Royal Academy in, I think, 1904. Dr. Osler, who was about to leave for Oxford, was not in Baltimore at the moment. I met also Major Venables, one of the trustees of the University, who was a veteran of the Civil War on the Confederate side.

Apart from Johns Hopkins, which in some ways gave the last word in modern highly specialised science, the flavour of Baltimore was almost antique. Near my hotel there lived two elderly ladies, obviously of Quaker descent. Every day, at the same hour, a small, neat brougham drew up at their door and a negro footman brought out a footstool. The ladies tripped daintily down and stepped, by the aid of the footstool, into their carriage. The footman closed the door and mounted the box. The coachman drove off at a walking pace. This was evidently the ladies' constitutional. Their ancestral aunts must have had the same habit in the eighteenth century.

Washington I found almost unendurably hot. In the month of July Congress is in vacation, so is the President, and so also is the diplomatic corps. Washington society is to be found at the watering-places—at Newport, Bar Harbour, or elsewhere, not in the city itself. Even the civil servants flee from it if they can. In the summer the population of Washington seemed to be principally composed of negroes. The plan of the city, as is well known, was designed by the French architect Pierre Charles l'Enfant, a friend of Lafayette. The plan is, therefore, naturally suggested by the plan of Paris. Here, as in Paris, are radial boulevards and *ronds-points*; but the effect is different from that of Paris. The arrangement is not organic, as in that city, for in Washington the plan has no historical justification; it has an exotic air. The boulevards are not shaded by trees as in Paris; in the winter the absence of shade may have advantages, but in the summer the city is a hot-plate of concrete, upon which those who are condemned to live are literally fried by the summer sun.

The Capitol and the White House are simple and dignified buildings in the Classical style in vogue during their period. The public buildings otherwise are chiefly of late Renaissance, without distinction and without manifest adaptation to their uses. I was called upon to admire the Congressional Library, but I found myself unable to do so. The *tout ensemble* is unsatisfying, and the details are atrocious—the mural decorations being especially out of place. They are painted by good artists; but they are pictorial and not decorative. They form no part of the architectural design, which indeed is unsuited for painted decorations of any kind.

One evening I was sitting outside my hotel. Two young men came and sat down near me—near enough, at any rate, for their conversation to be imposed upon me. They appeared to be civil servants employed in one of the Government departments. They were talking of England. "I have no use for England," said one, and the other agreed with him.

Soon there came another, obviously a farmer. He sat down beside me, and at once engaged me in a friendly conversation.

Farmer. "Well, I guess that Washington is the biggest city in the world."

Myself. "I do not know about that; Philadelphia and Boston are, I believe, pretty big cities, not to speak of Chicago and New York."

Farmer. "Are these bigger than Washington?"

Myself. "I am told so."

Farmer. "Well, I guess Washington is the finest city in the world."

Myself. "That is a matter of opinion. Some folk think New York a fine city, and then Paris and London would have to be reckoned with."

Farmer. "Well, I guess Washington is a pretty fine city."

Which may be regarded as a sound if somewhat naïve judgment.

From the point of view of municipal administration Washington is unique. The United States are democratically governed, yet the citizens of the Federal capital have no voice in the government either of the city or of the state. The District of Columbia, in which Washington is situated, is governed by a Commission appointed by Congress. I met the chairman of this Commission, then Mr. MacFarland. There could be no doubt of the uprightness of the Commission, exposed as it is to the criticism of Congress. The policy of the Commission was decidedly opposed to public ownership or operation of enterprises by the public. All the public services were subject to contract with joint-stock companies or with individuals. The economy of this policy, as contrasted with the policy of governmental administration, was insisted upon by the members of the Commission whom I saw. The exceptional position of the Washington Municipal Government enabled it to enforce vigorously the observance of contracts made with private corporations, and thus might be held to give it an advantage over other civic administrations. Yet the policy of the Commissioners was significant.

I did not see Washington to advantage. All of its people whom I knew were absent, and therefore I saw nothing of its social *milieu.* The only function I attended was the Fourth of July celebration in the garden of the White House. Among the speeches was an address by the French Ambassador, M. Jusserand, and among those present was the young Marquis Lafayette. There was a certain appropriateness in the representatives of France sharing in the jubilation because, although the France that aided the revolting colonies was royalist and anti-republican, it was the defeat of France by Great Britain in Canada that paved the way for the independence of the English colonies.

Richmond, the Confederate capital, is full of memorials of the Civil War. In the museum there is an interesting collection of historical documents. I was fortunate in having as guide the daughter of Maury, the author of *The Physical Geography of the Sea*, who was a Confederate naval commander. St. Paul's Church, Richmond, contains a number of remarkably fine stained-glass windows by Inness and other American artists. The street railway employés were on strike, and the company had brought a number of strike-breakers. Cars were attacked and the State militia was called out. The militia went about unarmed, and had violence on any scale been attempted they did not appear to be in a position to cope with it. Richmond is, however, a peaceful place, and nothing of moment occurred.

In Richmond, as in Washington, the magnitude of the negro problem "springs into the eyes." The large proportion of negroes in the population probably accounts for the non-industrial atmosphere of the town. Here the pushing spirit of the Yankee was absent. Richmond was the visible home of a lost cause. It is of little use to speculate upon what might have been; but this at least may be said, that the method of abolishing slavery by means of pecuniary indemnity, as in the case of the West Indian planters, might have been more just, and probably more conducive to progress in the large sense, than the method which led to the Civil War. It is said that there was a moment when the comparatively moderate sum of two hundred million dollars might have settled the question. I do not know if this statement is indisputably accurate; but if it is, the onus of proof that the abolition of slavery by war was a historical necessity remains upon the North. The severance of the South from the North is a reality, in spite of military conquest and formal political union; and this severance, with its complex social consequences, might perhaps have been prevented and the resulting American society might have had a different complexion had another than the historical course been chosen.

From Richmond I went by the James River and Chesapeake Bay to Annapolis. The sail in the evening was refreshing after the blistering heat of Washington and the sultry air of Richmond. Annapolis is the capital of Maryland. It is a somnolent town without industrial activity; its antique flavour is even more marked than that of Richmond. The architecture of some of the remaining great houses is a tangible memorial of the "Slave Power." One of the handsomest and most characteristic of these houses was the town mansion of the Carters, a celebrated Maryland family. This house occupied a frontage on the street of fully one hundred and fifty feet. The centre portion, which was the residence of the family, presented a simple front to the street, and another slightly more impressive to the garden and small park. It possessed a fine eighteenth-century staircase occupying the centre of a large hall. The rooms were large and finely proportioned. On either side of this central building there was a gallery leading to a wing which presented a gable to the street, its inner side forming, with its fellow of precisely similar character and the central building, a court facing the garden. One of these wings accommodated the servants, and the other contained subsidiary rooms for the household. The style was an adaptation of the English country house of the early eighteenth century.

The centre of interest now at Annapolis is the Naval Academy, which occupies the end of Chesapeake Bay. The new buildings of the Academy have been with great intelligence designed by the architects to conform with the architectural tradition of Annapolis, but on a gigantic scale. The central building, corresponding to the family residence, is used for administrative purposes, immense galleries extend on either side, and the wings, presenting their gables to the bay, are carried to a length of about nine hundred feet. The whole forms, on a grandiose scale, a reproduction of the characteristic Annapolis mansion of the eighteenth century.

I had been invited by my friend Admiral Watson, a surgeon of the United States Navy and one of the officers of the Naval Academy, to stay at the Club House of the Academy. Here I found several retired admirals, with whom I spent amusing evenings. They were all excellent story-tellers, and they had reminiscences of many seas. Admiral Watson told a story of an incident which occurred while he was serving as surgeon on a man-of-war on the China coast.

The ship was lying at Wusung, the port at the mouth of the Shanghai River where all large vessels anchor. Shanghai is about eighteen miles from Wusung, and launches or other small vessels maintain communication between the ships at anchor and the city of Shanghai. The Bund, or water front, extends from the western end of the English city, along the front of the French concession to the eastern end of the native city. On this Bund on the side of the native city there was, at the period when the incident in question occurred, a large unoccupied house. Here at no great distance of time a murder had been committed, and the house had acquired the reputation of being haunted. The tale ran to the effect that every night the tragedy was re-enacted. At midnight the noise of a struggle in an upper room was heard, than a heavy body fell as if against a door, and all was still. The same succession of sounds was reported to occur every night at the same hour. This story by some means became known to the purser of the American war vessel. He proposed to some of his shipmates to procure the key of the house from the person in whose care it was and to investigate the alleged phenomena. A party was arranged. Three or four officers, well armed and supplied with refreshments for consumption during their vigil, went up to Shanghai accompanied by the purser. The key was procured and the party was installed in a room beneath that from which the noises were alleged to proceed. Shortly after their arrival, the purser told his friends that he had some business to attend to in the city, but that he would rejoin them in good time to take part in the adventure. The officers amused themselves until midnight; but the purser did not return. Precisely at twelve o'clock a noise was heard in the room above; evidently a struggle was going on, then a heavy body fell, as if against the door, and all was still. The moment the sounds were heard the officers started from their seats, and with revolvers and lantern cautiously ascended the stairs. They advanced to the door of the room from which the sounds seemed to proceed. They could not open it completely because some heavy body was behind it. They entered the room and threw the light of the lantern behind the door. The heavy body was that of the purser, who lay dead with his throat cut. The tragedy of the house had, at least on this night, been re-enacted. The officers, of course, reported the occurrence to the proper authorities and an inquiry was made. It was found that the house had been used as a storehouse for loot by river pirates, and in order to prevent its occupation and to secure themselves against interference, they had industriously propagated the idea that the house was haunted, arranging that noises should be made nightly so that the rumour might be supported by fact. The purser had returned shortly before midnight; but instead of rejoining his friends, he had gone to the back of the house, had silently crept into it and made his way to the upper room, intending to make the noises himself, and thus play a joke upon his companions. His proceedings were, however, observed by the watchful pirates. They saw him enter their lair surreptitiously, did not understand his jocular motive, and supposing that he had discovered their store and meant to appropriate some of it, they followed him and cut his throat. Knowing of the presence of the armed officers below, they escaped immediately. The pirates were afterwards hunted down and executed.

The naval cadets were on cruise or on vacation, and the Academy was left to the retired admirals and a few officials, so that excepting these I did not see any of its customary occupants.

In the summer the cities of the Eastern United States are hot and dry. They exhibit distinctive characters from an architectural and from a social point of view, but their physical atmosphere is the same. The prevailing winds are from the Gulf of Mexico, and these blow in a series of vortices, discharging their moisture in the South, parching the Middle West, lapping up fresh moisture from the Great Lakes and discharging that again as they pass over Ontario and part of New York State. These winds are thus hot and moist in the South, hot and dry in the West, and cool and moist when the northerly vortices pass over the eastern coast of North America. The outer whirls of the great vortex pass up the valley of the Mississippi, and the inner whirls, unaffected by the Great Lakes, render the atmosphere of the eastern cities almost insufferably hot and dry in the summer.

A few months of wandering among the cities had satiated me with urban experiences, and I was glad to have two invitations to spend some weeks on the Hudson River. My friend Ernest Howard Crosby, now, alas, no more, had asked me to visit him at his place at Rhinebeck, and Mr. and Mrs. George Reid, both artists, had asked me to stay with them at Onteora, in the Catskills.

The left bank of the Hudson has a character different from any other region in the Northern United States. Here are to be found country houses after the English manner, surrounded by parks, with their home farms and pleasant gardens. The estates are each of about a thousand acres. Under the system of land tenure, which survived the Revolution for upwards of seventy years, the public lands were purchasable in lots of not less than nine thousand acres. An estate of this area was purchased by the family of Livingstone, the most important member of which became one of the first Ministers of the United States to Great Britain. The Livingstone family built several houses upon their Hudson property, and one of these houses, with its surrounding lands, came into the possession of Ernest Crosby. The house was like many English country houses of the late eighteenth century—simple and dignified—a long front on a garden terrace, the ground floor consisting of a large hall, a drawing-room, morning-room, dining-room and a library, all furnished very simply with distinguished antique pieces, and containing many family portraits of historical interest. There was, for example, one of Aaron Burr, who was a connection of the family of Mrs. Crosby, who was a Schiefflin.

The view of the valley of the Hudson from the garden terrace was extensive and beautiful. The river was wholly concealed by the foliage and the distant Catskill Hills made a fine background. No houses, towns or factory chimneys indicated the presence of mankind.

A spot not distinguishable in the distant dense woods of the west bank of the river was pointed out as the abode of John Burroughs, whose essays on nature are a real contribution to literature. Crosby had inspired his boys with a love of nature, and had encouraged them in systematic studies, especially of bird life. They had made, with wonderful patience and ingenuity, many photographs of birds on their nests, feeding their young, etc., and some of these had been published in the magazines devoted to natural history. While I was there the boys had placed, on a high branch of a tree in the garden, a camera focussed upon a robin's nest. The shutter was actuated by means of a pneumatic tube about thirty feet long, the observer being extended on the lawn concealed under a rug and waiting for the opportune moment. The boys were very familiar with the appearance and calls of all the feathered frequenters of the valley in their neighbourhood, and were accustomed to visit Burroughs and to compare notes with him.

Ernest Crosby was by far the most cultivated and delightful man whom I have met in America. By profession a lawyer, he had spent some years in Egypt as a member of the International Tribunal. He was the only American I have known who had, by the endowment of nature, the diplomatic manner of the best tradition. He spoke several languages, but his preference was for Italian. In the mornings he read Dante with his children. He had travelled widely, and not long before I met him he had visited Tolstoy after having become inoculated with his views of life. His *Swords and Ploughshares* shows that he shared Tolstoy's doctrine of war and peace, and many of his other writings show that he had imbibed Tolstoy's gospel of simplicity. There was, however, in Crosby's case the same formal discordance between practice and doctrine that was to be found in the case of Tolstoy. Crosby drove me every day over beautiful roads on his estate in the smartest and most fashionable of traps behind superb horses, and lectured me on the advantages of the simple life. It was all very fine and perfectly sincere, and yet it was ineffectual. I am on the whole of opinion that it is useless to preach the simple life to anyone. Those who needed such exhortation were, many of them, living in Crosby's immediate neighbourhood in parks of great extent, and served by large retinues of servants in huge houses. The lives of these people were, beyond question, vulgarly complicated. They had from any high or serious point of view missed life altogether. Yet to preach simplicity to them would be absurd. They would not understand; and any simpler life they might adopt would be as vulgar as their more complex life had been, for simplicity and refinement are by no means indissociable. Nor are complexity and refinement mutually exclusive. Neither simplicity nor complexity is a criterion of character. This must be found in the spiritual and not in the material content of life.

It is not without significance that none of the advocates of a simple life have experienced the chill of poverty, and therefore have no knowledge of compulsory simplicity. If they had, they would have found that only two types of character are appropriate to the simple life, one type so slenderly developed and the other so highly developed that nothing matters. The poverty-stricken peasant who may be found in all agricultural communities, who lives the simple life because he has to live it, may be regarded as representing the first type and St. Francis d'Assisi the second. In the Middle Ages the path towards the cell of the hermit was made easy by the atmosphere of veneration in which the spiritually-minded aspirant found himself; in modern times a would-be hermit would be looked upon with doubt and suspicion, and he might find himself in perpetual conflict with the local police. Thus people like Leo Tolstoy and Ernest Crosby find that the realisation of the ideally simple life is not merely subjectively difficult, but is objectively impossible. Their insistence upon ideal life is, however, by no means fruitless. It has the effect of startling otherwise complacently selfish and sensuous persons, and of impelling them towards better things even although it does not induce them to abandon their property and their social and domestic obligations.

In Crosby's early death the United States and the world lost a real power towards righteousness.

From Crosby's I passed to Onteora, where I found hosts not less hospitable and kind, living what may fairly be called a natural, simple life without doctrine or affectation. Onteora is a club occupying an area of about a thousand acres a few miles from Tannersville. The park of which it consists is well wooded and is studded with cottages. There is in it also a church and an inn. The little town of Tannersville seemed to be occupied almost exclusively by Jews; but these were for some reason, or on the ground of prejudice, rigidly excluded from Onteora. My friend George Reid was general master of works for the community. He had designed the church and many of the houses, and had superintended the building of them. The community was not explicitly one of artists and literary persons, but many of these had found a home there. John W. Alexander and Carroll Beckwith, both destined to be removed by early death, were there when I visited the club; so also were Mary Mapes Dodge, the editress of *St. Nicholas Magazine*, and L. O. Howard, the entomologist. Mrs. Barney, well known for her interest in Babism, and Mrs. MacDowell, the widow of the composer, were also there. Maud Adams, the celebrated actress, had a quaint house designed by Reid; but she was not at home. The inn—"The Fox and Bear"—was the only early building in the park; it had been renovated and retained as a hostelry for casual guests. Here Mark Twain, Laurence Housman and other literary persons were accustomed to stay. Unfortunately neither of those mentioned was there during my visit. The walls of the inn were decorated with portraits of the frequenters, and traditions of their sayings and doings were preserved. Among the stories I was told of Mark Twain was the following. I am not aware that it has been published. The humour of it is, I think, too subtle to be lost.

Mrs. Housman had asked Mark Twain to write something in her album. This is what he wrote. It referred to her husband:

When we meet and cannot tarry,
I shall know you, gentle Larry,
By the halo that you carry,
You will know me by my fan.

Mrs. Housman was puzzled and was obliged to consult her husband. He replied that he did not understand the meaning of the lines. Mrs. Housman repeated this answer to Mark Twain, who said, "That is only his modesty." To this may be added that the lines afford convincing proof of the modesty of Mark Twain himself.

We went over one day to Twilight Park, another club of a similar character, where we met a number of interesting people—writers, artists, and the like.

Between the years 1901 and 1906 I visited New York and Boston very frequently, both in summer and in winter; I had become a member of one New York club, and from time to time I was made a temporary member of other clubs, both in New York and in Boston. It has thus been my fortune to see something of the society of both cities. Like all large communities, this society is highly heterogeneous. The metropolis of New York is a microcosm containing not merely a large part of Europe and Africa, but even a considerable part of Asia. Heterogeneous as is the society of London, Paris or Vienna, it is much less so than the society of New York. The social contours in Europe are by no means so sharply defined as they are in New York, perhaps because of the greater racial heterogeneity of the population. The proportions of Jews, Italians, Germans, etc., can be ascertained for various periods from the census returns, but mere figures can convey but an inadequate impression of the amazing mixture. In popular language, New York is often compared to a crucible in which diverse racial elements are melted into the unitary mass; but there is little validity in this analogy. Not only do the descendants of the early English and Dutch settlers form a closely compacted aristocracy, but the inferior social ranks exhibit sharp distinctions, the criteria determining these varying widely. Indeed, just as in Europe, the lower the social rank, the more positive are the social differences. Since the population of New York is racially more heterogeneous than that of any European city, and since, therefore, racial obstacles to unity must be added to social obstacles, assimilation of diverse social elements is more difficult and is likely to be more retarded than elsewhere. There is thus in New York a complex of diversified characters whose non-assimilability is in proportion to their strength. The powerfully-marked characters of Jewish culture and the equally powerfully-marked characters of the culture of the Mediterranean peoples prevent them from conforming readily to the standards of life of the American people of British or other origins, and thus form obstacles to assimilation. These primitive cultures are sometimes of great value. For example, the ardour with which the Jews patronise the theatre, and particularly the opera, provides them with dramatic and musical presentations of high if not of the highest order, while the same is true of the Italians. I went one evening to hear one of Wagner's operas played in Yiddish as regards all the players but one, who was a Russian tenor who sang in Russian. On another evening I witnessed a performance of great merit of Sheridan Knowles' *Hunchback*, in Yiddish, by Jewish actors. Again in a Jewish theatre I heard an Italian actor, whose name, I think, was Maroni, play *Hamlet* in Italian. He was an accomplished actor with an execrable memory, demanding the continuous services of the prompter. An odd incident of the performance was the setting of the stage in the graveyard scene. On the modern stage the graveyard is generally represented by a garden setting. The Jewish stage leaves nothing to the imagination. The stage was occupied by gravestones, each bearing an inscription in Hebrew characters. The detail that Ophelia's grave was not likely to be found in a Jewish cemetery had to be overlooked. The stage was so littered with tombstones that I had difficulty in making my way across it behind the curtain at the close of the act to visit the actor Maroni, with whom I had acquaintance. The People's Theatre in Grand Street, in which these performances took place, was a large house, frequented practically exclusively by Jews. The Jewish audience consisted almost altogether of family parties. In their hours of recreation the Jews will not separate themselves from their children—a trait which has contributed importantly to the preservation of the unity of the Jewish family, while Gentile families have been disintegrated. The children have to be fed with oranges, bananas and sweetmeats, and have sometimes to be put to sleep during a long performance. In the theatres in New York frequented by Gentiles, though often possessed and managed by Jews, the audience is often largely composed of Jews. There they do not exhibit the peculiarities exhibited by them in their own theatres. I witnessed, for example, a performance, in one of the Broadway theatres, of Tolstoy's *Resurrection*, the audience being almost wholly Jewish.

The Jewish fondness for the play is a singular phenomenon. Almost alone among primitive peoples, the Hebrews seem to have had no primitive drama, unless a dramatic character may be attributed to their religious dances. Attempts have been made to find dramatic structure in the Book of Job and in the Song of Solomon. These attempts have not been conspicuously successful; but even if they were, there is, I believe, no evidence that these compositions were based upon primitive drama.

Shortly before the period of which I am speaking, there had arrived from Palermo a couple who brought with them to New York a Sicilian marionette stage. Their theatre was a very small one, with a capacity of not more than fifty persons. It was frequented by peanut vendors and fruit sellers of the Italian and probably almost wholly of the Sicilian colony. Frequent visits disclosed the fact that the personnel of the audience was invariable. The price of admission was, I think, ten cents. The orchestra consisted of two violins and a clarionet. The proscenium was about five feet high, and the stage about three feet deep. There was no stage furniture and the background was neutral and unchangeable. The puppets were about three feet high, and they were maintained in an upright position by iron rods half an inch in diameter, the limbs being worked by smaller iron rods. Behind the background of the stage there was a form, and on this form stood the boys—volunteers from the audience—who actuated the puppets. The proprietor of the theatre sat at one side of the stage, pronouncing the male parts and stage-managing the production, while his wife sat at the other side pronouncing the female parts. When I visited the theatre the play was *The Wars of Constantine*. The action was based upon a popular history in Italian, and the dialogue was improvised from the text. A chapter of the book was performed each evening, the whole play being accomplished in about a month. Since only one copy of the book was available, the chapter to be performed was read beforehand by the proprietor and memorised sufficiently for purposes of improvisation of the dialogue. In the evening his wife held the book in her lap, knitting and improvising the female parts. Either she was very familiar with the text or her powers of improvisation were equal to the occasion, for sometimes I used to lift the book from her lap in order to follow the dialogue, yet the play proceeded without interruption.

I went one evening to the Chinese theatre in Chinatown while a company of actors from China was performing. Here was to be found the primitive heroic drama, rendered in the traditional Chinese manner, the audience being composed of the Chinese colony. Performances in the Chinese theatre begin about seven in the evening and continue until a very late hour. In Chinatown, New York, the theatre closes much earlier than in China.[1]

The examples of primitive drama afforded by the Sicilian marionette players and the Chinese, as well as the adoption of the drama of other races by the Jews, and their naïve, if not primitive, enthusiasm for it, are not merely interesting phenomena in themselves, but they reveal what might otherwise be unsuspected, viz., the existence of intellectual interests and of a culture relatively high when compared with that of many of the representatives of other races. At this period I visited, for example, the resorts of Germans of various social grades in New York, and I found nothing to compare in respect to intellectual interest with the Italian marionettes or the Chinese theatre. The Germans, and scarcely less the English immigrants, seemed to have lost their primitive culture and, in general, to have failed to develop any other. So far as the drama was concerned, at that time there was little of interest in any of the "uptown" theatres, excepting in a small house in Forty-third Street, which passed under a succession of names, where attempts were made, of a rather forced and not very successful character, to present Elizabethan plays in the Elizabethan manner.

Those instances of primitive culture bore no relation to the life by which they were surrounded, and had no influence beyond the narrow circle of the people among whom they survived; yet for these people their survival was of the first importance. These survivals kept alive æsthetic capacities which might otherwise have been lost in the prevailing neglect, among those by whom the recent immigrants were surrounded, of art and of the finer things of life. It was of enormous benefit to his personal life that the peanut vendor should be able to pass from his squalid garret and from the filthy streets of the East Side to the historic glory of the age of Constantine, and by means of marionettes to have his imagination stimulated night after night by the story of chivalrous gentlemen and courtly ladies. The harshness and misery of his life during the day were mitigated by the thought that in the evening he could take a part in reproducing the splendour of the past.

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[1] An account of the conventions of the Chinese stage is given *infra*, p. 345.

While I found little of interest in the popular "shows" of the Broadway theatres and none at all in the "revues," it amused me sometimes to go behind the scenes and to witness the stage mechanism of some plays. I saw, for example, from an elevated seat in the wings, Charles Hawtrey play in the *Messenger from Mars*, and observed the curious devices by means of which this interesting play was presented.

In all this I should make an exception. Occasionally, when my friend Ben Greet happened to be in New York, I used to go to his Shakespearean performances in the Empire Theatre, and, as always, enjoyed them thoroughly.

One experience in New York I ought to relate, if only because of the impression it made upon my mind. The occasion was a joint meeting of the American historical and economic societies. So far as I was concerned, the meetings were quite sterile, excepting for the meeting of many of my friends—*e.g.*, John Gray, Professor of Political Economy at Wisconsin, John B. Clark, of Columbia, and some others of the American economists, as well as James Bryce, Mr. and Mrs. Prothero, Harold A. L. Fisher and his wife, Henry Higgs, from London, and James Bonar, from Ottawa. I literally ran into, accidentally, Forbes Robertson, who was about to leave for England after a successful American tour.

The feature of the meeting was a reception at the Waldorf, at which a number of historical tableaux were presented. These were designed by my friend John W. Alexander with extraordinary skill and under quite remarkable conditions. All the persons who took part in the presentation of the tableaux were related in some manner to the historical personages represented, and in many cases the costumes and accessories were those which had actually been used in the historical scenes. There were representatives of all the families whose members had played an important rôle in American Revolutionary history. These families had survived, some of them retaining and some of them acquiring wealth; but not one of them had the slightest influence on current American politics; their names were unknown to the American public. I have been in many countries at many receptions at which important persons have been present, but I have never seen together so many people with the visible marks of distinction. Not one of those persons whose acquaintance I made, or whose voices I heard, had the faintest trace of an American accent or of American manners. They spoke as if they were cultivated English people to the manner born. Yet they were all Americans, and every one of them belonged to what is popularly known as the Four Hundred. Here was an instance of developed culture, precisely at the other end of the scale from the primitive culture of the Italians and the Chinese, equally interesting from the point of view of social studies, equally exotic, equally isolated and sterile, equally detached from the surrounding society, and equally destitute of influence.

I have already noticed the impression made upon me by Hull House at Chicago, presided over by Miss Jane Addams. There is in New York a somewhat similar institution under the care of Miss Lillian Wald, a woman of not less remarkable character. Miss Wald's work lies principally among the Jews, though her helpers are drawn from a wider field. Here, as at Hull House, the contact between the Settlement and the people was much more evidently vital than in many other experiments of the same kind in England and in America. I visited Miss Wald frequently, and always found some occasion of extreme interest. Once I was present there, as once also in a neighbouring Jewish club, at a debate upon New York municipal affairs. These debates were both conducted by young Jews and Jewesses. None of the debaters were natives of America. Many of them had begun to learn English only a few years previously, yet they all spoke with great intelligence and fair accuracy. They had, of course, been educated before they came to America, and had acquired habits of reading and of objective study, which they might have found difficulty in acquiring in their adopted country. These habits gave them a critical point of view, and enabled them to present their arguments in an orderly fashion. Their intelligent criticism of the methods of the New York civic government would have startled the members of it if they had been present and able to understand. Here again was an instance of exotic culture imported into the United States, and as yet sterile because of absence of organic contact with surrounding life.

By way of contrast with some of these experiences, I made a point of visiting, from time to time, the popular restaurants—Sherry's, Delmonico's, Rector's and others of the same kind. I found them expensive and uninteresting, excepting for the amusing spectacle of people who had obviously come to New York in order to spend the largest amount of money in the shortest possible time, and then to return to their native places to boast about their extravagances. I have dined pleasantly at the Holland House with Ben Greet, and at the Brevoort with Joseph French Johnson, Frank Vanderlip and others; but in general I did not find this kind of public entertainment either so good from a gastronomic point of view or so edifying otherwise as similar entertainment in many other cities.

Club life in London is unique, although as regards some of its aspects it has been transferred to the East; in New York club life is quite different. The clubs are, in general, huge caravanserais, in which there is much ostentatious splendour and little quiet comfort. The Players' Club, housed in Gramercy Park in a former residence of Edwin Booth, is the one home-like club in New York so far as I have had experience. It has the great merit of being partially endowed, and therefore of being relatively inexpensive.

I have not been afforded an opportunity of admiring the interiors of the houses of the multi-millionaires in the upper part of Fifth Avenue. Some of them may be interesting, and I have no doubt may contain treasures of art; but, unlike similar houses in Europe, they appear to be closed to the inquiring stranger. I had, however, an opportunity of seeing the library of the late J. Pierpont Morgan; indeed, I had the satisfaction of seeing that gentleman himself. The Protheros, James Bonar and I went to the library one day by arrangement. The library is contained in a building separate from the house. It consists of two wings, in one are the printed books and in the other the manuscripts. We saw the first, but not the second. Some important conferences were in progress, and while we were examining *incunabula* in one room the President of the United States, then Mr. Taft, and other political or financial notabilities were reputed to be in close consultation on current affairs in the other, while Mr. Morgan oscillated between the rooms. The library was interesting but somewhat disappointing. It was undoubtedly of great pecuniary value;

it was not large, only some six thousand volumes; it contained many Caxtons and many other *incunabula*, but it was by no means so strong in these as the Althorpe Library or the library of the University of Glasgow, with its twenty-seven Caxtons. It was indeed a miscellaneous collection without special character or special value. It was not a working library for a scholar in any subject. Every book in it was to be found elsewhere, together with other books on the same subject, or even all the books on a given subject. It was the kind of library that only a rich man could possess and only a rich man could utilise. Yet the books were handsomely housed and properly cared for, which is more than can be said of many libraries of more value to scholars.

My opportunity of forming a judgment of Mr. Morgan was very slender. Yet clearly he did not belong to the type of purely acquisitive geniuses. He made a great fortune and dealt in large affairs, but he seems to have developed a talent for collecting things of beauty. His collections show that when he first began to buy, his purchases were made without knowledge or discrimination; but they also show that he gradually acquired these. Had he been less confident of his own powers, he would doubtless have been less successful in his own business; but he would have been more successful as a collector if, while distrusting his own immature judgment, he had from the beginning taken the advice of competent experts. The wholesale method is an indolent method, but it cannot be altogether fruitless, because if everything is bought, good things as well as inferior are acquired. The really fruitful method is discriminating, and the most successful collector may be regarded as the most exiguous. If the real connoisseur has relatively unlimited means, he buys largely, but he weeds incessantly, until he has nothing but the finest of its kind. Had Mr. Morgan consistently pursued this course, he would not have demoralised the antiquity market and raised the price of antiquities of every kind, alike for the modest collector and for every public museum in the world.

Mr. Morgan was a tall, stoutly-built person, with a face somewhat unusually florid. There is a story, the authenticity of which I cannot guarantee, to the effect that Bishop Potter was entertaining to dinner President Eliott of Harvard University and Mr. Morgan. In the course of the evening President Eliott whispered to his host, "What a pleasant man Mr. Morgan is; but what a dreadful nose!" Shortly afterwards Mr. Morgan whispered, equally confidentially, to the bishop, "What a nice man President Eliott is; but what an awful face!"

I had an experience in New York which threw, for me, an interesting but unfavourable light upon the Labour movement in the United States. One morning I read in the newspapers that, on the previous night, the mail-cart teamsters in New York had struck; but that, after a very short interval, the dispute had been settled. In the course of the day it occurred to me to try to ascertain the facts of this case. The results of my little inquiry were these. The teamsters who had struck were those whose duty it was to attend the arrival of ocean mail steamers, to receive from them the incoming mail-bags and to deliver these at the General Post Office. The service was not administered by the Post Office authorities, but was entrusted to a contractor, who employed the teamsters and provided the horses. The terms of the contract stipulated that the mail-carts should be alongside the incoming steamers ready to receive the mails within a certain number of minutes after the vessels reached the dock, with a penalty of a large sum (I think it was one thousand dollars) for each minute of delay beyond the stipulated allowance. The penalty applied irrespective of the hour or day of the arrival of the vessels. One of the mail steamers from Liverpool was due to arrive at midnight on the day in question. The teamsters struck at five minutes before that hour, knowing that it would be impossible for the contractor to secure men to take their places in time to avoid the imposition of the penalty for delay.

After ascertaining these particulars, I called upon the representative in New York of the American Federation of Labour. At that time he was a man named Robinson, who was a close ally of Samuel Gompers, the President of the Federation. Robinson was extremely frank. He told me the facts of the case as he knew them. Immediately the news of the strike reached him, some minutes before it actually took place, the contractor for the mail-cart service came to Robinson and implored his assistance. Robinson went with him and met the representatives of the men. Their demand for increased wages was quite peremptory. The contractor was equally obstinate. He insisted that the price paid to him by the U.S. Government was insufficient to enable him to pay wages any higher than he had been paying. Robinson told me that the contractor had opened his books and had proved conclusively to his mind that he was speaking the truth. The contractor then proposed to Robinson that he would immediately agree to an increased wage provided the officials of the American Federation would undertake to assist him in obtaining from the Post Office authorities, or from Congress if necessary, a proportionate increase in the amount of payment due to him under the contract. This was agreed to promptly, and the strike came to an end. I ventured to put this question to Robinson:

"In the statement of the cost of the service made to you by the contractor, which you say was confirmed by his books, did he include any sums paid by him in order to secure the contract?"

Robinson. "Certainly."

Mavor. "And you took these into account in determining the relation between the cost of the service to the contractor and the price paid to him by the Government?"

Robinson. "Yes."

Mavor. "Do you think that quite fair to the public?"

Robinson. "Well, you can't get something for nothing nowadays. The contractor simply could not get his contract without paying for it, and there you are."

This, I have no doubt, was strictly true. It seemed as though contractor, Federation of Labour, and teamsters, as well as Post Office officials or politicians, or all together, were engaged in an active conspiracy against the public interest.

Boston has the reputation of being very different from New York. It is supposed to be the home of what, in the United States, are called "cultured people"—that is to say, of people who rather plume themselves upon the intelligence of their conversation and upon their interest in the things of the intellect. This reputation, no doubt, arose from the residence in Boston in earlier days of many men of distinction in letters and in science. Longfellow and Agassiz were not alone. There were many others; and there were, moreover, several families whose members were, in general, cultivated persons—for example, the Adams and the Lowells. These very naturally and properly gave a tone to Boston society—a tone much more easily caricatured than imitated. But, after all, the influence of these people and of their successors was wider than Boston and comparatively slender within the city. There may be said to be two Bostons—one the Boston of the cultivated people and the other the Boston of the Irish politician and his adherents. The two Bostons have no more association with one another than they would have if each inhabited a separate planet. Given this cardinal vision of what might be expected to be an organic unit, the society of each of the Bostons is much less heterogeneous than that of any other city in America, In the Boston of the municipal politician there are, no doubt, foreigners; but they do not count, the Irish are in complete control. It may be that when a good Irishman dies in Dublin, he is translated to Boston. If he is, the translation cannot be regarded as making a saint of him, for his influence upon municipal affairs is the reverse of saintly. The cultivated Boston is highly homogeneous Most of the inhabitants belong to more or less ancient New England families, and many of them can boast a learned ancestry.

As for business Boston, it is a curious fact that, while many important enterprises—promotion of copper mining in the United States and the telephone, for example—have been originated in Boston, they have, in general, been transferred to New York. This may probably be explained by the positive magnetism of Wall Street rather than by the negative influence of Bostonian culture. Yet some important figures in finance have remained to prevent Boston from degenerating into futile idealism. Among these is Clarence W. Barron, my friend of many years, one of the most stimulating and generous of men, whose brisk mind plays round many things from high finance to Guernsey cattle, and who illuminates with vivacious intelligence everything he touches.

In Boston there are two interesting things: one is the architecture of H. H. Richardson and the other is the Museum of Fine Art. William Morris used to speak of Richardson as the only American architect, and one of the few modern architects anywhere, who have produced a distinctively original style. Trinity Church, with the glorious window of Lafarge, is one example, and the Law School of Harvard is another. Richardson's own work was very fine; but the imitations of it by inferior men who have attempted to carry on his tradition are, in general, atrocious.

A Boston architect of more recent date is Cram, who has built some very fine small churches in New England villages, and some domestic pieces of importance in Boston. By far the nicest house in Beacon Street was, for example, designed by him. Cram was educated at the University of Cambridge, and after returning to the United States was for a time in the office of McKim, Mead and White in New York. I met him in, I think, 1904, when crossing the Atlantic, and found him an interesting and cultivated man.

I have already given impressions of Harvard as it appeared to me in 1892, when I visited it for the first time. The founder of Harvard College, John Harvard, was of Emmanuel College, Cambridge. There is no correspondence between the classical buildings and ample gardens of Emmanuel and the unpretentious brick houses of old Harvard, nor is there much correspondence between Emmanuel and the new Harvard, with its Law School, its Library, and its Fine Arts Building. Yet more than any other American University Harvard does represent rather the spirit than the form of an English University. Curiously enough, Harvard has more resemblance to Oxford than to Cambridge. Although the President of Harvard during the years of its principal growth was a Professor of "Stinks," Harvard has been known rather for devotion to letters than to science. The existence alongside of Harvard of an institution explicitly founded for the dispensation of useful knowledge, in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, has saved Harvard from a like fate. Those who wanted useful knowledge could get it at the "Tech."; those who wanted knowledge might get it at Harvard. All knowledge is utilisable; but useful knowledge in the curricula of technical schools may not unfairly be held to bear the same relation to knowledge properly so called as German silver bears to silver. Among the Harvard professors whom I have known and liked, in addition to those I have previously mentioned, there are Harris, Professor of Latin, Schofield, Professor of Comparative Literature, and Royce, Professor of Philosophy. I should like to have met Charles Eliott Norton, whom I found quite unappreciated by the Harvard undergraduates. They missed altogether his really fine touch. I was taken to his house more than once, but illness or absence prevented our meeting. Among the finer spirits of the Harvard of that time John Graham Brooks must be regarded as taking a high place.

In these desultory recollections I have endeavoured to convey an impression of the United States as I found them in and about the year 1903. The United States envisaged themselves to me as a huge empire without an imperial system either formal or real, and therefore without the quasi-unity which, in spite of racial diversity, exists in an imperial system such, for example, as that of the British Empire. It may be said that the United States are quite misnamed. They are States, but they are not united. There are, however, other criteria of progress than unity. At certain historical stages unity may be necessary for progress; at other stages diversity, and even conflicting diversity, may be equally necessary. Thus, in speaking of the United States as not united, I am not casting any aspersions upon them, but merely stating a fact. There is no more reason for the European peoples who have transported themselves to America to unite in their new home than there is for them to unite in Europe. It is true that Europe was united under the Roman Empire, and that the mediæval empire of Charlemagne did also unite Europe. But the spirit of liberty opposed itself to unity, and these early empires were dissolved. We have seen within the most recent years the dissolution of four great modern empires—the Russian, German, Austrian, and Turkish—and we are now witnessing the conflicts of their former constituents. We are even witnessing efforts to break up the sole remaining imperial system, namely that of Great Britain. Unity has, for the time at all events, gone out of fashion, and the fact that the United States are not united cannot be regarded as out of consonance with the spirit of the time. The implications of this fact are obvious. There is no united public opinion in the United States, and any attempts that are made to direct public opinion into one channel have in general recoiled upon those who made them. Recent events have amply confirmed the existence of diversity observable in 1903. Emphasis was not then laid upon the hyphen—the German-American, the Irish-American were spoken of without disapprobation of the double name. The cardinal separateness of these groups and of other similar groups was not then recognised. Yet it was there, and it is still there, in spite of the shock to the public mind with which the reality of it was discovered.

I have endeavoured to reproduce the impression of the fine idealism I met in the persons of Ernest Crosby, Henry Lloyd, Jane Addams and others, of the harsh materialism of places like Pittsburg, of the naïve attempts at social progress in places like Chicago, Detroit and Cleveland, of complacency with incompetence, as in Cincinnati, and of energetic business capacity, as in New York and Boston—such a complex may be found in any group of persons in any country, but in the United States it is amplified and intensified by scale. The idealists seemed to me to be making little impression upon the prevailing materialism, and that also appeared to be untouched either by the orthodox religions or by the numerous heretical sects which were springing up on every side. Energy was being expended by these latter influences; but it is doubtful if the energy thus expended would have been fruitful in whatsoever manner it might have been directed.

In general, I derived the impression not of advanced but of retarded social progress. The retardation seemed to me to be accounted for at the outset of the history of the United States by repugnance to everything European. This repugnance caused the United States to be slenderly influenced alike by the French Revolution and by the later Reform Movement, of which Great Britain was the centre. The persistence of the retardation may be associated with the war of 1812–1814, with its attendant circumstances, with the Civil War, and with the war with Spain; these wars were consequences of the repugnance to European influences, rather than the cause of it, although they conduced to its intensification and probably in some measure to its continuance. In so far as the United States has a persistent political complexion, it may be said to have continued to be the complexion of the eighteenth-century Whig. It does not yet appear to have reached that of the English Liberal of the eighties, much less that of the English Radical of 1900. Since 1903 several States have so far overcome this repugnance as to adopt experimentally some European methods of government. Switzerland, one of the most conservative of countries, has been the model, for example, in the Referendum which has been adopted in the West, notwithstanding the fact that in Switzerland it had been shown to be productive of mere inaction. Other archaic provisions have also been adopted under the guise of progressive legislation. The sole point of interest in these has been the indication they afford of modification of the insular repugnance to influence from Europe. Otherwise their effects seem to have been towards retardation rather than towards progress.

Enormous and readily exploitable resources, wages high in relation to contemporary European wages securing a continuous and abundant flow of labour, constant investment of surplus European capital together with the accumulation of capital saved from American enterprises, and peace on all continents, combined to produce a period of present material prosperity and of speculative mortgages upon the future. In 1903 there were no clouds on the economic horizon; yet it was impossible to believe in the stability of an economic system which depended obviously upon continuous streams of submissive labour from other countries. So long as these streams continued, and so long as their proportions were great enough to influence the total supply of labour, it might be possible for the Labour politicians to control the labour movement and for the employers to maintain the strenuous pace at which production was being effected. The greater the pace, the greater the demand for labour, the more unstable the equilibrium of the whole system tended to become. The optimists received a sharp warning in 1907, when it became evident that industrial development had outrun contemporary financial organisation. The crisis of that year was a purely financial crisis, but the widespread effects of it illustrated the sensitiveness of the economic system, and afforded an indication that smooth working of the system depended upon many factors, some of which had been neglected. That crisis was surmounted; but the next crisis may be of a wholly different character, due to other neglected elements.

CHAPTER XXXV

THE NORTH-WEST OF CANADA IN 1904

Evening and the flat land,
Rich and sombre and always silent;
The miles of fresh-ploughed soil,
Heavy and black, full of strength and harshness;
The growing wheat, the growing weeds,
The toiling horses, the tired men;
The long empty roads,
Sullen fires of sunset, fading,
The eternal, unresponsive sky.
Against all this, Youth.

. . . . . .

Youth, with its insupportable sweetness,
Its fierce necessity,
Its sharp desire,
Singing and singing.

WILLA SIBERT CATHER, *Prairie Spring* (1913).

TOWARDS the end of the year 1903 I was asked by the Board of Trade, through Mr. Llewellyn Smith,[1] to make an inquiry into agricultural production in the North-West of Canada, with special reference to the possibility of the demands of Great Britain in respect of wheat being supplied exclusively from that region. I had previously made some studies in this subject in the North-West in 1896 and in 1899, and had kept myself informed during the intervals as well as possible by means of correspondence and otherwise. So soon as my academic duties permitted—in the middle of April 1904—I left Toronto for Winnipeg. I had previously arranged to procure the assistance and advice of three persons residing in the North-West whose knowledge and experience of the agricultural possibilities were quite unrivalled. All of them were fitted to take a seriously critical view of the question because they had examined the whole country in detail with extremely important consequences depending upon their decisions.[2] With the utmost kindness they placed their great knowledge at my disposal. They were not responsible for the terms or for the conclusions of my report.

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[1] Now Sir Hubert Llewellyn Smith, K.C.B.

[2] These were Mr. A. L. Hamilton of Winnipeg, Land Commissioner for the Canadian Pacific Railway, Mr. John S. Dennis and Mr. William Pearce of Calgary, of the Irrigation and Land Settlement Departments of the same company.

In 1904 the Topographical Survey of Canada, which had been in progress, was by no means completed, and no agronomic survey had ever been attempted. Official statistics of annual production had thus no satisfactory basis to start from, and they were not invariably collected by competent persons. Too much was, therefore, left to opinion and impression.

For the development of a country like the North-West of Canada, a sanguine spirit is indispensable. The daily struggle against adverse conditions could not be carried on without a feeling of hopefulness.

The consumers of bread in Great Britain, who must rely upon imports of wheat from abroad to supplement the home supply, cannot trust to mere hopefulness. They must have sufficiently numerous sources to provide against the failure of crop in any one source. Even if, through preferential treatment, one of these sources should be so amply developed that the supply from it became adequate to normal demand, inequalities of seasons would still have to be taken into reckoning. There is thus a reason for reluctance on the part of competent authorities in Great Britain to commit that country to any preferential policy which might involve reliance for food supply upon any particular region.

The problem was not so much what had been done as what might be done, every relevant factor being taken into account. The only writing upon the productivity of the North-West by an author of repute was the brochure of Sir William Crookes, the chemist, who pronounced, unfortunately upon inadequate data, a positive opinion adverse to contemporary optimistic views. Serious and critical studies had been made of the agricultural productivity of the United States, but no such studies had been made in Canada.

Although the Report was received with passionate hostility, there was no passion in its pages; it contained simply a recital of the principal facts which I was able to ascertain after sifting the evidence carefully. I explicitly refrained from making any forecasts or estimates on my own account. The Report consisted of a careful analysis of the available evidence. The net conclusions were to the effect that the cycle of dry and moist years involved important fluctuations in yield, that the country which was being opened for settlement was not all equally fertile, that a great increase in the farming population of the Canadian North-West was indispensable before the country could be counted upon to produce nearly sufficient wheat to supply the demands of Great Britain, and that the observed tendency towards greater increase in the urban than in the rural population of the

North-West, unless it were checked by some means, might be counted upon to retard the proportionate growth of the rural population, and therefore to retard increase of wheat production to the desired point. The history of the North-West during the nineteen years which have elapsed since my Report was published has shown that the contemporary optimistic anticipations were without foundation, and has most strongly confirmed every one of the conclusions of the Report.

In 1909 I followed up the Report of 1904 by a paper[1] which brought down the record to that year, and showed how hazardous it was to base estimates upon the unsatisfactory and discordant official statistics.

My purpose in referring to this matter is to supplement the Report of 1904 by narrating some personal adventures which attended my journeys in pursuit of the data involved in its preparation. On previous journeys I had already visited the regions which were then settled and devoted to wheat cultivation. On this occasion I decided to examine the regions which lay just beyond the existing wheat belt. Settlers were beginning to go into these regions, and it was important to know whether or not the increase of the cultivated area thus brought about was likely to result in immediate increase in production. There were no railways through these regions, and it was therefore necessary to drive. My principal excursion was one of about four hundred and twenty miles from Rosthern, on the Prince Albert line, to Lloydminster and back to Saskatoon, also on the Prince Albert line. I had intended to drive from Lloydminster to Edmonton, a distance of about two hundred miles; but the state of the trails rendered progress almost impossible. After my return to Saskatoon I went by the Canadian Pacific Railway to Edmonton, and drove eastwards for some distance in order to examine the country.

The drive from Rosthern over the prairie trails approximately followed the route afterwards taken by the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway.

Before setting out on my long drive I spent a few days at Saskatoon, then a small village. The railway bridge across the Saskatchewan River at Saskatoon had been washed away by ice, and communication was maintained between the banks by a temporary raft ferry. Immigrants were coming in, although not in very great numbers. The new arrivals whom I saw were chiefly Scots settlers; but there was already a large foreign population in the neighbourhood. I made the

[1] "Agricultural Production in the North-West of Canada." Published *in extenso* in the *Transactions of the British Association* for 1909.

acquaintance of the postmaster and looked over the pile of incoming newspapers upon his sorting table. These newspapers were largely from the United States, but they were printed in nearly every European language. There were many newspapers in Little Russian, some in Great Russian, some in German, etc. In the outskirts of Saskatoon, on the north bank of the river and quite near the end of the broken bridge, I found dug-outs inhabited by Galicians who had recently arrived. Some of these dug-outs were very neatly excavated and carefully roofed. They formed the least expensive shelter until the occupants were able to earn sufficient money or secure credit to enable them to build houses upon their homestead lands. As we drove westwards from the railway, we passed extensive prairie lands wholly unoccupied. Our first night was spent in the house of a German settler who had immigrated with his sister. They had taken homestead land about twenty-five miles from Saskatoon, and about twenty miles from their nearest neighbour; but settlement was coming into the district, and ere long their farm would be surrounded by others. Their house was a small frame building, very rudely furnished. They had a small barn. The next day's drive was also through unoccupied country, rolling prairie stretching on every side. We found ourselves at evening near the farm of a Yorkshireman. He was living alone, having left his family in Yorkshire, where he had been a tenant farmer. He had built a good frame house, a small but good barn, and had bought some stock. He intended later to bring out his wife and family, if he found success within reach. He seemed a sensible, capable man, but he was evidently unhabituated, and probably not too well adapted to the rough life of the prairie. Another morning's drive brought us to the bend of the Saskatchewan River, where we found a large Scots colony. They were settled as closely together as the system of homesteading permitted, that is, there were four farms on each square mile. The proprietor of the farm at which we stopped was ill, and therefore unable to do his ploughing. We witnessed a remarkable sight. About twenty of his friends had come with their teams of Canadian Clydesdales to do his ploughing for him. It was very fine to see about forty pairs of horses ploughing side by side, and breaking for the first time the rich prairie soil. I have elsewhere in these reminiscences narrated an incident in which the prairie soil was first broken by a similar force, collected under a system of communism,[1] and not, as in this case, under spontaneous co-operation of individual farmers. On the same day we passed through a small Doukhobor settlement, which had gained notoriety through the outbreak in it of a naked pilgrimage movement, in which between thirty and forty men and women took part. Such outbreaks as the pilgrimage movement were caused usually by a small number of lunatics, whose influence is sometimes highly injurious in a simple-minded peasant society, especially when the general tone of the community is determined by eccentric religious doctrines. In the case of one of these naked pilgrimages an astute officer of the North-West Mounted Police devised a means of inducing the people who engaged in it in this village to put an end to the pilgrimage. He put the naked pilgrims into a house, together with a quantity of clothing. The night was hot and moist. The officer caused the door of the house to be kept open and a lantern to be hung in the doorway. The mosquitoes came in army corps to re-enforce the authority of the police. In a very short time the pilgrims were exceedingly anxious to clothe themselves.

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[1] *Cf.* p. 10.

We came upon an isolated Scots settler, by no means so prosperous or likely to be so prosperous as those we had encountered earlier. The shack of this settler was the poorest and least-cared-for that we saw. The house and barn were built of logs. They were not old, but they had not been skilfully built, and the barn was already beginning to show symptoms of ruin. The ridge-pole, which when placed in position had been green, had become distorted, with the consequent collapse of the roof. The house was little better. It was impossible to make up a bed on the floor; there was not sufficient available space. The only method of sleeping was to lie upon four sacks full of wheat, standing with the mouths of the sacks upwards. This afforded a moderately comfortable couch for the upper part of the body; but since four sacks do not provide space enough for the full length of an average man, it was necessary to allow the lower limbs to hang from the knees over the end of the extemporised couch. The expedient was not a convenient one, and the fare otherwise did not err on the side of complexity; but the Scotsman was unperturbed, and his highly intelligent conversation took the edge from material discomfort.

The valley of the North Saskatchewan becomes very beautiful as it approaches Battleford. This old town was at one time the capital of the North-West, and the seat of the Council of Assiniboia. Until long after my visit in 1904 the only ways of reaching that important administrative centre were by stage-coach, by independent driving, or on horseback. The distance from the nearest railway was a hundred miles, and it was not easy to accomplish the journey in two days. As we approached the town on the north bank of the river, I noticed a house built of stone rubble with a flat roof and without windows. I immediately recognised that it must be the house of an Oriental settler. It was the house of a Nestorian who had emigrated from Asia Minor. We entered the house and found that it had an earthen floor, and that it was almost without contents. Yet a family was living here. The members of it whom we saw were well-dressed, good-looking, intelligent people. Like the Scotsman, they seemed to be indifferent to personal comfort. They were certainly living as they had been accustomed to live; but probably, as they became better off, they would fall into the more luxurious ways of some of their neighbours.

At Battleford I renewed acquaintance with my friends in the Mounted Police, who were posted at the barracks outside the town. In the evening, on returning to the inn, the night was pitch-dark, and my way lay by a trail across unbroken prairie. Loud barking of numerous dogs, invisible but nevertheless in my immediate neighbourhood, indicated the probability of an attack in force. I had no walking-stick and the prairie grass offered no means of defence. I stooped as though to pick up a stone, trusting to the sharp sight of the dogs, and made my way to the town without even seeing my enemies; the chorus of their voices was continually swollen by re-enforcements, until I suppose all the dogs in the region were in the field. I did not know; but I imagined that there might be among them some huskies, for these were employed in Battleford in winter for dog-sleighs. Useful as these animals are on the trail, they are sometimes dangerous.

We remained in Battleford a couple of days to rest our horses and to visit the Indian School, where young Indians are taught agriculture and rudimentary industries. There we saw some Indians from a distant reserve, well-built, sullen fellows. On the outskirts of Battleford we visited a prosperous farmer, who employed, at ploughing-time and harvest, as many workers as he could obtain. He told us that he found the English immigrants, who had been brought into the country by the Barr Colonisation Agency, so incompetent that they were not worth the cost of their maintenance. He gave us the names of some of these, and we afterwards saw them at Lloydminster and understood.

We saw occasionally, on the distant prairie, long trains of hooded carts belonging to half-breed "freighters," who carried on the business of transport throughout the region, until the coming of the railway drove them into still less frequented areas.

About forty miles north-west of Battleford we met on the trail an ox-team driven by a cheerful youngster. We stopped him and asked where he came from. He said that he had come from a place in the Eagle Hills about a hundred and fifty miles away, and that he was on his way to Battleford to buy sugar for his mother. He had been on the trail for a week, and he expected to return to his home after a journey of about three weeks. Battleford was the nearest town. After a day's drive of about fifty miles, we spent the night at Playter's farm. Playter had been a Mounted Policeman. He had retired from the force and had taken a homestead, adding to his land by purchase. His farm was well cultivated, and there, for the first time on this journey, I saw a field of mangel-wurzel. Near Playter's we passed an English immigrant driving an ox-team which he had acquired at Saskatoon. He was having a siesta when we passed him. Instead of allowing his oxen to browse on the prairie, he had tied them up on a sandy bit of the trail, where they were tearing up the soil in vain endeavour to get something to eat. We remonstrated with their owner, who replied, "They're mine, you know." We met many similar instances of thoughtlessness and indifference to the needs of animals under the care of recent immigrants.

On our way eastwards we stopped again at Playter's farm during a drenching rainstorm. The hour was long past sundown, and there was no other known shelter for probably twenty-five miles. We were obliged to throw ourselves upon Playter's hospitality. Fourteen other storm-bound travellers had done the same thing shortly before our arrival. They were Mounted Policemen on a tour of inspection concerned with an outbreak of glanders among the horses of the farmers north and south of Playter's farm. Notwithstanding the unexpected invasion, Mrs. Playter and her family provided for everyone. I slept on the floor upon a pile of deerskins—probably about twenty skins—which furnished a resilient couch.

Late one afternoon while we were driving on the prairie we noticed, on a slight rising ground near a clump of low-growing shrubs, an animal standing calmly regarding us. We drove to the knoll and discovered as we drew near that the animal was a magnificent silver vixen with her family. I alighted from the waggon, and as I did so the fox slowly retired into the bushes, leaving her cubs on the knoll. There were five of them, all in the pink of condition. I picked up one of the little fellows and put him down again while his mother watched. She did not snarl or make the slightest objection. My driver was a little reluctant to leave so valuable a find; but neither of us had the heart to violate the confidence of the mother. She was by far the largest and handsomest fox either of us had ever seen.

We stopped for lunch one day at a German settler's farm, quite isolated but in good condition. He had built for himself a very neat turf house, consisting of one large room about thirty feet by eighteen. The exterior was carefully trimmed, and inside and out the house was extremely smart. The German had a good *hausfrau* and a large young family. By way of a playfellow they had a fox cub. We were regaled with excellent buns, hot from the oven. There could be no doubt about this family being able to sustain itself in comfort from the produce of their labour, market or no market. They had inherited the habit of living a self-contained life, an inestimable advantage in an unorganised country. That night we spent on a farm of another type. It was possessed by a young Englishman who had farmed in different places. He had always been at least moderately successful. He was a bachelor, and had been able to establish himself with comfort. His house, like that of the German, was built of turf. The turf had been properly cut and squared. Although the house was not so large as that of the German, the job was neat, and the single room was a model of tidiness. He had no bedsteads; but he made up for us very comfortable sleeping accommodation on the floor. This young man was also obviously bound to thrive. He understood prairie farming very well, and he knew how to adapt himself to the mode of life determined by locality and conditions. Between his place and Lloydminster we stopped for tea at a farm of still another type. The farmer had recently arrived from an English manufacturing town, accompanied by his young wife. He had had no experience of farming, but he had some means. Unlike the German family and the English bachelor, he had not built his house himself; he had had a frame house built by a contractor at Lloydminster. He had, of course, taken a homestead of a hundred and sixty acres; but he had been able to plough only ten of these in his first year. The only animals he had acquired were some pigs. He told us that these were not doing well and invited us to inspect them. Never were seen such emaciated animals. They had cost him, the farmer said, "a lot to feed, with flour at so many dollars a barrel."

Mavor. "Why don't you turn them out and let them feed on the prairie?"

Farmer. "They would run away."

Mavor. "That might be a good thing for them and for you too, with flour at so many dollars a barrel."

We suggested that a fence might be built in order that the pigs might be prevented from seeking other pastures. The farmer complained of mosquitoes; but, ignorant of their habits, he had built his house upon a pond in which they bred, and he was unaware of the expedient of putting a small quantity of mineral oil upon the surface of the water. He was incredulous when we suggested this simple remedy. His wife bemoaned the fact that there were no shops nearer than Lloydminster, and that was a good many miles off.

By these various stages we reached Lloydminster, two hundred miles from Rosthern and one hundred from Battleford. This town was brought into existence by two organisers of an experiment in all-British colonisation. They conducted a newspaper campaign, and induced several hundred people to form a colony under their auspices. They secured a grant of land from the Canadian Government, and selected a region remote from existing settlement in order that the colony might preserve British traditions and develop a social life of its own, unaffected by the general life of the Canadian people. In pursuance of this plan, they selected a tract of land about twenty miles south of Fort Pitt on the North Saskatchewan River, and about midway on a straight line between Edmonton and Saskatoon. The Canadian Northern Railway had already projected and partly constructed a line, and the Grand Trunk Pacific ere long carried its transcontinental line also through the region, both passing the capital of the colony, known as Lloydminster. When the immigrants went in they were obliged to trek fully two hundred miles on the prairie, and for three or four years, until the railways were carried into their territory, they were isolated excepting by the prairie trails. During that period large numbers of the original colonists settled elsewhere in the North-West or returned to England. When I visited the colony, the prospect of railway communication had induced a speculative frame of mind among the colonists. Very few of them were making any effort to comply with the provisions of the Homestead Acts, and were simply waiting for the price of land to advance in order that they might sell out and leave the colony. Most of the immigrants had come from towns in the North of England, and very few of them were in the least adapted to rural life in any country, much less to life in an unorganised region remote from organised life of any kind.[1]

The Mounted Police at Lloydminster drove me out towards Fort Pitt, partly to see the country and partly that I might visit a depression in the prairie that was filled with the bleached bones of great numbers of buffalo, wolves and other wild animals. The cause of this holocaust was not apparent; but the creatures had probably been taking shelter in this spot from a fierce blizzard, when they were overwhelmed by it. I should think that not less than twenty acres of the depression were covered closely by the bones. There could be no question of the collection of these from the general prairie surface. The animals must have died on the spot on which the bones were found, and they must have died many years earlier.

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[1] At the request of Lord Tennyson, Chairman of the Departmental Committee on Emigration in connection with Rider Haggard's scheme, I prepared a lengthy Memorandum on the Barr Colony, which was published *in extenso* in the Report of the Committee.

The drive back to the railway at Rosthern was uneventful, excepting for the foundering of one of our horses. As a measure of precaution I had taken with me a bottle of whisky, which I purchased at Saskatoon. I had sampled it and found it undrinkable. When, a fortnight afterwards, the horse foundered, we were at least twelve miles from any human habitation, and the sun had long sunk behind the horizon. A road may be followed in the dark, but a prairie trail at night is very difficult to follow. We dosed the horse at intervals with the whisky and succeeded in reaching a ranch, where we spent the night and bought another horse. As an indication of the difficulties of administration of remote regions, such as Lloydminster was at that time, I may mention that we found there a minor Government official who had been stranded for a month unable to get out of the country. We brought him down to Battleford, from which place he succeeded in making his way to his headquarters.

These experiences, with others of a similar character in previous journeys, impressed me strongly with the idea that the cultivation of the North-West could not possibly reach a high point—that is, the point which the natural fertility of the soil might permit—without a great increase of population. It was obvious that that population must be adapted to the rough life of the pioneer and willing to undergo discomfort and isolation until the country could be adequately organised. It must not be supposed that merely building a railway through a country results in immediate organisation. It is essential as a beginning, although the motor-car has in this as in other cases rendered good roads even more essential than railways to economical development

Some part of my time in the summer of 1904 was occupied with the detailed studies of more accessible regions, but these do not call for special treatment here.

I have dealt elsewhere with the economic consequences of the specialist production of wheat.[1] In the present phase of agricultural production throughout the world there is a temporary advantage in what is called "mining the land," that is, exhausting it by the continuous growth of wheat, but the advantage is very temporary. The ease with which wheat can be cultivated, and the high development of finance, transport, and market systems as applied to it, obscure the disadvantageous sides of exclusive commitment to a single cereal. As a temporary expedient, the exclusive cultivation of one crop may be justifiable or even necessary; but as a permanent foundation for the economical prosperity of a large population it cannot be regarded as satisfactory.

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[1] I have dealt with this important but neglected subject in my Report to the Board of Trade, in an article on "The Economic Consequences of the Specialist Production and Marketing of Wheat," in the *Political Science Quarterly* (New York), and elsewhere.

Two points of general interest remain to be noticed: the usefulness of the agricultural experimental stations at Brandon and Indian Head,[1] and the extent to which the Canadian Pacific Railway has aided in the agricultural development of the country. Under the competent direction of Messrs. Mackay and Bedford, the experimental stations have played a very important rôle. They have saved the farmers from many experiences that might have proved disastrous, and they have aided them by supplying them gratuitously with seeds, plants and advice.

The Canadian Pacific Railway, through the erection of flat warehouses before there were any elevators, through facilitating the introduction of well-bred stock, and through the provision of moving shops, encouraged the settlement of the country in the earlier years of that settlement. This company also undertook to prepare farms for settlers, to build houses for them, and in many other ways made life easy for the incoming farmer. The Canadian Pacific Railway had a monopoly; but it had a monopoly because for many years no other railway could hope to find traffic sufficient to justify construction. Competition did arise later and two additional railways were built, with disastrous financial consequences in both cases.

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[1] The chief experimental station is at Ottawa. In 1904 it was under the care of Dr. Saunders, an entomologist of distinction.

CHAPTER XXXVI

GREAT BRITAIN IN 1904, 1905 AND 1906, WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE MUNICIPAL MOVEMENT

I travelled among unknown men,
  In lands beyond the sea;
Nor, England! did I know till then
  What love I bore to thee.

William Wordsworth, *Lucy* (written in Germany in 1799).

I spent the late summer of 1904 and the whole of the summers of 1905 and 1906 in Great Britain, interrupted only by visits for the week-ends to Brussels, or to Knocke, on the coast of Belgium. My time was devoted for the most part to a study of the development of municipal enterprise, and of the economic consequences of the increase in municipal functions and municipal debt. I also made a detailed study of the telephone system, the acquisition of it by the Post Office having already been decided upon, although some of the municipalities were still working or aiming at municipal telephone systems. For the purposes of these studies I resided for varying lengthy periods in London, Manchester and Glasgow, and for shorter periods in other cities. I spent a short holiday in the Orkney Islands.

I have already indicated the course of municipal history in Great Britain in an earlier period, and have noticed the growth of municipal socialism *sans doctrine* which followed the extension of the parliamentary franchise in burghs. It was perhaps inevitable that the municipalities should become conscious that the modified collectivism into which some of them were driven by economical necessity, as in Glasgow, and others were drawn by local politicians, as in Birmingham, was leading them towards complete municipal socialism. The actual process by means of which this psychological transition occurred was through the victory of the so-called Progressives in the elections of the London County Council. The Progressive party had conducted an active criticism of the municipal administration of London. There was no effective answer to this energetic criticism, and out of it there developed a formidable Opposition to the government of London.

In course of time this Opposition became the Government. Two consequences soon made themselves apparent: the provincial municipalities became conscious of the direction in which their policies were leading them, and did not shrink from further experiments, and criticism of municipal affairs in London suddenly ceased. The critics were in power and their opponents had not yet accustomed themselves to the rôle of opposition, few of them indeed were fitted for the function of effective criticism. Thus at the very moment when, above all others, it was necessary for social progress that acute and intelligent examination should be made of every step in the direction of collectivism, there was no such examination. Everyone who opposed on any ground the most fatuous of municipal enterprises was denounced as an enemy of progress. Even wise and courageous people held their peace, convinced that nothing could influence the public mind but hard experience. The Progressives offered every public service at cost, profit was to be eliminated. No joint-stock company could do so and hope to obtain capital to conduct its enterprise. Much was made of the point that municipalities could, through the Treasury, borrow at a lower rate of interest than was possible for joint-stock companies. The pitfalls in the offer of public services at cost, and in the doctrine that municipalities could obtain money more cheaply than joint-stock companies, were perfectly well known to those who had studied the subject, but they were not apparent to the general public. The effects of the operation by municipalities of hazardous and fluctuating enterprises requiring high administrative and technical skill had therefore to be worked out in practice, and losses and disappointments had to be experienced before the public could be convinced that each case of public service must be taken on its own merits, and that if in some cases the balance of advantage lay in public ownership and operation, in others the balance of advantage lay on the other side.

The period of 1904–6 may, I think, be regarded as disclosing the high-water mark of municipal enterprise in Great Britain. In London, as well as in the provincial cities, such enterprise had been carried far enough to disclose the elements that had been customarily neglected in the presentation of the various projects by their enthusiastic advocates. Some municipalities had admittedly incurred heavy losses, while others had made a brave appearance on their books only by starving the services or neglecting to provide adequate reserve and depreciation funds. Many cities found that it was impossible to keep municipal politicians from interfering with technical questions of administration. In cities where for more than half a century corruption had been unknown, municipal councillors began to take bribes in subtle forms, on the understanding that they would influence the placing of municipal contracts for supplies. It is not surprising that the municipal councils deteriorated. Increase of functions alone resulted in deterioration, because, on the one hand, capable men of business could not afford the increasing drafts upon their time consequent upon the increase of municipal functions, and on the other, such men became more and more reluctant to identify themselves with a municipal policy which they felt could not result otherwise than in discredit. In some cities capable business men were certain to be defeated if they were opposed by enthusiasts for municipal trading.

The organisation of the town councils was adversely affected by increase of function. Manchester, for example, had more than ninety committees of the Town Council. A by-law provided that no individual member of the Council might have a place upon more than two committees. Some such provision was necessitated by the enormous number of committees; but the effects of the provision mentioned were the spreading out of the abler men in the Council over the committees, and the endowment of them with an undue amount of power because they were unable to institute a check upon one another.

Towards 1904 the provincial municipalities began to come into sharp conflict with the Local Government Board. When towns wanted to borrow money through the agency of the Government, they were obliged to secure the sanction of the Board, otherwise the Treasury could not lend. The permanent officials of the Board took, as they were bound in the public interest to take, a more cold-blooded and business-like view of the applications of the provincial authorities than enthusiastic supporters of municipal trading altogether liked. Attempts were made, through parliamentary pressure exercised by important cities, to overthrow the decisions of the Local Government Board or to nullify their effect. Under successive administrations the Board was denounced for its failure to sympathise with what was proclaimed as the progressive spirit. It is greatly to the credit of John Burns, who at the period of which I speak was President of the Local Government Board, that such complaints occurred under his administration. In spite of Burns's open and avowed sympathy with Socialism, he most wisely refused to mitigate in the least the business-like rigour exercised by the officers of his department. Ambitious municipal politicians were thus frequently thwarted in their attempts to saddle the towns to which they belonged with enterprises of which the cool business sense of the Local Government Board officials could not approve.

I derived the impression, especially in 1906, that municipal trading had reached a crucial point, and that substantial increase beyond that point was unlikely. The reasons for this impression were complicated. Most of the large towns had acquired control of their water supply, most of them had acquired gas works, some of them had acquired the local tramway system, a few had embarked upon the supply of electrical power. From a practical point of view there was much to be said for these various steps. All of the services mentioned involve not merely the use of, but interference with the surface of, public streets and highways. Such interference, under any circumstances consistent with the public interest, could not be permitted to private individuals or to joint-stock companies without specific control by local authorities. Experience had shown that the exercise of this control was variable, and that at times concessions were made which proved to result in injury to the public interest. There was thus plausible reason on the ground of local administration, apart altogether from economical considerations, for the operation by the public authority of such public services as involved interference with the surface of the streets.

The principal invasion of the streets has been the use of the surface of them for the laying of tramway lines, and it is not a little significant that the whole question of municipal trading and the tramway had their origins at the same moment. For street tramways were first laid in Great Britain in 1870, and this is also the date of the beginning of what may be called the municipal trading movement.

It may be granted at once that the question whether this or that public service should be rendered directly by persons employed and paid by the public authority does not depend exclusively on economic grounds. Many services which have no direct economic advantage in the narrow sense must be performed by the public authority at the public expense. These as well as other public services, if the public interest is to be secured, ought to be rendered efficiently and with due frugality. The question whether they should be rendered by a person employed and paid by the municipality or by a person otherwise employed and paid is a minor one. This minor question has, I think quite erroneously, been elevated into a question of principle. The process by which it has been elevated appears to have been set in motion by the friction between the public authorities and the joint-stock companies, who were interfering with the surface of the streets in rendering certain services to the public.[1]

It is a common experience in expanding industrial enterprises that inducements continually arise to embark in related branches of industry, especially in those upon which the integral industry in any material degree depends, or in which the integral industry might be expected to find a competitor. Thus, for example, iron-smelting enterprises seek command of coal mines, and railway companies of canals and mercantile shipping. Experience has shown that there are distinct limitations upon the extent to which it is economical to yield to such inducements. Shipbuilders are dependent upon steel manufacture, and they sometimes embark upon that, or, conversely, steel manufacturers embark upon shipbuilding. Yet both are dependent upon iron smelting and iron and coal mining. In the United States and in Canada many companies are at once coal and iron miners and steel manufacturers, while in Great Britain such combinations are rare.

In the municipal field there are similar inducements and similar limitations. If, for example, a tramway enterprise is of certain dimensions, it might be worth while to establish car-building works in connection with the tramways. It is extremely unlikely that any single municipal enterprise could find it economical to manufacture either cars or electrical equipment, because these are customarily made to standard in much greater quantities than even a group of municipalities could use, and are therefore likely to be more cheaply purchased than they could be manufactured by the municipalities concerned. Even if a municipality found it advantageous to establish a repair shop, usually a necessary adjunct to a municipal industry, it would almost certainly be found more economical to purchase than to manufacture tools, screws, parts of machinery, and the like, rather than to manufacture these.

We thus find in general that there are very definite economical limits to expansion of any municipal industrial system, as there are similar limits to the expansion of any other corporate or individual enterprise. But the limits of expansion of municipal enterprises must be narrower than those of private enterprises. The demand for the products of private industry may be world-wide, but the demand for the products of municipal industry must in effect be confined to the municipal area. The most extreme advocates of municipal enterprise have not as yet advocated embarkation, for example, of the municipality of Manchester in calico printing for the Indian market, or of the municipality of Glasgow in shipbuilding for all the world.

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[1] Friction between the Government departments, especially the Post Office, and the municipalities arose from precisely the same reasons.

There are two other important limitations besides those of a technical character which have been mentioned. These are limitation of management and limitation of power to obtain capital. Both of these apply to private and to municipal enterprise, but they do not apply in a like degree. Municipal councillors may be held to stand in the same relation to enterprises of their municipality as directors of a joint-stock company stand to enterprises of the company, and the relation of the taxpayers of a town to their enterprises is analogous to, although legally it is not the same as, the relation of shareholders in a joint-stock company to its enterprises. The directors of a company are invariably required by its constitution to possess a certain number of shares. Although they are often chosen on the ground of their large interest in the funds of the company, rather than on the ground of their fitness to transact its business, yet in the case of all large industrial concerns, fitness for the special business is in general regarded as the prime condition of the election of a director. In the municipal field the case is otherwise. A candidate for the position of municipal councillor is not necessarily an owner of property in the municipality. He is elected because he belongs to this or that political party, religious denomination or friendly society, or because he is a good speaker or a philanthropic person or an advocate of some municipal scheme. He is not elected on the ground either of his property or of his qualifications as administrator. If he turns out to have a talent for public business—by no means necessarily following from the fact that he has a talent for his own—so much the better, but the possession of such a talent would of itself very rarely cause him to be elected. Instances abound in which candidates highly suitable on the ground of capacity for public business have been defeated by candidates whose claims for election rested on altogether different grounds. Therefore, unless the electors change the ground upon which they elect their representatives who are endowed with the power of direction of their enterprises, it is clear that these enterprises could not expand indefinitely with safety to the public interest.

The difficulties which began to arise in certain municipalities in consequence of the incapacity of municipal councillors to cope with the demands of their new and rapidly increasing duties led, about the period under discussion, to projects for entrusting municipal affairs to civic general managers. These projects clearly involved abdication of patronage and power on the part of the elected representatives, and they were thus received with slender favour by the municipal councils.

In some municipalities, *e.g.* that of Glasgow, there had for long been a tradition of high salaries for departmental officials. Thus managers of the waterworks and the gas works had from the beginning of these enterprises been chosen because of their eminence in their respective professions, and were remunerated in such a way as to secure and to retain their services. When under the influence of the new movement new departments were organised, the tradition and the excellent practice it represented alike fell into desuetude. A furore for civic parsimony very frequently coincided with a furore for civic expenditure, and thus, while immense sums were expended upon plant, insignificant salaries were offered to the persons who were expected to manage the new enterprises. Where by chance a municipality secured a good departmental manager at a low salary, he was quickly drawn into private employment by the offer of a higher. Unless in this respect also the municipalities changed their policy, it was clear that expansion of their enterprises was impossible on any principle of safety.

Apart from the question of management, there is the question of capital. The capital for municipal enterprises is not raised, and owing to the conditions of the investment market cannot be raised, upon security of the individual enterprise. Nor is capital raised upon the property of the municipality as a whole. It can be raised only upon the taxing power of the civic authorities. This taxing power, whether or not it is limited by law, is in fact limited. A municipality which overtaxes its citizens will inevitably lose them. New industries will not be established in overtaxed areas, and where evacuation of existing industries is possible, evacuation will take place. There are many instances of stagnation and decline of overtaxed towns. It is therefore of the first importance to an investor in municipal securities to know what is the margin of practicable taxation, because upon that margin the safety of his investment depends. If he is a shareholder in a private industrial enterprise he can go to the shareholders' meeting and complain against the action of the directors, but as a holder of municipal bonds he has no analogous standing. Therefore he does not consider, and cannot consider, the solvency or otherwise of a particular municipal enterprise; what he considers is the question whether or not the taxing power is sufficient to yield payment of all the civic obligations taken together, including any possible deficit in any or all of the civic enterprises.

The number of persons who are willing to devote their funds to the purchase of municipal securities, whether these are guaranteed by the Government or not, is limited at any given time; and the amount of funds available for such investment is also limited. For that reason, whether the amount is known or not, there is at any given time a determinate amount of such funds. When, therefore, the aggregate of municipal investment reaches a certain point, it must approach what may be called the saturation point, when further funds are simply not available.

A general review of the situation as regards the investment of different categories of capital convinced me that in 1906 this saturation point was being approached so far as municipal investment was concerned. A remarkable incident confirmed this view. The city of Glasgow required a large amount for the purpose of finance. That amount could not be obtained in Great Britain. It was obtained in Berlin.[1]

The conclusion that municipal borrowings had reached saturation point was further confirmed by the widely-known fact that many municipalities had found themselves unable to sell debentures and had therefore to borrow temporarily very large sums. These sums were so large relatively to the then magnitude of the money market that they were causing grave anxiety. When Lord Rothschild, as Chairman of the Committee on Municipal Trading, learned that the city of Glasgow had a floating debt amounting to seven million pounds, I was told that he nearly jumped out of his chair. Well he might, for the amount bore a large proportion to the contemporary floating debt of the nation. In addition to these floating debts there were unsold debentures in the hands of financial agents who had undertaken to purchase them, but who found themselves unable to induce the public to absorb them. All this meant that greater inducement in the form of an increased rate of interest must be offered by the municipalities to the investing public. Some of the municipalities were under the necessity of offering these inducements. The city of Glasgow, for example, engaged in the business of deposit banking. The Treasurer of the city offered a rate of interest not only higher than the current rate of interest for short loans, but even higher than the current rate of interest paid by the banks for money on deposit on short notice or on demand. A member of the Town Council, desiring to draw public attention to the methods of municipal finance, discounted fifty thousand pounds in commercial paper in the open market, and then deposited the proceeds with the Glasgow City Treasurer. He exhibited the deposit receipts at a meeting of the Town Council, and declared that he was making a profit at the rate of about one and a half per cent. per annum out of the transaction.

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[1] This incident is not generally known. The authority for the statement is indisputable.

The plea that a municipality must always be able to finance on more favourable terms than private individuals or public companies was thus shown to be an illusion. The municipality of Glasgow was actually paying much more for its money than either the banks or private persons.

Municipalities might have been able to induce a flow of funds from other reservoirs of capital to the reservoir containing funds destined for municipal investment, but this process could only be induced by increasing the rate of interest offered, and an increase in the rate of interest would not only adversely affect public opinion in relation to the municipal movement, but might result in serious deficiencies in the funds of some of the municipalities.

In addition to these financial questions, many cities encountered controversies over the charges made to the public for municipal services. A clamour arose very naturally for reduction of rates and against payment of charges in excess of the "cost of the service." The "cost of the service" might not permit reduced tramway fares, but the public refused to be convinced that elimination of the profit of the joint-stock company and consequent hypothetical saving to the municipal corporation had not rendered reduction of fares possible. The doctrine speedily began to develop that even if a loss should be incurred through the reduction of tramway fares or of gas rates, this loss could be met from taxation. In obedience to public clamour gas rates were reduced in Glasgow, and a previously well-managed enterprise ceased to be self-supporting, heavy losses being incurred for two years. At the end of that period the rates were raised. A similar attempt was made upon the tramway revenues, but it was defeated.

The advocates of municipalisation of public services had always insisted that it would be possible to keep the management of these services out of politics, and that they would at least be self-sustaining. The "cost of service" principle, indeed, implied this. It now began to be apparent that all these anticipations were illusions—that "cost of service" did not mean low rates of charge, that public ownership and operation of public services might mean higher and not lower taxation, that increased taxation did not necessarily imply increased public benefit, and political interference and economy were mutually exclusive.

The history of the recent development of municipal enterprise had shown that its growth was artificial, that it had been forced by means of strenuous propaganda, and that the system resulting from this growth had the precarious character which all such systems must have. Since the ardour of the propagandists was obviously declining with the exposure of the illusions they had been nourishing, and since the economical unsoundness of many public enterprises was gradually being disclosed, it appeared to me that the municipal ownership movement had run its course; and that while municipal pride and perhaps better management might induce and enable the cities to maintain their existing enterprises, it was unlikely that they would embark on a large scale in any others.

In order to protect their existing investments it had already been necessary for cities, sometimes without any public desire, or even against public inclination, to acquire or initiate other enterprises. Thus electrical plants compete with gas for all purposes for which gas may be used, and it seemed to the municipal authorities expedient to protect their gas property by the acquisition of electrical plants. But the gas property can only be protected through the subordination or elimination of electricity. Public interest might have been much better served, and both services might have been obtained at a lower cost, had the competition been maintained instead of being suppressed. Similarly local authorities owning municipal tramways must inevitably discourage motor buses, whether public or private, on the ground that they would compete with the tramway lines.

Expansion of municipal enterprise is subject to the limitations of management and capital above mentioned. In cases where, on the ground of assumed necessity, the municipality has acquired a competitive plant, it may have compromised its whole financial position.

One of the most important checks to municipal enterprise occurred in the early nineties through the emergence of the telephone question. The Post Office Acts endow the Postmaster-General with the monopoly of the business of carrying messages. This monopoly, wide in its terms and difficult to safeguard, has been tenaciously adhered to by the Post Office authorities under successive administrations since the institution of the penny post. When formation of telegraph companies threatened to result in infringement of the monopoly, these companies were required to take out a licence from the Postmaster-General. When service by messenger was organised in London, the companies were obliged to take out licences; when the telephone was organised on a commercial basis, the companies were obliged to take out licences;

when wireless telegraphy made its appearance, licences had also to be procured. This policy prevented the growth of interests which might be held adversely to the public interest, but it did not of itself interfere substantially with the development of the inventions concerned.

When the telegraphs were acquired there were many motives for their acquisition by the State, but among these motives was the desire to protect the Post Office revenue from the competition of the telegraphs. This desire was, however, frustrated by the extremely low sum at which the universal telegraph message rate was fixed. This rate was, in effect, a political and not an economical rate, and from the beginning it was below the "cost of the service." The fact that the deficit on the telegraphs was met by the large surplus arising out of the other departments of the Post Office obscured another fact, namely, that the deficit really came out of taxation. The telephone was a much more formidable competitor with the telegraph than the telegraph was with the Post Office as letter-carrying messenger. Between certain towns, notably Liverpool and Manchester, the telephone business developed to such an extent as to diminish the telegraph revenue very seriously. Great sums had been invested in telegraph plant, and the protection of these funds appeared to be indispensable. Although there was a clamour from the advocates of State ownership of public services, the efficient motive in the acquisition of the telephone system was as I have indicated, namely, the protection of the public interest in the telegraph. Had the telephone been in less extensive use, and had the technical difficulties of the instrument not been practically overcome, it would have been impossible to convince Parliament of the desirability of its acquisition.

The municipality of Glasgow and a few others had instituted telephone systems in opposition to the system of the National Telephone Company, but none of the municipal systems had been successful. The National Company had many advantages. The experience and researches of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company were at its disposal, and they were not at the disposal of the municipal systems. The National Company was the first and, until the establishment of the municipal system, the only one in the field. Subscribers to their system were reluctant to install a second and unconnected system, even although the service was offered at a lower price. An urgent propaganda and the promise of greatly reduced rates gave the Glasgow Corporation Telephones a certain vogue; but they were not remunerative, and the National Company easily held its own against them. Other municipalities emulated, or attempted to emulate, Glasgow. Those who advocated municipal ownership and operation of telephones advocated also State ownership of the trunk and interurban lines. A combined system of this kind would have been difficult to work successfully unless the municipalities had agreed to uniformity of equipment.

The Post Office had already taken the construction of trunk telephone lines out of the hands of the National Company and had leased these lines to them; they could as well lease lines to municipalities for tolls similar to those charged to the company. There was nothing inconsistent with municipal enterprise in such a policy. But when the Post Office secured the assent of Parliament to the scheme for the purchase of the National Company, it was evident that the Government must either continue the competition with the local enterprises or buy these enterprises out as well as those of the company. In either case, it could not be part of the policy of the Post Office to do otherwise than discourage municipal telephone enterprise.

Thus the two movements associated in the public mind, but really discordant and mutually exclusive—the movement towards municipal collectivism and that towards State collectivism—came into sharp conflict. It appeared to me that in a struggle of that kind State collectivism must succeed and municipal collectivism must fail. This is what actually happened. The municipal telephones went down before the national telephone system. The close of the struggle meant the end of municipal enterprise in one direction only, but it involved a check upon the expansion of municipal activities, and it opened up a new field in which friction might be anticipated between the Post Office and the municipal authorities. The erection of telephone poles on the streets and the sinking of telephone wires beneath their surface was as likely to result in conflict of authority between the Post Office and the municipality as they did between the preceding private company and the municipal authorities.

The acquisition of the telephone system by the State has not been conspicuous either for its technical or for its financial success, but the history of it belongs to a subsequent period. The telephones passed into the hands of the Government in 1911.

While I was in London in 1906 I was invited to give evidence before the Departmental Committee which had been appointed to examine and report to Parliament upon a scheme for State-aided emigration advanced by Mr. Rider Haggard.[1] Mr. Haggard had made a hurried visit to the United States and Canada, had seen some of the authorities at Ottawa, and of course experienced courteous treatment at their hands. They had not discussed the details of his scheme, nor had they given him any definite promises; yet he seems to have derived the impression that they looked upon it with favour. The scheme as advanced by him was quite inconsistent with Canadian law and practice. No member of the Canadian Government, nor anyone else, could give effective guarantees that a single immigrant would be accepted under it. I explained to the Committee as clearly as I could the situation in the Canadian North-West and the prospects there for certain types of immigrants, but I definitively discouraged any scheme for State-aided emigration. The report of the Committee was decidedly adverse to Mr. Rider Haggard's project, and nothing more was heard of it.

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[1] Now Sir Rider Haggard.

While I was in London, also in 1906, there was going on the inquiry into the proceedings of the Poplar Board of Guardians under the direction of Mr. Davey, of the Local Government Board. This inquiry had been ordered by John Burns. It lasted for about three weeks. I found that the evidence threw much light upon certain aspects of public administration in the London area, and I therefore attended about twelve of the sittings of the Inspector. The Poplar district is inhabited normally by workers in the numerous industries within and near it. There is no middle-class population. Valuation for purposes of assessment of taxes consists to almost its full extent on the value of railway property; the factories within the district do not contribute a large proportion. The rates are thus practically paid by the railway companies whose lines pass through Poplar. Since the Board of Guardians were elected upon what amounted to manhood suffrage, and since railway companies had no votes, collection of the poor rates and distribution of these were not in any way controlled by those who paid them. Under the influence of a remarkable personality, Will Crooks, the Poplar Board of Guardians had increased poor relief to such an extent that poor persons from surrounding districts poured into Poplar in order to enjoy the benefits of liberal distribution of public funds. The Board of Guardians was accused of diverting funds properly allocated to maintenance of the poor of the district to relief of unemployment, and even to subsidising unemployment. Under these circumstances the poor rates advanced until they reached twelve shillings and sixpence in the pound of the annual value. There seemed to be little doubt that some of the members of the Board were quite deliberately practising "sabotage." They were dissipating funds entrusted to them and doing their best to make the system of local administration unworkable. Will Crooks and his friends were not more provident than many emperors and tribunes of Rome who distributed largesses of public grain among the people, hoping to gain or to retain their fickle suffrage. The evidence given at the inquiry, so far as I heard it, convinced me of the great retardation of social progress in any sense resulting from a system in which unrestricted local power might fall into the hands either of irresponsible and unreflecting, though quite honest, enthusiasts like Will Crooks, or of other of the Guardians who made their appearance in the witness-box, in whom neither disinterested enthusiasm nor honesty was conspicuously demonstrated.

Fels, an American Jew who had become a convert to the "single tax" and had devoted himself and a considerable fortune, realised from the manufacture of soap, to experiments in philanthropy, had purchased land and provided means for organising a farm colony on the German model at Hollesley Bay in Suffolk. Proposals had been made that the Government should take over this institution, and, since I was somewhat experienced in such matters, John Burns suggested that I should have a look at it, not for the purpose of making a formal report, but in order that my impression of it might be compared with his own. There was a small committee in London charged by Fels with the management of the colony, consisting of George Lansbury, who was one of the Poplar Board of Guardians, and some others. Arrangements were made for me to go down to the colony with them and to spend a week-end. I found the farm not unsuited for its purpose. It was not in high cultivation and there was plentiful opportunity for employment of unskilled labour. The colony had two aims not in my opinion usefully conjoined in the same institution. These were provision of subsistence with opportunity for agricultural labour to selected men from unemployed groups in London, and provision of houses with small lots of land for selected families from similar groups. It was intended that men in the first category should be prepared for return to industrial employment or for emigration. The families in the second category seemed to be expected to remain longer in the colony, and perhaps even to establish themselves permanently upon small holdings. The scheme was not on so ambitious a scale as the Hadleigh Scheme of the Salvation Army, nor was it characterised by any religious propaganda. There was no provision for industrial employment as at Hadleigh, nor were there, as at Hadleigh, numerous skilled labourers for whom the colonists were expected to fetch and carry.

There can be no doubt of the advantage, within certain limits, of farm colonies of the Hollesley Bay type. They afford an excellent means of giving a single working man who is dispirited because he has for a short time been out of employment an opportunity of picking up his spirits and his health by a working holiday in the country. The cottages were not very numerous; but, so far as they went, they might be used for the same purpose by married working men and their families.

Segregation of cases requiring different forms of treatment is, in the field of employment as in the field of curative medicine, absolutely indespensable. To mingle groups of working men customarily in steady employment with groups of wanderers who customarily tramp from one parish to another or who have emigrated, perhaps more than once, only to return of their own accord, or to be compulsorily returned to the country of their origin, cannot be a good plan. It is well to have an open door which anyone may enter, but immediately after entrance those who are admitted must be dealt with in a manner appropriate to their needs and to their characters. The wholesale and undiscriminating method must fail.

I found that among the Hollesley Bay colonists were men of quite divergent types, who could not possibly be brought together without disadvantage to the better men among them. There were some worthy working men who had been temporarily out of employment and who would be able after a short stay in the colony and light labour to return to work reinvigorated. There were others who evidently were incurable vagrants. Personally, I do not object to vagrants. They have their merits, and they are often amusing and interesting; but I have generally found that they were very well able to look after themselves, and as a rule to do so without infringing the law, or at least without suffering the consequences of infringement. The habitual vagrant is, therefore, not a fit subject either for private charity or public benevolence. Some men of this type whom I saw at Hollesley Bay had travelled over a good part of the world. They made no scruple in acknowledging that emigration was no remedy for their case.

I was asked to speak on Sunday evening to the men about Canada. I thought it necessary to do so with more frankness than I am sure the committee liked. I told the colonists bluntly that pioneer life in Canada was a strenuous life, that the successful farmer there was a hard-working man, and that he was willing and must be willing to indulge himself in very little comfort and to adapt himself in every way to the conditions determined by his surroundings, at least until he was thoroughly established. I told them that they could easily make an experiment in colonisation at Hollesley Bay. All they had to do was to obtain from the administration a bag of flour and a bushel or two of potatoes, to go on the moor behind the farm, to build a shelter for themselves, if it were only a dug-out, to plant their potatoes and to live on the flour until their potatoes were fit to dig. I pointed out that there were berries and roots in the neighbourhood of which intelligent peasants could make use, and that it would be advisable for them to make the acquaintance of these. I told them that if they succeeded in making their living for a few months in this way in Suffolk they could do so in Saskatchewan, and if they could not do it in Suffolk they were unlikely to be able to make their footing in Saskatchewan. I urged them to dismiss the idea which seemed rooted in their minds, that it was necessary to wait for capital to drop into their hands like manna from the heavens. There can be no doubt that not want of capital but the illusion that ample capital is an indispensable prerequisite to labour is at the root of much avoidable despondence and of much avoidable unrest.

The committee and most of the men, who had had no experience of pioneer life, seemed to regard my really practical suggestions with mild amusement. I could not refrain from reflecting with what scorn my farmer friends on the North Saskatchewan would have regarded the Hollesley Bay colonists had the men in the group I saw offered themselves for employment. The common assertion of the North-Western farmers, that one Canadian is worth to them six Englishmen, would have had abundant confirmation. I could not doubt that, with the Galicians in their minds, they would have endorsed my suggestion that the Hollesley Bay men should obey the injunction, which after all is the injunction of Nature and is not dependent for its validity upon any human dictum, "root, hog, or die."

The processes of Nature are not humane. If Istar were arraigned before a court, her prodigality in all the forms of life would be proved beyond peradventure. It may be that some design might have been adopted which would involve growth without decay, but no such design has made itself known.

The "unemployed" in Western Europe and in the United States may be regarded, according to the point of view of the observer, as "victims of the capitalist system," or as victims of the wastage which is inseparable from the growth in numbers or in quality of any species, organic or inorganic. The fact that "unemployment" is an incident of developed capitalism, and is therefore confined to those regions in which what is known as "capitalism" has developed, proves nothing. There can be no unemployment where there is no employment. But there may be misery, famine, starvation *anywhere* and under *any* system. Neither a system of complete communism nor one of ideally benign autocracy could guarantee absolutely against these.[1] It is nevertheless a fact that, wherever the system of the accumulation, control and distribution of capital in all forms is most highly developed, there is the least famine. In those countries where finance and transport are unorganised there is the most dread and the most justifiable dread of famine. When famine does occur in those countries where capital is unorganised, the people of those countries invariably appeal for assistance to those in which the organisation of capital is carried to a high pitch. The development of capitalism in Western Europe has been coincident with increased security against want through failure of crop in any one locality, and the organisation of capital, save when it has been disturbed by war or by other political influences, has been adequate abundantly to maintain that security.

During the eighties, as I have shown, the movement for social reform, including that for relief of unemployment, was a distinctively middle-class movement; the trade unions took no interest in it, and the small quasi-revolutionary groups looked upon it with scorn. Yet the movement was important because it indicated what subsequent history has amply demonstrated, that the middle class in England has much more sense of responsibility to society as a whole than the class of the workers has ever exhibited. The movement indicated also either real perspicacity or an instinctive feeling that it was expedient in the general interest to regularise employment rather than to allow the question to drift. In any case, the practical measures which had been taken had, by 1906, brought about a condition under which by some means or another there was provision for practically every unemployed man, whether his unemployment was due to his own fault or not. This condition paved the way for the institution of a State scheme for dealing with unemployment. Had the voluntary measures, together with the general trade activity, not reduced unemployment to a point at which it could be dealt with effectively, the State would probably have refrained from action.[2]

I passed from the East of England to the West of England, and from public and private assisted life to highly-developed self-help. It may readily be admitted that the writings of the late Samuel Smiles are not very profound, and that a campaign to encourage self-help is an anomaly, for those who are able to help themselves need no encouragement. Yet it is spiritually comforting to meet with people who are at once self-reliant and competent and are not in the habit of wasting their time waiting for manna to fall. I went on a visit to my friend Major Godsal, at Iscoed Park, near Whitchurch in Shropshire, and on his estate and on that of Lord Brownlow, as well as other estates in the neighbourhood, I saw a good many small holdings. Much had been written on this subject by Miss Lilian Jebb (now Mrs. Wilkins), and she had carried out some of her ideas on the estate of her brother, Richard Jebb, The Lil, near Ellesmere in Wales, no great distance from Whitchurch. The district was thus a good one in which to witness the effects of small holdings, and it must be said also that it was a good district for small holdings, a vastly better one, for example, than that part of Suffolk from which I had just come. I visited many small farmers between Whitchurch and Ellesmere, but I need here describe only one visit. I do not say that the case was typical of all, but it was certainly typical of a not inconsiderable number. The farm consisted of about forty acres, larger than many of the small holdings in the neighbourhood, but much smaller than the customary tenant farm. The chief product was cheese, in the manufacture of which the farmer and his family had acquired great dexterity and a wide reputation. When we called we found the farmer's daughter, who showed us her cheese-making plant and her stock of cheese. She had attended an agricultural college, and had learned her business in a scientific fashion. It was evident that she was the mainstay of the household, although care of cattle was not less important than manufacture of their produce. The area of the farm and the capital of the family did not suffice to enable it to keep stock sufficient for the supply of milk to produce the cheese for which they had demand. Milk was therefore purchased from other smallholders in the neighbourhood. The business as a whole was not of sufficient magnitude to occupy the labour of all of the members of the family, even if they had been disposed to remain round the family hearth. Some of the youths had gone into the army and their portraits in uniform adorned the walls of the parlour, others had gone to seek their fortunes in foreign countries. The case was the same as that of the youths in the Aberdeenshire village of which a description is given in the first chapter of these memoirs. Educated and ambitious youth could find no field for its energies in its native places. Yet many remained and prospered. There were, no doubt, various causes for this phenomenon; but I noticed that several of the smallholders with whom I became acquainted had acquired special skill in some particular direction, and that this skill caused demands for its exercise throughout the district. For example, a smallholder on the Iscoed Park estate had acquired a reputation as a water-finder. When a well was to be sunk, the position of it was always determined by him. Naturally, in a population of simple-minded folk, the water-finder was credited with mysterious powers. One day I asked him bluntly if he had studied the geology of the district. He said that he had worked it out for himself with Lyell's *Geology* as a guide. This was really scarcely less remarkable than if he had had the mysterious powers attributed to him, for quite unaided otherwise than by Lyell he had been able to make practical application of his knowledge, and he had acquired this knowledge in a scientific and fundamental fashion.

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[1] This chapter was written before events in Russia threw a vivid light upon the question.

[2] Perhaps the situation in respect to social progress would have been more favourable if the State had continued to refrain.

My friend Major Godsal, with whom I stayed, is remarkable for his painstaking and original investigations into the evidence for regarding the movements of the Saxons into England as military operations and not as family parties.[1] His conclusions have by no means received the attention they deserve, although they are in entire correspondence with what is known of contemporary movements of similar tribes in Central Europe. It would appear that the historians of the Saxon period have not considered the Saxon invasion from a military point of view, but have regarded it too exclusively from the point of view of its influence upon the laws and customs of the mixture of races resulting from their migration after the invasion had been effected.

Among other interesting people whom I met in Wales and its borders at this time were Mr. Yates Thompson of Whitchurch, who showed me his fine collection of Roman gold coins, and Mr. Thomas, then living in the quaint little house known as Ruthin Castle near Portmadoc. While I was on the way there, I happened to travel one evening in a third-class carriage of the old type, in which the divisions between the compartments were low. This carriage was filled to overflowing by people returning from a meeting of Roberts, the Welsh evangelist. They were all in a state of exaltation, talking in an excited manner about their experiences. The whole region was affected by Roberts' revival movement; crowds of ghosts were seen by crowds of people; great numbers were converted.

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[1] See Godsal, P. T., *The Storming of London and the Thames Valley Campaign: A Military Study of the Conquest of Britain by the Angles*. London, 1908.

One day about this time, 1905 or 1906, I had been telling Loftie[1] of an adventure which had just happened to a young friend. He had met, in the Egyptian rooms in the British Museum, an elderly gentleman, who happened at the moment to be the only other visitor. They fell into conversation, neither being aware of the identity of the other. The upshot of the conversation was that the elderly gentleman, who was no other than the Treasurer of the Egyptian Exploration Fund, offered my young friend a position on the staff of the Fund and asked him to report himself to Dr. Flinders Petrie, who was then the Director. My young friend did so, and in a few weeks left for Egypt, where he had a not undistinguished career. Loftie told me that the incident interested him very much, because in a similarly accidental fashion Petrie himself had become involved in Egyptian exploration.

Loftie, who was the author of books on London and no mean expert in the archæology of the western world, was in the habit of spending a portion of each winter in Egypt. About 1870 he made his annual voyage up the Nile in a *dahabeeyah.* One evening his boat was tied up at a village near the First Cataract. After supper he took a stroll in the village. He spoke Arabic with fluency, and asked the first likely person he met whether he knew of anyone who had antiquities for sale. He was told of a tailor in the bazaar who sometimes had such things. He went to the bazaar, and found the tailor sitting, as was the custom of his craft, cross-legged on a board, plying his needle. Loftie said to him, "Have you any antiquities?" The tailor made no reply; but, putting his hand to a shelf behind his head, took down a tin biscuit-box and proceeded to remove from it a number of miscellaneous articles, evidently of no importance, for he did not attract attention to them. From the bottom of the box he drew out a coin, and handed it to Loftie. It was a Byzantine gold piece. He said to the tailor, "What is the price?" "Twenty-seven shillings and sixpence English." This expression struck Loftie as being strange, for the Suez Canal was then being built, and most of the foreign money in circulation in Egypt at that time was French. He hesitated a moment on this reflection. "Do you want it?" said the tailor. "No," said Loftie. The tailor replaced the coin in the box, covered it with the miscellaneous things, and without another word proceeded calmly with his stitching. Loftie bade him good-evening and rejoined his boat.

Ten years later Loftie, while on his annual visit to Egypt, went as usual to the Pyramids. Here he found to his surprise that a tomb which before had been untenanted, had now an occupant. The occupant was a young Englishman.

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[1] Rev. W. J. Loftie, the antiquarian.

The following dialogue took place:

Loftie. "What in the world are you doing here?"

Unknown. "Measuring the Pyramids."

Loftie. "May I ask for what purpose?"

Unknown. "My father is an engineer. He is a friend of a writer, named Piazzi Smith, who has developed the theory that the Pyramids are standards of measurement. My father told him that there could be no certainty about his theory until the Pyramids were accurately surveyed, and being a surveyor and, moreover, interested in archæology, I was sent out by my father to measure them."

Loftie. "May I ask your name?"

Unknown. "My name is Petrie, Flinders Petrie."

Loftie. "How long have you been here?"

Flinders Petrie. "Two months."

Loftie. "Have you nearly finished your work?"

Flinders Petrie. "It is done. I am soon going home."

Loftie. "You are looking rather white after living in a tomb for two months. I have a boat here. Come up the Nile with me and have a little holiday."

Flinders Petrie. "Thank you, I will."

They went up the Nile, and for the first time since his visit of ten years before Loftie had his boat tied up to the village near the First Cataract. In the evening Loftie said, "I have a friend in this village. Suppose we go and look him up."

They went into the bazaar, and, true to the manner of the unchanging East, there was the tailor sitting on his board plying his needle, as was his custom.

Loftie. "Have you any antiquities?"

Again the tailor put his hand to the shelf, took down the biscuit-box, took out the miscellaneous things, and handed to Loftie the Byzantine gold coin which he had held in his hand ten years before.

Loftie. "What is the price?"

Tailor. "Twenty-seven shillings and sixpence English."

Loftie. "But that was the price you asked ten years ago; and you have had the coin all that time. Is it worth no more now?"

Tailor. "I remember. The price of the coin is twenty-seven shillings and sixpence English. Do you want it?"

Loftie. "No."

The tailor replaced the coin and the miscellaneous things in the box, and as before, without another word, put the box on the shelf behind his head and calmly continued his stitching.

Loftie and Flinders Petrie returned to their boat. Loftie was now going down the river, intending to take steamer to England. Petrie decided to go farther up before sailing for home. They therefore separated at the First Cataract.

A month after Loftie arrived in London he happened to meet the Secretary of the Royal Society, who told him that he wanted advice upon a question which was not in his field. The Council of the Society had been rather badgered by Piazzi Smith, who had urged his Pyramid theory upon the Society. The Council came to the conclusion that it was advisable to put the theory to the test by having the Pyramids measured by some competent person, and a hundred pounds had been voted for the purpose. The Secretary asked Loftie's assistance in finding the competent person.

Loftie. "Will you give me the hundred pounds if I find the person and have the measurements made?"

Secretary. "Certainly."

Loftie. "The job is already done. Give me the money and I will undertake to send you a survey of the Pyramids within a few days."

Shortly after this interview young Petrie, having just arrived from Egypt, called upon Loftie.

Loftie. "I know what you did. You went back to that tailor and bought that coin."

Flinders Petrie. "That is what I did; and I came to you to ask what I should do with it."

Loftie (after a few moments' reflection). "Take it without delay to the Keeper of Coins at the British Museum. He will tell you the market value of it, and he will either buy it from you or tell you how and where to sell it; that is if you want to get rid of it."

Flinders Petrie. "Yes, I want to sell it."

Petrie went as directed to the Keeper of Coins at the British Museum. The keeper looked at the coin with interest, begged to be excused for a few minutes, and left the room. When he returned he said, "We do not want it; but I will tell you what to do. Take the boat to-night from Dover, go to Paris and show the coin to the Keeper of Coins at the Louvre. He will ask you what price you want for it. You will say 1500 francs. That is the value of it. He will immediately pull out a drawer and hand you the money."

Petrie went that night to Paris, and everything happened exactly as had been foretold.

He rushed back to London and displayed his wealth before Loftie.

Flinders Petrie. "I am completely mystified. How could the Keeper of Coins in London know so precisely beforehand what the Keeper of Coins in Paris would do?"

Loftie. "Don't you see, at the British Museum they had a coin exactly the same as yours, therefore they did not want another; but before you offered your coin, they and all the world of keepers of coins were under the impression that the British Museum coin was a unique specimen. The production of your coin proved that they were mistaken. He sent you to Paris because he knew that such a coin was not in the Louvre collection."

Flinders Petrie. "But why was the Louvre man so eager to have it?"

Loftie. "Because he thought you had stolen it from the British Museum."

Flinders Petrie. "Then why did you urge me to hurry to the Museum, and why did the Museum man urge me to hurry to Paris?"

Loftie. "Because, since a second coin supposed to exist only in one specimen turned up, other specimens might turn up at any moment. If others turned up, the market value would drop sharply. I have something else to tell you. Will you sell your survey of the Pyramids to the Royal Society for a hundred pounds?"

Flinders Petrie. "Of course I will; but will the Royal Society pay any such sum?"

Loftie. "It has done so, and here is the money. Now what are you going to do?"

Flinders Petrie. "I am going back to Egypt at once."

And this was the beginning of the British Egyptian Exploration.

I returned to Cambridge in 1905 to see my son, who had been an undergraduate at Trinity College, obtain his B.A., and on that occasion saw Lord Cromer receive his LL.D. I also saw, as on former visits, my dear friend of many years, Professor Alfred Marshall, the doyen of the economic world, to whose patient and skilful dissection of the economic processes science owes so much.

In 1905 and 1906 our younger children were at school in Brussels, where we had a house, and during the summers of these years I joined my wife and family for many week-ends and had the advantage of seeing some of my friends. Élisée Reclus resided in Brussels, and I had looked forward to seeing him again; but he was ill, and he died in 1905. His nephew Paul was carrying on his geographical work, and I saw much of him. The Reclus were a family of amazing literary and scientific productivity. They conducted correspondence with specialists all over the world, and for the purposes of the *Geographie Universelle* and other of their literary ventures they collected masses of authentic and well-digested material. The Reclus' library consisted, in fact, almost exclusively of manuscript reports prepared for them or by them.

The Belgian chemist, Solvay, had made a great fortune out of his processes for the manufacture of alkalis, which had in the seventies superseded the Leblanc process, and he devoted a part of his fortune to the establishment of the Institut Solvay, in the Parc Leopold in Brussels. This institution consisted in 1905 and 1906 of two sections —one for the promotion of physiological and the other for the promotion of sociological studies. Professor Richet had some function connected with the first, and the director of the second was M. Waxweiler.[1] I met Professor Richet, whom I had known in Paris; but naturally I was more interested in the work of the Institut Sociologique. This consisted of a good working library for the use of advanced students. These were provided with comfortable cubicles as workrooms, and were given facilities for the conduct of any researches in which they might be engaged. For approved students there was no charge of any kind. The bulletins issued by the Institut are of great value, especially those prepared by M. Waxweiler, who was a thoroughly equipped and most patient investigator.

In 1905 my family spent a couple of months at Knocke, on the Belgian coast, and I joined them there as occasion permitted. At that time Knocke was a seaside resort much frequented by Belgians, and to some extent by Germans; there were very few English visitors. It was the least fashionable of the series of watering-places, Ostend Blankenberghe, Heyst, Knocke. There was excellent surf bathing, an incipient golf-course, which I believe was developed afterwards, and a simple and inexpensive life. Bruges is quite near, so is Sluys, in Dutch Flanders. Ghent and Brussels are at no great distance. The docks at Zeebrügge, with the mole, were being constructed.

In 1906 I went with my family on a visit to my brother-in-law, James Cursitor, at Kirkwall, in the Orkneys. Although I had passed through the Pentland Firth on my way to Iceland sixteen years before, I had not visited Orkney. Cursitor is well known as an archæologist, and as the collector of an important collection of northern antiquities, which is now in the possession of the University of Edinburgh. He took me to the Standing Stones of Stenness and to

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[1] M. Waxweiler was accidentally killed by a motor-car in the Strand, in London, during the war.

Maes Howe, the latter a very fine dolmen, one of the most perfectly preserved in existence. The Palace at Kirkwall and the Cathedral of St. Magnus are both very fine; the former is delapidated, but the latter is in admirable preservation. Kirkwall is a small city with a metropolitan air. The people of means have their town and country houses. The society of the place has a peculiar character. Like other places of the same kind, some of them mentioned in these pages, Kirkwall has sent its youth abroad. Many of its young men have gone into the service of the Hudson Bay Company, many have gone into the Indian Army and into the Indian Civil Service. Others have gone to South America and elsewhere, wherever adventures were to be met and fortunes to be acquired, for the Orkneys afforded too small a field for them. I went one day into the Club at Kirkwall, in 1906, and found five or six men in the billiard-room. Every one of these men was an Orcadian, and every one of them was home on furlough from some distant region. One or two were from India, others were from America—North and South—all were prosperous men who paid periodical visits to their native place.[1]

[1] Like Knocke, Kirkwall played its part in the war, for Scapa Flow is, as it were, the back door of Kirkwall.

CHAPTER XXXVII

SIR WILLIAM CORNELIUS VAN HORNE

> He heard the deep behind him, and a cry
> Before. His own thought drove him like a goad.
>
> TENNYSON, *The Passing of Arthur* (1859).

In December 1892, about a month after my arrival in Toronto, I was invited by Mr. E. B. (now Sir Edmund) Osler, a director of the Canadian Pacific Railway, to go to Montreal to meet the other members of the board of directors, and especially to meet Mr. W. C. van Horne, the general manager of the line. In this way I became acquainted with Sir William van Horne, and I enjoyed his friendship until his death in 1916. At the time I made his acquaintance he was about forty-five years of age and in the prime of his inexhaustible activity. Sir William van Horne was born of Dutch parentage at the small town of Joliette in the State of Illinois. His family had not retained connection with Holland, although a member of it is now, I believe, the sole surviving pastor of the Dutch Reformed Church in America. When the ancestral emigrant came to America from Holland is not precisely known. Democratic as he was in many of his ways, Sir William liked to think of himself as a Dutchman of aristocratic lineage. His manners and bearing did not belie such an origin, for no one was more courtly than he was, when he chose to be courtly, and no one was ever more chivalrous to women than he was at all times. He used often to speak to me of his early years. His father had died while young and the care of the family had fallen upon his mother, who had been left with meagre means. For his mother van Horne entertained, till the end of his life, what can only be described as passionate adoration. He attributed to her, in addition to whatever virtues he may have inherited from her, his interest in science and in colour. The effective part of van Horne's life began in a telegraph office, and he retained his dexterity in transmitting and receiving messages in the Morse code, having a telegraph instrument installed in his house. After advancing step by step in railway service in the United States, he was invited in 1882 to become general manager of the Canadian Pacific Railway. The moment was critical in the history of the company. The railway had originally been projected by the Canadian Government, but the Government found itself unable to complete the line to the Pacific coast as it had undertaken. The aid of private capital was therefore asked, and a company was formed to take over the line. The terms were onerous alike for the company and the Government; for the Government had undertaken to build, for political reasons, a railway which for a long time could not be expected to be commercially profitable. Speedy means of communication between the provinces was a political necessity, and the reason for retarded commercial return was that the line had to be constructed over an unoccupied region for about two thousand miles. A part of that region, being mountainous, presented serious engineering difficulties. A group of financiers, headed by Mr. George Stephen,[1] undertook the task which the Government was unable to perform. The Government found it necessary to give a large subsidy in order to compensate for the financial strain which the company must endure for many years, and thus to enable those who were organising it to obtain the additional capital necessary for the completion of the line. The subsidy consisted of the railway in so far as it had been constructed, of twenty-five million acres of land and of twenty-five million dollars. There was much criticism of the Government at the time, and still more later; but it was clear that the price paid by the Government for the railway was not too large when the consequences of its construction are taken into account, and when it is considered that the railway would not and could not have been built by private capital as a purely commercial venture. The Canadian Pacific Railway became a commercial success, but it did not become successful by accident. Its success was due to the sustained energy and skill of its management. Sir William van Horne always insisted that the chief credit for the conduct of the affairs of the company to a successful issue was due to Lord Mountstephen; but a strictly just distribution of credit would award a large if not even a greater share to Sir William himself. There were many critical moments in the early career of the company, when funds were exhausted and money had to be obtained somehow to pay wages and to pay for material that had been used in construction. At these junctures the financial and political influence of George Stephen was used with effect. Had he not been able and willing to commit his own fortune and to induce others to assist, and had no one else performed his functions, the railway never would have been built under Canadian auspices, and probably it would not have been built at all. From the beginning the rôle of the politicians was ambiguous. They gave with one hand and took away with the

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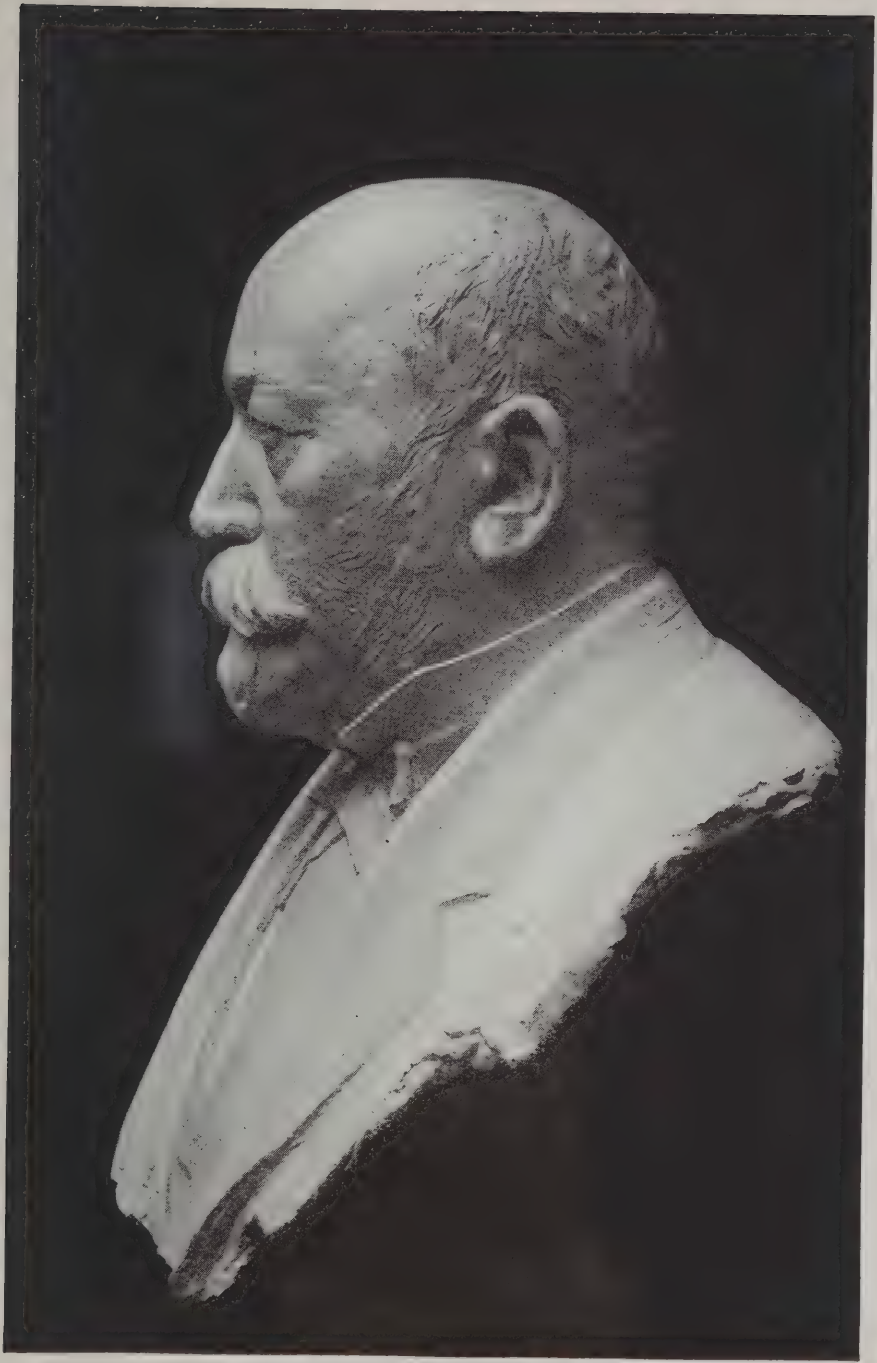
[1] Afterwards Lord Mountstephen.



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From bust by Frederic Lessore

other. The funds of both parties required continual replenishment. There were few persons in the country with fortune enough and generosity enough to provide the funds needed for party expenditures, and there were few industrial or other enterprises of sufficient magnitude to permit of adequate contributions. Practically the only corporation which could be drawn upon was the Canadian Pacific Railway. It had received large subventions from the country; why should it not recognise this fact by contributing to the party in power? The company could not expect further favours if it did not maintain the Government. As for the Opposition, it also must be supported, for might it not obstruct even the most necessary grants for the relief of the company at critical moments? The so-called Canadian Pacific Scandal, which was exposed in 1873, was no isolated affair, nor was the company victimised only by the politicians in power. Edward Farrer, an able journalist and a man of thorough integrity, told me that his collection and examination of the evidence upon which the attack upon the Government and Sir John Macdonald was made in Parliament convinced him that both political parties had exacted tribute from the company. It is undoubtedly the fact that all through its history the Canadian Pacific Railway, as well as all the other railways in Canada, have been continuously and copiously bled for the benefit of the party funds of both parties. It may be that corresponding benefits of a positive or negative character have been secured by the railways in return for these political expenditures; but nevertheless the system, probably quite indissociable from party government in a country like Canada, cannot be defended either on ethical or on economical grounds.

The Canadian Pacific Scandal antedated van Horne's connection with the line, but the effects of the scandal remained. The disclosures of the plundering of industrial enterprises by the politicians affected adversely the credit of the company and made it difficult to obtain capital. Indeed, it was only when the energy of van Horne brought success within sight, if not within reach, that funds began to be available. Donald Smith (afterwards Lord Strathcona) was sent over to London with orders to sell a hundred million of Canadian Pacific securities at thirty per cent. of the par value. He was denounced by the English newspapers for offering worthless stock in the English market. Yet some financiers took trouble to form a deliberate judgment of the possibilities of the line under competent management, and to make an estimate of the discount which would yield the investors a profit and at the same time yield the railway company sufficient capital to conduct the line. The discount was heavy—it was seventy per cent.—yet the risk was great. The financiers who took the risk were Dutchmen. It was really Amsterdam which made the C.P.R. possible. Amsterdam bought a hundred million dollars' worth of Canadian Pacific Railway securities for thirty million dollars, and elected a director upon the Canadian Pacific Railway board. The Dutchmen had to wait for years even for their interest, and it was not for more than twenty years that the Canadian Pacific Railway stock went to par. If any of the original investors took advantage of all their rights to purchase new stock at a fixed price, and if they sold out at the highest point, they must have made a profit of more than twelve times their original investment plus interest upon this at five per cent. for the whole period. They were well paid, but they took the risk when no one else would take it. The London market was slow in taking Canadian Pacific Railway stock. The experience of London in the Grand Trunk and in railways in the United States during the seventies and early eighties had been disastrous, and this circumstance had reacted against the new Canadian railway. Moreover, the risks of political interference, even of expropriation, in one form or another, could not be left out of account. There were demands for capital in other parts of the world which promised a better net return when all the risks were provided for. It was not until the Canadian Pacific Railway justified the confidence which the Dutchmen had placed in it that London took it up, then New York and the Continental Bourses began to speculate in it, and the price of the stock advanced rapidly. Meanwhile the value of the property was steadily increasing, and dividends also increased. The reason was the development of the West; but the reason of the development of the West was the Canadian Pacific Railway, and the Canadian Pacific Railway was van Horne.

The task he undertook when he became manager of the line was one which had never been undertaken before. He had not only to build up a railway, he had to build up a country to support the railway when it was built. He had not only to find the money to build a railway, but he had to make certain the payment of the interest upon that money through the organisation of traffic upon the railway. From the beginning there was always in van Horne's mind an idea which is extremely rare among American men of business. He had the idea that the first consideration was the permanence of the enterprise in which he was engaged. After him the deluge might come, but he intended that, if anything withstood the cataclysm, that thing should be the Canadian Pacific Railway. To make everyone in the employment of the company work continuously for the continuity of the enterprise was the only way to secure that continuity. More than that, it was necessary to adopt new and original methods of encouraging and even of creating traffic in order to obtain a start. So soon as the railway extended beyond Winnipeg, van Horne had sidings constructed at intervals on the prairie. On these sidings he placed railway cars fitted up as stores. Incoming emigrants were thus able to get supplies in an otherwise unorganised country. Whenever anyone came who seemed likely to make a good storekeeper, the business was transferred to him and the store-car moved somewhere else. So soon as cultivation began in a district, van Horne had warehouses built for receiving and storing the grain until shipment could be effected. Whenever an elevator company was promoted to take over the business of receiving grain, the flat warehouses were discontinued. These devices were intended to serve particular functions necessary to be performed by someone; the Canadian Pacific Railway undertook to perform them, not because these functions properly formed part of the functions of a railway, but because no one else was performing them, and because neither the railway nor the country could get on without them.

There was much foolish talking and writing in Canada and in England about what was described as the Canadian Pacific Railway monopoly. To begin with, the Canadian Pacific Railway had a monopoly. It was not granted a monopoly by the Government, but there was in the nature of the case a monopoly. No other company, excepting the Hudson Bay Company, had ventured anything in the prairie region when the Canadian Pacific Railway went into it. But the Canadian Pacific Railway expressly did its utmost to induce others to share its monopoly, to divide with it the labour of opening up and peopling the country and to share the benefits, such as they were. About 1910 a friend of mine in Scotland was appointed a member of a commission to inquire into the agricultural possibilities of the Canadian North-West. As is usual in such cases, the visit of the commission was far too hurried, and its examination too superficial to have any value. I was discussing with this friend the route he intended to take. I suggested, as a portion of it, a journey which would have taken him over the Canadian Pacific Railway. He refused absolutely to entertain the idea. He said he would not travel by so monopolistic a line. Nothing could be more absurd and more ignorant than this attitude of mind. He had to modify it or he would have been unable to make his journey.

The management of the Canadian Pacific Railway by Sir William van Horne was undoubtedly conceived in a statesmanlike manner. So far from entertaining a narrow monopolistic spirit, the whole of his energies were directed to the building up of the country with the Canadian Pacific Railway as an integral part of it. He went farther. Van Horne was one of the very few experts in railway management who believed in the possibility of State ownership and operation of railways without political influence. At a certain stage, while the Canadian Pacific Railway was in a secure position financially and otherwise, he made a formal suggestion to the Government of a plan by means of which the railway might be acquired by the State. A Nemesis seems to attend closely all adventures of this kind by the Canadian Government. I feel satisfied that in this matter Sir William van Horne was wrong, and that, had the Canadian Pacific Railway been acquired by the Government on terms which left a large prospective annual profit, that profit would in a few years have totally disappeared, and the railway which had been a prosperous concern would have presented the same appearance as the other industrial adventures of the Government, namely, the appearance of chronic deficits and the technical inferiority which inevitably accompanies financial unsoundness. It was fortunate that the Government did not accept Sir William van Horne's proposal.[1]

Sir William van Horne was undoubtedly a man of first-rate genius. His extraordinary versatility would have enabled him to excel in almost any field. His mental and bodily activities were alike amazing. Let me give, by way of indication, the history of one among many weeks I spent in his society. I arrived at his house in Montreal one evening. After dinner we had a causerie in his den. He showed me some of his new acquisitions, and we talked for a while about pictures. Then he showed me some of his own drawings—very remarkable works in colour, drawn to illustrate his manuscript catalogue of his collection of Japanese porcelains. These drawings have excited the admiration of many artists as well as of connoisseurs in Japanese art. They were not intended to be works of the imagination, but representations of certain surfaces. Their merit lay in the meticulous accuracy with which these surfaces were reproduced, and in the absolute fidelity of the drawing. These drawings, numbering hundreds of examples, might have formed a large portion of the life-work of a man who had had nothing else to do. As the work of a man whose life was fully occupied otherwise they were marvellous. After looking at these drawings, we played a couple of games of chess. When these were finished the hour was already late, about one o'clock in the morning.

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[1] There is no railway monopoly in Canada at the present time, thanks to the competition of the Canadian Pacific Railway with the national railways; but if the Canadian Pacific Railway were acquired by the State there would be a monopoly and the public would be at the mercy of a system controlled by politicians, manned throughout by political patronage and regulated by political considerations.

Sir William van Horne very naturally considered that it would be to the interest of the country to entrust the management of the railways to a man of his own type, who would refuse to be influenced by politics; but this assumption has yet to be justified. An attempt was made, a few years ago, to manage the Intercolonial Railway on business principles, with the consequence that the Conservative Parliamentary Whip resigned and several seats were lost to the party. How long any sound railway administration can withstand pressure resulting from incidents of this kind is a question which must periodically present itself.

"Well, Professor!"—van Horne's usual mode of salutation—"what do you say to a walk?" We walked out Sherbrooke Street for a couple of miles and walked back to bed. Next morning we did not breakfast early. Immediately after breakfast, it was van Horne's custom to take a small cigar from a pocket in his ample waistcoat, place it with a formal gesture at my plate, produce another from the same reservoir, and smoke. When the small cigar was consumed, a longer one—at this period a "Sol," the cigar affected by the Archbishop of Cuba—and so on all day, smoking not with rapidity but with comfortable continuity. In the forenoon Sir William attended to his affairs with his secretary and went down to his office. He lunched at home, very rarely going to any of the clubs in Montreal of which he was a member. After lunch he was also occupied; then in the evening, after dinner, Sir William would say, "How would you like a little trip to Detroit?" At the very moment of the starting of the train we would step on board his private car. We had our game of chess on the train before retiring. Apart from his duties at the Canadian Pacific Railway Sir William was at that time president of the Windsor Salt Company, and business connected with that enterprise took us to Detroit. We crossed the river from the American side to see the works.

The salt-beds of Ontario extend in an oblique belt across the province from Windsor to Goderich on Lake Huron. These beds are of varying depth below the surface and of varying thickness. The bed at Windsor had the great advantage of being in close proximity to a plentiful supply of good water from the St. Clair River. The plan adopted in the exploitation of the salt is to bore to the salt rock and then to sink two pipes. Down one of these the water is poured from a reservoir, into which it is pumped from the river, and up the other brine is pumped. The brine is thrown into evaporating pans, and the salt, after being redissolved and re-evaporated, is recovered in an almost absolutely pure state. The Windsor salt has a wide popularity in the market for this reason. In the evening we dined at one of the Detroit clubs with some three or four friends of Sir William's, and we had one of those superb whitefish for which the St. Clair River is famous. This particular specimen, served on a plank, was of the largest size which at the time could be procured in the market, and was cooked with great skill. While Sir William was engaged in his business, I took occasion to visit the enormous works of Parke, Davis and Co., the manufacturing druggists. Their establishment afforded convincing proof of the indigestibility of American food. I do not now recall how many tons of pills to aid digestion they manufactured daily; but I came to the conclusion that on the average every inhabitant of the United States, of whatever age, took at least one of Parke, Davis's pills every day. Whether or not they were more effective than Morrison's I do not know—as I am not experienced in either. The most interesting part of the works to me were the stables where were the horses used for the production of serum for diphtheria, and the adjoining laboratories in which, with extraordinary precautions, this serum was being prepared for the hospitals.

From Detroit we returned to Montreal, spent one evening there, and next day Sir William remarked, "What about a trip to Grand Mère?" The Grand Mère Falls on the St. Maurice River are the site of the works of the Laurentide Pulp and Paper Company, of which Sir William was president. I had been with him when he was dealing with railway affairs and with salt affairs, I was now to witness how he dealt with paper affairs. Grand Mère Falls are about thirty miles in the interior from Quebec. We reached the works in the morning, and spent the day. The timber limits of the company, from which it derives its supply for the manufacture of pulp, extend over some hundred square miles of the St. Maurice River system. The power used in the works is obtained from the falls. I found that at the moment the company was supplying large quantities of "news print" for the English newspapers. I was with Sir William throughout the day, and had an unusual opportunity of witnessing his extraordinary power of rapid observation and his almost unrivalled powers of memory. I never saw him take a note, he seemed to carry everything in his head, although I have no doubt that he dictated from time to time the results of his observations to his secretaries.

We returned to Montreal and spent a few eventful days, after which

I left him to pursue the rounds of his multifarious activities. The secret of van Horne lay partly in his power to turn rapidly from one form of activity to another and to avoid over-anxiety about any one of his enterprises. This characteristic was always apparent. When he had transacted his business he was free to play games; he did not golf, but he was a good billiard player, and was very skilful at many games of cards, especially poker. As a chess player, he played a careful but not especially brilliant game. Although anywhere he could apparently at will become care-free, he was most of all so at his estate of Covenhoven on Minister's Island. This estate, of about a thousand acres, occupies almost the whole of an island in Passamaquoddy Bay, near St. Andrews in New Brunswick. From the verandah of the house there was visible southwards on clear days a glimpse of the Atlantic across the Bay of Fundy, and eastwards the mouths of the Digdeguash and the Magaguadavic.[1]

Van Horne had lavished an immense amount of skill and an immense amount of money upon his island. He told me that it was the only one of his enterprises of which he did not keep accurate accounts. Here he had a portion of his herd of belted Holstein cattle; the remainder of the herd was at his other farm, maintained for experimental purposes, at Selkirk, near Winnipeg. The making of roads, and the beautifying of these by the cultivation of plants and the designing and continual extension of the gardens, occupied a large part of his time. His drawings were executed in Montreal, but most of his paintings were executed at Covenhoven, where, as well as in Montreal, he had a studio. Although van Horne had a good eye for colour, and although he was an excellent draughtsman, he had, I have always thought, better judgment of the work of others than he had of his own. He usually worked with great speed, and I doubt if he had the necessary power of concentration to become a really great painter. It would have been too much to expect that he should attain high excellence in everything he touched. Yet some of his paintings are admirable, and in this field alone he might have excelled had he had less multifarious forms of action. At Covenhoven he erected an outlook tower, on the scale of a formidable fortification; the unglazed windows of it were so designed that there was visible from each of them a pictorial composition.

The day came when approaching age caused him to relinquish some of his responsibilities, and he decided to resign the presidency of the Canadian Pacific Railway. He resigned in favour of Sir Thomas

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[1] Pronounced Makadavy.

Shaughnessy,[1] who had, when I first made his acquaintance in 1892, been assistant general manager.

Van Horne told me that on the morning after he had shed his definitely recurring daily responsibilities to the Canadian Pacific Railway he had felt completely at a loss. The Canadian Pacific Railway had formed so great a part of his life that without it, in spite of his numerous other interests, life seemed empty. He had not been in California for some time; California had a nice climate, he thought he would go and have a look at it. He ordered his private car and had it attached to the outgoing train from Montreal that evening. A railway magnate, even an ex-president of a railway, cannot move about in the United States silently. His movements are telegraphed everywhere. Long before van Horne's arrival at San Francisco, the fact that he was on his way thither became known. When he arrived he was greeted by a number of leading railway men, who told him that they had arranged a little trip for him to Los Angeles, and that a private car was waiting for the party. Van Horne accepted the invitation, and immediately the party began to play poker, which appears to be the principal amusement of the American business man. I am given to understand that some people who do nothing else play poker with great skill; but I have known some men who were capable of many other things play poker exceptionally well. Van Horne was one of these, and whatever may have been the previous experiences of his hosts, they suffered badly on that occasion. The party lasted all night, and in the morning the hosts returned sorrowfully to San Francisco, leaving van Horne smoking on the verandah of the hotel, reflecting on another undesired conquest, but still restless. There was nothing amusing or exciting in Los Angeles; in the course of the day he decided to travel eastwards. On his way East, his mind drifted to Jamaica. He had heard of its climate, and somehow felt an interest in it. When he reached New York, he set off again at once for Florida. At St. Augustine he asked for a steamer to Jamaica, but found that none left for Kingston for several days. "Where is that vessel going?" van Horne said, pointing to a vessel at the dock. "Havana, Cuba," was the answer. "All right, give me a ticket." To Cuba he went, and through this accidental circumstance the Cuban Railway Company took its rise.

I can well understand van Horne's imagination being fired by Cuba. He was already deeply interested in Spanish art and architecture, he had a sincere admiration for the Spanish people, and he was predisposed to find among the Cubans a reflection of Spain. The castle of Moro and the harbour of Havana impressed van Horne profoundly. After wandering about the city for some time, he made a journey upon the railway running out of Havana, and when he reached the end of the track, he rode on horseback for some days. Before he came to the end of his ride he had decided to build a railway in Cuba. Returning to Havana, he secured, with an expedition probably unprecedented in a country under Spanish influence, a concession to build a line. He asked for no land grant and for no money from the Cuban Government. He made his estimate of the amount required to put the scheme on its feet, and he fixed upon twenty million dollars. He went to New York, placed the matter before his friends, obtained the amount he wanted to make up this sum, and returned to Cuba. Here he proceeded to make arrangements with the proprietors of the lands through which the railway was to pass. Some of these lands he purchased, over others he obtained rights of way without payment. Soon engineers were engaged, places were made on the engineering staffs for young Cubans, and the construction of the line began. There were many interesting incidents in the construction of the railway. Van Horne had given instructions that in all cases haulage should be saved by using local timber for bridges, etc. The Cuban foremen interpreted this instruction literally, and built one of the bridges of mahogany, because it was the timber nearest the site. The Cuban Railway has already passed through many vicissitudes. It has experienced and survived a revolution, and more than one acute financial crisis arising from external causes. After the currency crisis of 1907 in the United States the Cuban Railway required funds, and found great difficulty in getting them. Van Horne had raised a good deal of money through his unaided exertions, but his New York friends were unwilling or unable to provide further funds. There was still uncertainty that the enterprise would pay in spite of the optimism and competence of van Horne. At this juncture van Horne told me that he met at dinner, by chance, a Scotsman called John Fleming, who had become an important figure in London finance. Without ulterior aim, van Horne was easily induced to tell him the story of his Cuban enterprise. He must have been even more than usually convincing, for Fleming said to him, "How much money do you want to put the railway upon a good financial footing?"

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[1] Now Lord Shaughnessy.

Van Horne. "Five million dollars." (This in a tone of despondency.)

John Fleming. "Very well, I'll give it to you."

Naturally, from that moment van Horne and Fleming became fast friends. Van Horne used often to speak of him with enthusiasm.

The Cuban Railway was able to survive losses during the revolution amounting to many millions, for which the company made a claim against the Cuban Government. One of the consequences of the Great War was practical stoppage of the supplies of beetroot sugar and the recovery by cane sugar of its former position in the market. The reaction upon the Cuban Railway was most favourable. I believe that it realised all, and more than all, the financial anticipations of van Horne. It was quite characteristic of van Horne that he should desire to have a residence in Cuba, where he found it necessary to spend so much of his time. He had already two large houses—in Montreal and at St. Andrews. With some misgivings about the legitimacy of his embarking upon a building scheme that might lead him into an ostentation from which he might afterwards recoil, he planned, built and furnished a very fine country house, almost a palace; but he did not live to occupy it.

The Cuban Railway had simply replaced the Canadian Pacific, and although a much smaller enterprise, it afforded a field for what Sir William regarded as his diminished energies. After the relatively small system was in full working order, Sir William van Horne conceived the idea of establishing a large fish-canning industry at his own door in New Brunswick. The result was the Chamcook Cannery. This enterprise was for some reason not so successful as van Horne's enterprises usually were, and after a time it was sold to the Booth Company, which has practically a monopoly of such factories on the coasts of Maine and New Brunswick.

My intention, in these notes on Sir William van Horne, is not to give an account of his life, but rather to give an impression of his personality. About such a person legends invariably spring up, and I have heard many more or less authentic stories which throw light upon him. In those which follow my authority has invariably been Sir William himself. When I heard a tale about him, it was my practice to ask him for corroboration or to get him to tell it me in his own words. As nearly as I can remember the following are correct versions.

In his preface to the *Life of Father Lacombe*, by Miss Hughes, Sir William tells a story, which he has more than once related to me, of how, when the Canadian Pacific Railway was being built, he came upon a construction camp one evening while the sun was setting in a sky of ruddy gold. Sharply silhouetted against the sky he saw the figure of a priest, and as he approached he saw that the priest was addressing a group of workers belonging to the camp. The priest was speaking in French, and most of his hearers were French Canadians. After the address was over van Horne made the acquaintance of the priest. His name was Father Lacombe, who was known as one of the most single-minded and self-sacrificing missionary priests of the West. This accidental meeting led to a lifelong friendship. Some time after they met Father Lacombe visited Montreal, and he naturally called upon van Horne. He stayed to dinner, and in the evening afterwards, in order to amuse him, his host showed him some sleight-of-hand tricks with cards. The priest was so engrossed with these wonders that he was oblivious of the flight of time. It was Saturday evening, and Sunday morning came without notice. So soon as he realised that the hour had passed when he should have returned to the religious house at which he was staying, he took his leave. On his next visit to Montreal he came again; but on this occasion he was accompanied by a stern-looking ecclesiastic, who was evidently sent by his superior to see that the reverend father did not again transgress.

Sir William happened to see, in the gallery of a picture-dealer in New York, a religious picture which he thought might make a suitable present for Father Lacombe. He ordered it to be sent to Montreal, and he gave instructions to his Montreal framer to have the picture suitably framed and dispatched to the town of Lacombe in Alberta, where Father Lacombe resided. He thought no more of the matter for some time, until he realised that he had had no acknowledgment of receipt of the picture. He asked the framer if his instructions had been carried out, and he was told that they had. On looking over the pictures lying to his order, Sir William found the picture destined for Father Lacombe, and then discovered, to his dismay, that instead of a religious canvas suitable in every way for a Catholic church, there had been sent to Father Lacombe, with his compliments, a characteristic picture by Degas of ballet-girls pirouetting on a stage before footlights. Shocked beyond measure, he telegraphed to Father Lacombe apologising for the mistake, and assuring him that it would be rectified. Within a few days he had a letter from the priest, informing him that he had been much surprised upon receiving the picture, that he had treated it with the respect due to the generosity of the giver, but that some of his colleagues had insisted upon his putting it out of sight. He had therefore concealed it under his bed. It was now boxed up for return.

Very many van Horne stories relate to his phenomenal memory, coupled with his keenness of observation. One evening, I think it was at Government House, Ottawa, he met an Englishman who had just returned from Japan. Van Horne's interest in that country was boundless, and he catechised the Englishman closely. The Englishman mentioned, as a detail of no particular importance, that he had induced his wife to permit a Japanese artist to tattoo upon her left arm a life-size drawing of a blue-bottle fly. To illustrate his story, the narrator placed his finger upon the place on his own arm corresponding to the place on the arm of his wife upon which the drawing of the fly had been executed. The lady was not present. Some months afterwards Sir William met, at dinner in Montreal, a lady whose name he did not catch when he was introduced to her. Almost immediately she told him that she had heard of his powers of thought-reading, and asked him if he would perform an experiment upon her. He agreed at once, but asked that the experiment might be tried a little later in the evening. He devoted the interval to conversation with her, in order to get some guidance for his experiment. Very soon he found, although he was still unaware of her name, that she must be the wife of the Englishman whom he had met at Ottawa, and that therefore she must be the lady with the blue-bottle fly tattooed upon her arm. He noticed that the sleeve of her dress was long enough to cover the place indicated to him by her husband. In due time van Horne announced his readiness for the thought-reading experiment.

Lady. "What am I thinking of, Sir William?"

Sir William. "You are thinking of something alive—an insect, for example."

The lady said nothing, but exhibited signs of having been "touched." After a pause:

Sir William. "You are thinking of a picture of an insect painted on your arm"—and he placed his finger gently on the spot.

The lady was more than satisfied. She nearly fainted.

One day Sir William was pacing up and down what is known as the Rotunda in the Windsor Hotel, Montreal. He observed a group of men, probably Americans, standing together. One of these men took from his pocket a match-box, and drew from it a match to light his cigar. As van Horne passed him, the man held up the box in such a way that the design of it, which was peculiar, impressed itself upon van Horne's eye. Nothing more happened at that time; but many months afterwards van Horne was in a club in San Francisco when one of his friends said, "There is a man here who is anxious to meet you." He brought up his friend, and van Horne recognised him as the person whom he had noticed in the Rotunda of the Montreal hotel. The stranger told van Horne frankly that the reason he wanted to be introduced to him was in order that he might have an opportunity of seeing one of the thought-reading experiments for which van Horne was famous. "Certainly," said van Horne. "Well then, I am holding an article in my hand, can you describe it?" "Yes," said van Horne, and he proceeded to do so accurately enough for the purpose, although he had, months before, only a passing glance at the thing.

"I knew that the fellow would think of his little match-box. He looked so proud of it the first time I saw him," van Horne said to me, in telling the story.

A more remarkable instance of van Horne's cleverness in these trifles was that of another Montreal experience. He was at dinner at the house of one of his co-directors in the Canadian Pacific Railway. The lady whom he took in to dinner was previously unknown to him. She challenged him to try an experiment with her, and he exhausted his ingenuity in trying to find something in her conversation to assist him, but without success. When the ladies left the table Sir William went to the door of the dining-room, opened it and stood by it as the ladies went out, in order to take advantage of any opportunity that might offer. The door of the dining-room gave upon a wide corridor; the entrance to the drawing-room from this corridor was at some distance from, and opposite to, the dining-room door. At the end of the corridor there was a folding screen, and above this screen was a brilliant electric light. Van Horne remarked carefully the track of the lady along the carpet of the corridor, and noticed that at the moment when she turned into the drawing-room she gave a slight start. He thought he had found his clue. If he could find out what startled her, he would probably know what she was thinking about. When the men left the dining-room van Horne followed precisely the track the lady had taken, and noticed that at the point where she had turned into the drawing-room there was visible one of the sections of the folding screen, invisible from any other point on the route. This section contained a large dragon embroidered in gold and brilliantly illuminated by a lamp above. The design was not merely fine in itself, it was positively startling in its sudden appearance and brilliance. Van Horne felt certain that this was what the lady must be thinking about. He marched quickly to her in the drawing-room, made a few passes such as mesmerists are used to make, and told her that she was thinking about a Chinese dragon embroidered in gold. He was right.

It would have been strange if van Horne had not employed in his ordinary avocation as railway manager the talent he exhibited in these playful and innocent impostures. One night in winter he was waiting at a junction for a train. He walked up and down the platform for exercise, with the collar of his fur coat round his ears and his fur cap closely drawn almost covering his face. He was quite unrecognisable, and no one knew of his presence. Two brakemen came and sat down on a truck on the platform. As van Horne passed them, he gathered that one was an old and the other a new hand. The old hand asked the new one on what route he had been placed. The old hand then asked if he took a sleep between certain distantly separated stations. The new hand said that he did not. The old hand then told him that when he was on that route he had always taken a sleep between these stations, that the route on which he was now placed offered a similar advantage, and that he always had a sleep between certain stations, which he named. Van Horne's train came in, and he left the brakemen on the platform without their suspecting that they had been overheard by anyone, least of all by the general manager. When he reached Montreal, he was able to learn the name of the brakeman who was the old hand. That night he wrote a telegram to the following effect: "Conductor Train No. —, at —— Station. (Not to be opened until the train is half-way to the next following station.) Go into the caboose immediately. You will find John —— asleep. Wake him up and show him this telegram. Van Horne." The charm worked. Both the conductor and the brakeman were thoroughly frightened.

A more elaborate travelling joke was employed for an effect of a somewhat different kind. One evening van Horne's servant came to him in the sitting-room of his private car, while he was working at some papers, and told him that a newspaper reporter, who was travelling on the train, had asked to see him. "Show him in," said van Horne. The young man entered, and almost immediately admitted that his only purpose was to ask Sir William to try a thought-reading experiment upon him. "I will," said van Horne, "but you must wait a little. You see I am rather busy. Sit down." The young fellow took a seat and unfolded a newspaper to beguile the time. Van Horne watched him while he himself was working, and noticed that the newspaper was *The Globe* of the day, that the young man's eye passed down a column, and that he turned the paper at the machine fold and quickly replaced it. Van Horne noticed the position of the column on the page. After a while he laid aside his work, and asked the young man if he had settled in his mind what he wanted van Horne to find out.

The young man replied that he had. "Well," said van Horne, "we will go no farther at this moment. I want to turn in. One day, it may be months hence, you will hear from me. Good-night." Immediately the young man left the car van Horne called his servant, "Have you a *Globe* of to-day?" "No, sir." "Then see if you can get one on the train. The young man who has just left has one, but I don't want you to trouble him. Find out quietly if any other passenger happens to have a copy. If not, it doesn't matter." No copy could be found, and, other incidents intervening, the interview and its consequent promise lay dormant in van Horne's mind. One day, if I remember correctly it was at Owen Sound, van Horne was waiting in the station agent's office for a train, when he noticed a file of *The Globe*. Months had passed since the interview in question; but van Horne was able to recall the journey upon which it occurred, and from that recollection he found the date. He turned over the file until he came to the paper of that day, readily found the page and the column, and noticed that the line under the machine fold contained the single word "Vienna." The column contained a list of foreign exchanges on New York. He took a telegram form and wired the reporter: "On [such and such a date] you were thinking of Vienna. Van Horne."

Occasionally Sir William amused himself and beguiled the tedium of long journeys by practical joking of another kind. On a visit of inspection in the West, accompanied by one of his co-directors, he took as his guest Sir William Petersen, then Principal of McGill University. The party had reached the Rocky Mountains. I am not quite certain of the name of the station at which the train stopped for some reason for a longer time than usual. I think it was Morley, which is not far west from Calgary. On rising ground at some distance from the station (whatever it was) there are two upright stones. From the railway these stones look not unlike monuments, and they have a passable resemblance to gigantic human figures. From the line their distance is deceptive, for between them and a knoll immediately north of the railway there is a deep hollow, which must be traversed in order to approach the stones. Van Horne pointed out these alleged monuments to Sir William Petersen, and expatiated upon the legends about them, inventing, of course, a good deal for the occasion. Sir William Petersen's curiosity was excited to such an extent that he declared his intention to investigate the "monuments."

Van Horne. "I am afraid that they are rather far away for you to do so just now."

Petersen. "Not at all. They are on that hill; I could go there and back in half an hour."

Van Horne. "I don't think so; but you can try if you think you can do it."

Petersen set off alone, and disappeared over the top of the first hill. He had descended into the hollow. Ere long he was observed standing alongside the "monuments." Then the cardinal point of the joke began. Van Horne instructed the engineer of the train to blow his whistle. Petersen disappeared, to reappear running hard down the nearer hill. When he was still some distance off, the whistle was again sounded, and immediately afterwards the train moved slowly out of the station. Petersen ran after it, climbed into the car, and said, "Confound you. You have done me this time. You won't do it again."

He was really reckoning without his host, for in a few days he was done again by a more elaborate joke. At Lethbridge, Alberta, there is a curious formation of soft clay which contains hard concretions, sometimes assuming fantastic shapes. One of these concretions had found its way to the office of the station agent at Lethbridge, and it attracted the attention of van Horne. It bore a curious and wholly fortuitous resemblance to the head of an Indian. "Is this of any use, will you give it to me?" van Horne said to the agent. "Certainly." "Will you have it wrapped carefully up and put in my car?"

After the train had started van Horne told Sir William Petersen that the head of a fossil man had been found near Lethbridge, and that the finder had insisted upon its being offered for Sir William Petersen's inspection with the hope that it might be purchased by McGill University.

Petersen. "Nonsense, there is no such thing as a fossil man." [1]

Van Horne. "I don't know anything about that. All I know is that the thing looks like the head of a man; but whether it is worth anything or not, I have not the least idea."

Petersen. "Well, anyway, let us see it."

The specimen was unwrapped, and Petersen reaffirmed that a fossil man was an impossibility and therefore that the head of one could not be found. Van Horne manœuvred the specimen in such a way that Petersen was likely to knock it off the table if he moved his arm. He did make a movement, and the specimen fell on the floor of the car, breaking into numerous fragments.

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[1] Principal Petersen may be right, yet since the date of this story the term "fossil man" has come into use. See, for example, Obermaier, Hugo, *El Hombre Fósil* (Madrid, 1916); Smith, Stewart Arthur, "The Fossil Human Skull found at Talgai, Queensland," *Trans. Royal Society*, London Ser. B., vol. 208, 1918; Sera, G. L., "La testimonianza deî fossili di Antropomorfi per la questione dell' origino dell' Uomo," *Atti della Societa italiana di Scienze naturali*, vol. lvi., 1917.

Van Horne. "Well, well, that ends the dispute. There is no more to be said about it."

Petersen. "I think so."

And gathering up the fragments, he threw them out of the window. A few hours afterwards a telegram was handed to van Horne, who read it, made a significant glance at Petersen, and then crumpled up the message and threw it in the waste basket.

Petersen. "Why did you look at me like that? May I ask, did that message concern me in any way?"

Van Horne. "It was nothing of importance."

Petersen. "In that case do you mind my looking at it?"

Van Horne. "If you must, you may."

Petersen picked up the message and read, "The owner of the fossil head delivered to you for submission to Sir William Petersen asks fifty thousand dollars for it from McGill University. If Sir William does not desire to purchase it, please have it returned to this station without delay."

Here was a quandary. The alleged fossil head had to be paid for to the tune of fifty thousand dollars or returned, and it was distributed in uncollectable fragments somewhere on the Canadian Pacific Railway line east of Lethbridge.

Van Horne. "Well?"

Petersen. "Better leave it to me to deal with. The thing is an obvious fraud."

Petersen then drafted a telegram, which was dispatched to Lethbridge:

"Principal Petersen says that the specimen submitted to him is not the head of a fossil man, as this is impossible; but he says also that if the body to which the head belongs is found, and if it is proved to be a genuine fossil man, a substantial sum will be paid for it by McGill University." Two days later van Horne handed Petersen a telegram which had just been delivered to him. It was from Lethbridge. "The body of the fossil man to which the head belongs has been found. The head must be returned or a guarantee given that fifty thousand dollars will be paid within a reasonable time."

This very disturbing message threw not only Principal Petersen but other members of the party into great excitement. Van Horne came to the rescue, saying, "I will answer this myself."

He wrote the following telegram to the agent at Lethbridge station:

"Presume that owner of the alleged fossil man is employé of C.P.R. It will be to his advantage to go no farther in affair. Principal Petersen repudiates responsibility and denounces what he regards as attempted imposture."

To this telegram there came, in a few hours, the following reply:

"Owner of fossil man not now employé of C.P.R. Resigned some time ago after dispute with the company. Annoyed at accusation of imposture, he is now determined to prosecute his claim, and on the ground of Principal Petersen's offer as per his telegram will sue for the amount named."

Van Horne drew one of his fellow-directors aside and said to him,

"Principal Petersen has got himself into a hole. Still, he is our guest and we cannot allow him to suffer. You and I will have to meet this claim. I will give twenty-five thousand and you will give the other twenty-five thousand. It would not do to have him worried over a trifle like that."

This proposal produced consternation so real that van Horne disclosed that the telegrams had all been concocted in the car and that the affair was a joke.

The collections of Sir William van Horne, which under his will are being maintained intact, may be classified in the following categories: (*a*) Examples of primitive Græco-Roman art—a small number of interesting paintings; (*b*) Paintings by Old Masters—including a fine Velasquez and several very fine examples of Greco; (*c*) Paintings by modern Dutch Masters, including examples of Corot, Mesdag, etc.; (*d*) Paintings by English painters of the eighteenth and early nineteenth century, as Hoppner, Constable, etc.; (*e*) Paintings by the modern French and English Schools; (*f*) Japanese porcelains, especially tea-jars, of which there is an immense collection; (*g*) Other Japanese and Chinese antiquities; (*h*) Drawings in colour and black and white by artists of various schools, including a large collection of drawings by Dutch artists; (*i*) Collection of models of ships, especially of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

These collections are all of importance. It may be hoped that one day catalogues may be published, in order that they may be known to students.

From these desultory notes the character and personality of Sir William van Horne may be inferred; but it would be difficult to convey an impression of his geniality, his unwearying activity, his playfulness, and his serious interest in almost every field of human activity.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

JAPAN IN 1910

Opened; opened!
Which is the flower that's opened?
The lotus flower has opened—
You thought so, but now it is shut.

Shut! Close shut!
Which is the flower that's shut?
'Tis the lotus blossom that's folded—
You thought so, but now it expands!

Japanese popular street song. (Version by Sir Edwin Arnold, 1891, slightly amended.)

On 4th May, 1910, I sailed from Vancouver for Japan. The voyage up the coast of British Columbia was accomplished in fog, and the land, although at no great distance, was scarcely visible. When we came out into the Pacific, the long grey line of the Aleutian Islands began to appear, like a string of pearls, on the northern horizon. We had scarcely left the last of the Aleutian group behind us, when we picked up the most northerly of the Kurile Islands, and then we ran down the Japanese coast.

In a voyage of thirteen days across the Pacific we were out of sight of land for only two or three days at a time. As we approached the Japanese coast we received intimation by wireless of the death of King Edward and the accession of His Majesty George V.

On the 18th May we arrived at Yokohama, having dropped a day on our way westwards to reconcile our movements with those of the calendar.

The vessel was attached to the dock; but, before passengers were permitted to land, a number of persons came on board. Among these were some newspaper correspondents. One of them presented his card, said that he had come to have an interview, and, in imperfect English, asked that I should give him my impressions of Japan. This curious incident was reminiscent of a story told me by Sir William Arrol, the contracting engineer of the Forth Bridge. On his first visit to New York, before he had landed, he had a similar visit from an American interviewer, who asked for impressions of America, adding that he wanted to know why Sir William had come to New York. Sir William said that, learning of the financial crisis in the United

States, and embarrassed by the number of things in them which he was invited to purchase, he had come out to see if it were worth while to buy the country as a whole. With this joke, of a distinctively American pattern, Sir William turned the guns of his interviewer. I did not take similar advantage of the naïveté of mine; I simply dodged his catechism with a few commonplaces.

Yokohama is a semi-European town. Large hotels and a European quarter give it less of a Japanese air than any other city in Japan. The city, which is the port of Tokyo, is the centre of foreign commerce and the principal naval station. I was not at the moment specially interested in either, and although I returned to Yokohama, I left that city for Kamakura on the afternoon of my arrival.

At Kamakura the visitor is plunged at once into the real Japan—the Japan of small houses and of vast temples, of rice-fields and irrigation, of meticulous human labour, of amazing concentration of rural population, of a standard of comfort inexpressibly minute, and of evidences of the wealth of generations having been lavished upon gigantesque works of art—the Japan of innumerable contradictions, of apparent facts which are illusory and of apparent illusions which turn out to be facts, of things which are ostentatiously open and really shut, and of things which are to all seeming shut and are really open.

In Europe we may witness some of the same phenomena—squalid hovels under the shadow of cathedrals upon which the labour and skill of generations have been lavished. But here in Japan this particular phenomenon has a different history and therefore a different aspect. There are gargantuan structures, such as the outer walls of the Palace at Tokyo and those of some other palaces and castles, which have been built of stone, and of so great solidity that they have for centuries withstood earthquakes. But the temples are not built of stone. They are built of wood, and since in a moist climate like that of Japan wood decays, the temples have to be frequently reconstructed; and thus continuous application of labour is necessary to maintain these national monuments. In a sense the temples are antique; but in a sense they are modern and even contemporary. In presence of this important fact, it is useless to argue that the Japanese religion has lost its force. Even now, with all the inducements to divert the energies of the nation into commercially profitable channels, an immense proportion of these energies is still directed towards erection of buildings, if not for spiritual purposes in the high sense, at all events for maintenance of a spiritual tradition. If we turn to Europe, we shall find that the great monuments to a spiritual frame of mind are not modern. They are all mediæval. There has not been developed in the past four hundred years any great ecclesiastical architecture, and very many of the monuments to the spirituality of the past have been suffered to perish from deliberate destruction, sheer neglect or unintelligent restoration. It is largely otherwise in Japan. Whether Buddhism or Shintoism has any direct effect upon the life and personal conduct of the Japanese people, I am unable to say; but this at least is certain, that they both have sufficient influence upon the life of the community to cause that community to maintain by assiduous industry monuments that are in their nature perishable, and to apply to them a relatively large proportion of their annual fund of labour.

If, after I had been in Japan for a few days, my interviewer had asked me for my impressions, I should without hesitation have told him that my first impression of the Japanese was that, whether by character or tradition, they were first of all devoted to the external expression of a spiritual life, and that merely personal well-being was definitively subordinated to that expression. The reality of the life behind that expression of it is a totally different affair—as different, for example, as the reality of the spiritual life under the shadow of St. Peter's at Rome is different from the portentous expression of it in the great basilica. In saying, therefore, that the Japanese expression of spiritual life is almost overwhelming, I am not saying that the daily life of the people is highly spiritual. I know nothing of that, and I doubt if in a serious manner it is possible to form an estimate of the spiritual life of any people taken as a whole. Spiritual life is too individual; its incidents are too intangible to be summarised or reduced to an average. To describe the Japanese as materialists is open to precisely the same objection.

Although there was a revolution in Japan in 1867–68, the revolution did not consist in the overthrowal of absolutism and the establishment of what is known in Europe and America as constitutional government. The revolution in Japan simply replaced one form of absolutism by another—dethroned the Shogun and re-enthroned the Mikado. After the revolution some forms of Eastern European political administration were adopted, being taken chiefly from the administration of Prussia, which at that moment was not unnaturally looked upon by the Japanese statesmen as having been the most successful country in Europe, and therefore the country whose political constitution was most likely to offer fruitful suggestions. Apart from the mere word, the Japanese revolution bore no resemblance and had nothing in common with revolution as understood in England from the end of the seventeenth century or in France and throughout Europe from the end of the eighteenth. Japan, as well as Asia in general, has escaped three of the great forces of the modern European world—Catholicism, the Reformation, and Revolution. It, as also the rest of Asia, has even escaped Christianity and Judaism. In all discussions about Japan these important facts must be kept steadily in view. Yet Japan and the rest of Asia, notwithstanding the materialising influences caused by redundant population, have preserved the most abundant, and perhaps the deepest, expressions of spiritual as opposed to material power.

Yokohama is the only Japanese city in which any considerable numbers of foreigners have settled. The Englishmen to whom I had letters of introduction were very civil to me; but I was rather repelled by the complaints which I found to be prevalent about the lack of commercial honour and the like on the part of the Japanese, and by the constant holding up of the Chinese as very different in this respect. I found it difficult to avoid attributing these complaints to the fact that the Japanese strenuously resist foreign commercial influence and refuse territorial and commercial concessions to foreigners. There are so many restrictions upon foreigners owning land or engaging in commerce in Japan, that there is little development of foreign enterprise there. On the one hand, this fact may be held to account for the rather unfavourable comments on the Japanese by commercial foreigners, and, on the other, to excuse the adverse treatment of Japanese by certain peoples who come habitually into contact with the less desirable Japanese types—as, for example, the people of California, who obstinately oppose acquisition of land by Japanese, and who dread settlement of the Japanese in their State at least as much as the Japanese dread settlement of Europeans in Japan. Superficial writers on Japan have frequently stated that the low commercial tone which they say characterises the Japanese merchant is due to the traditional contempt with which the trading class is regarded by the other classes in the community. There is slender justification for any such notion. Among the consequences of the Revolution of 1867–68 was the destruction as a class of the Samurai.[1]

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[1] The Samurai, in the Japanese system (which in many respects, although not in all, was analogous to the feudal system of Western Europe), were the vassals of the *daimyōs*. They lived in the castles of the *daimyōs*, and they were indebted to them for their subsistence. The obligation on the part of the *daimyōs* to support the Samurai was cancelled by the Government when the revolution occurred.

The members of this class formerly enjoyed a secure income from the *daimyōs* to whom they were ascribed; they were given by the Government small incomes arising from a definite sum in Government securities allotted to them. These incomes became insufficient for their maintenance, and they were confronted with the alternative of sinking into poverty or going into business for their livelihood. Thus very many of them embarked in business, and most of the leading merchants in Japan are descended, not from the old mercantile class, which was small and despised, but from the Samurai, who were, as a class, highly esteemed.

I am not aware that in any country commerce and chivalry are convertible terms, but there are probably engaged in commerce in Japan more descendants of the class whose chivalry was a conspicuous characteristic than there are in any other country. If, then, there is deficiency in commercial probity in Japan, this is not due to tradition; if it exists at all, it may be due either to imitation, to the suddenness of transition, to mere inexperience or to difference in ethical standards between East and West. No importance should be attached to constantly reiterated statements that the commercial morality of the Chinese exhibits higher standards than that of the Japanese. The Chinese have been engaged in external commerce for a longer period than the Japanese, and therefore they are more experienced. In China, foreigners have been able to secure concessions by force or otherwise. In considering the question of the commercial morality of either country, it must be realised that external commerce forms an insignificant fraction of the total commerce—especially in the case of China—and that in order to form a sound judgment on the question of commercial morality we should require to have before us an immense amount of data which the foreign merchants are in no position to provide.

Mr. Basil H. Chamberlain reproduces a number of opinions upon this question. None of these opinions seem to me to throw any real light upon it. In one of them the writer considers the Japanese destitute of idealism. He regards them as "lovers of the practical and the real."[1] Perhaps this writer would be surprised to learn that this is precisely the criticism on Western Europeans, and still more on Americans, which Japanese have made to me. The explanation lies, I think, in the fact that life to the European is a dual affair—in Christianity the European has an unapproachable ideal, and, in the mass, a sordid actual life. The Japanese looks naturally at life as a unity.

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[1] In his *Things Japanese* (London, 1890), pp. 175–186.

His ideals are indistinguishable from his actual achievements excepting in degree, and he has contempt for the European who accepts readily an ideal and who in his conduct pays no attention to it. In this sense the Japanese are destitute of ideals. In a sense, the ideal for the Japanese is the actual. What else is Bushido?

I strayed for a time about the village of Kamakura, and then made my way to the Temple of Hachiman. On the way up to the main building of the temple I found what interested me very much, a large stage covered with a roof, but open on all sides. On this stage are performed from time to time, by itinerant actors, the great historical dramas. Unfortunately there were no performances there at that moment. Later I saw some elsewhere.

There are two notable works of art at Kamakura—the Great Buddha in bronze and the statue of Kwannon in wood. The Great Buddha at Kamakura produces, on the first onset, an impression of serenity and dignity such as that produced by the Sphinx or by other colossal statues in Egypt. This impression is primarily due to its magnitude (it is nearly fifty feet high), for there are, in temples and elsewhere in Japan, many figures of Buddha of precisely the same character as regards composition, and of technique not inferior; but these figures are little, if at all, known to fame. The mere size of the Great Buddha of Kamakura is therefore the reason at once of its reputation and of the impression it produces upon every beholder. It stands in the open, for the temple of which it was the chief ornament was burnt and never rebuilt. The head of the figure is a small temple in which there are statues on a small scale of Buddhist deities. The figure is a work of really great art. It was produced, or is alleged to have been produced, in the twelfth century of our era—a period notable for other Japanese works of high artistic value. The folds of the drapery,

> Voluminous, indented and yet rigid,
> As if a shell of burnished metal, frigid,[1]

consist of a series of wonderfully fine lines, closely parallel on either side of the figure. The head exhibits traces of the influence of the contemporary art of India and of China: in the treatment of the hair, which is Indian, and in the pendulousness of the ear lobes, which is Chinese. The face as a whole is neither Indian nor distinctively Japanese, but the mouth is Indian. The nose is probably primitive Japanese. It seems to me to be drawn from an Ainu type, the breadth of the nostrils suggesting some such origin.

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[1] Said of Dürer's "Melancolia" by James Thomson in his *City of Dreadful Night*.

The other statue of note in Kamakura is the wooden figure of the goddess of mercy, Kwannon. This statue is placed in a temple just large enough to hold it; the structure had evidently been built round the statue. It is probably not the original temple either in fact or in form, for there is not only insufficient distance from which to see the figure to advantage, the figure as a whole cannot be seen at all. A lantern is hoisted by means of a rope, so that portions of the figure are disclosed piece by piece as the lantern is raised. The composition suggests that if the statue were fully disclosed, it might have to be regarded as a great work of art.

The Japanese are a small people. Their average height seems to be much less than that of the Chinese, especially the northern Chinese, and it is thus not surprising that their deities should be often represented as of gigantic size. Some writer on Japanese art has remarked that the Japanese artists are very skilful in the production of *netsuki* and objects of like minuteness, but that they are not skilful in larger pieces. Nothing could be more absurd. A parallel might be found in the case of a Japanese who was impressed by the French and English miniature painters of the eighteenth century, and was obliged to come to the conclusion that the European art of the period was specially devoted to minute objects. In Japan, not only has really great art been bestowed upon gigantic statues—the magnitude of them being the outcome of honorific motive—but bells, for example, are often cast in huge moulds from the same motive because the spirit of the god inhabits the bell.

Since I was in Tokyo I believe that there has been erected a new railway terminus of European design; when I arrived in the city, in 1910, I alighted at a modest station. The first sound which struck my ears was the clatter of wooden pattens upon the cement platform. Here in Tokyo there was to be found the evidence of transition from the traditional mode of Japanese life to European modes. Many Japanese, clad and shod after the Japanese manner, wore "bowler" hats, or straw hats fashioned on European models. I suppose that the reason for this somewhat incongruous attire was a wholly practical one. The Japanese headdress of the man indicated his status—the simple head covering of the peasant or the coronet of the nobleman. The peasant still wore his traditional covering or went bareheaded as might suit his convenience or the state of the weather; but the nobleman found his coronet inconvenient for other than ceremonial occasions, even when he was otherwise clad in Japanese costume. Therefore the "bowler," a soft black "Fedora," or a straw hat became customary for ordinary use, a silk hat being reserved for wearing with a frock-coat.

Tokyo has the unimpugnable air of an imperial city. Its formidable palace, whose walls are built of massive stone, its vast parks and temple enclosures are even more indicative of widely-extended empire than the public buildings of modern European design in which the offices of State are housed.

I called at the British Embassy to present my letters of introduction to Sir Claude Macdonald, who was then ambassador. Through the good offices of Sir Claude, I was able to meet some of the members of the Japanese Cabinet and several of the heads of public departments. A student of mine, Wallace, was in charge of the Young Men's Christian Association work among Chinese students, of whom at that time there was a large number in Tokyo, attending the Waseda University. Wallace was good enough to arrange for me an interview with Count Okuma. I went to Count Okuma's, taking with me Dr. Hirawa, who has since become a Bishop of the Methodist Church in Japan. Count Okuma did not speak English, he had his own interpreter; Dr. Hirawa acted as mine, and we managed very well. Count Okuma was the first Minister of Education in Japan after the Revolution of 1867–68. In the early seventies he had incurred the hostility of the reactionary group, and one of his legs was shattered by a bomb thrown by an agent of the reactionaries. Count Okuma may be classed as a moderate Liberal.[1] His attitude towards European peoples was different from that prevalent among the ruling groups in Japan a short time before he assumed office as Minister of Education. To them, contamination by European culture was repugnant; and anyone who proposed to go to Europe on any ground whatever was treated with contempt or hostility. These very people had made a martyr of Yoshida-Tarajiro.[2] Count Okuma lived in a large house surrounded by a garden. The establishment consisted of a dwelling built and furnished in the European manner, and of another house built and furnished in the Japanese manner. The European house contained a long corridor, in which there were a few handsome Japanese bronzes. From this corridor numerous doors gave access to several salons. The walls were decorated with Japanese kakemonos; the furniture had evidently been brought from London. We were shown into one of these rooms, and immediately afterwards

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[1] He became Prime Minister for a short period during the Great War.

[2] See Stevenson, Robert Louis, *Familiar Studies of Men and Books* (London, 1882), pp. 172–191, and *infra*, p. 273, for example.

Count Okuma entered. He was somewhat taller than the average of his countrymen. His damaged limb had been replaced by an artificial one, and he walked with the aid of a stick, limping heavily. He was dressed in Japanese fashion, although his interpreter was in European dress. Count Okuma's features were forcible and his manner was enthusiastic. At that time he was about seventy-five years of age —unusually alert and vigorous for his years. Tea was immediately served, and we were provided with cigarettes. We sat at a long table, Count Okuma sitting at the head of it. He began by talking about the conditions of reconstruction after the Revolution of 1867–68. He said that a strong centralised Government was necessary, because the power of the great families had to be limited. After this limitation had been accomplished it might be possible gradually to introduce local autonomy. Many years ago he had arrived at the conclusion that people must be educated for political action; and that this education must not be conveyed exclusively under the auspices of the State. In addition to the State-controlled universities of Tokyo and Kyoto, he had founded, through his own personal efforts, the independent Waseda University in Tokyo. This institution was intended for the purpose of providing education which would prepare for political criticism as well as for positive political action. In all universities it was very advisable, from the beginning, that Japanese instructors should be employed. But when the universities were founded the administrators encountered a dilemma. It was necessary to have instruction in the learning of Western Europe, yet there were at that time no Japanese sufficiently skilled in such learning to justify their appointment as instructors in any university. Steps had to be taken in two directions. First, promising Japanese must be sent to Europe to pursue their studies there, and, secondly, some European professors must be brought to Japan, appointed for limited periods, to teach in the universities until Japanese professors could be trained to take their places. England and Germany provided professors for science, pure and applied, France provided professors of law; the United States furnished at least one instructor in English. Most of these instructors were appointed for ten years, and by 1886 several of them had returned to their own countries. A few remained. There were, in 1910, none in Kyoto, and I think only two, an American (professor of law) and a German (professor of fine art), in Tokyo. Very many of the promising youths who went from Japan to European schools and universities had returned to take positions in the universities of Japan. During the transition, Count Okuma told me, there were many difficulties. The universities became polyglot. Instruction was necessarily given in the language of the instructors, who, when they arrived in Japan, knew no Japanese. Thus the English professors lectured in English, the Germans in German, and the French in French. Students were thus distracted. They had not only to carry on their studies in the various subjects, but they were obliged to master the vocabularies of several languages simultaneously. They were not all equally or nearly equally fitted for these tasks, and many of them became discouraged. The foreign professors did not always realise that their students found difficulty in following their lectures, not because they were stupid, but because too many new things were expected of them. Gradually this condition passed away, and a corps of Japanese instructors made instruction easier.

Count Okuma impressed me very much. He was very shrewd and extremely liberal in his general attitude. He had never been in Europe, and naturally he looked upon European affairs with detachment. In some ways this was an advantage, although in the absence of direct knowledge I doubt if adequate appreciation of the proportions of things is possible. It is better to recognise the limitations of completely detached knowledge than to exaggerate the importance of limited experience.

Count Okuma's Japanese garden is celebrated even in Tokyo, where there are many beautiful gardens. Numerous miniature bridges and other features of the minute gardens of Japanese fashion were there, including a large collection of dwarfed trees—some of these being extremely beautiful; but there were many fine trees and shrubs of natural size in the grounds, which relieved the garden from the imputation of being a mere collection of herbal curiosities.

Baron Kikuchi, the President of the University of Kyoto, had been in Toronto, and he was good enough to send to me to Tokyo a letter of introduction to Baron Hamaio, President of the University of Tokyo, and also to write to him on my behalf. Baron Hamaio received me with the greatest courtesy, entertained me to lunch with several professors of the university, and to dinner with the professors in the department of economics. The latter especially was a very interesting and enjoyable occasion. There were present, among others, Professors Wadagaki and Nitobé. Wadagaki had gone in his youth to England, and had entered as a non-collegiate student at Cambridge in 1882, about the same time as my friend Baron Kikuchi entered St. John's College. Wadagaki spoke English almost faultlessly, although most of his colleagues did not, and dressed in the Japanese manner.

Professor Nitobé[1] is well known as the author of *Bushido*. He has also written upon the emancipation of the peasant. His special field is rural economics—a field in which he holds an extremely high position. I was much impressed by the historiographical department of the university. A large building was devoted to its uses. Here about fifty scholars were engaged in deciphering and calendaring Japanese historical manuscripts, of which the department possessed a great and constantly increasing number. I was shown manuscripts in long rolls of paper containing the oaths and the signatures, each embellished by the thumb-marks in blood, of the *daimyōs* who annually swore fealty to the Shogun until the expiry of the Shogunate in the Revolution of 1867–68. This primitive method of sealing an oath probably arose from the conviction that, in sealing with his blood, the *daimyō* parted with a portion of himself, and in so doing gave the person who held that portion power over the remainder—a conviction almost universal among primitive people. In addition to the manuscripts in the historiographical department, there were many historical portraits of great beauty and interest. I was given a remarkable series of reproductions of these portraits on a small scale, executed with exceptional skill.

I had a number of instructive conversations with the Japanese economists. I found them not only well grounded in economic theories, but exceedingly detached in their application of them to Japanese conditions.

Only four years had elapsed since the close of the Russo-Japanese War. Japan had been victorious, but her victory was dearly bought in men and means. At the end of the war she was undoubtedly financially exhausted, although experience elsewhere and at other times has shown that such a condition of itself would not have sufficed to bring the war to a conclusion. More important to her was her loss in men. From both of these forms of exhaustion Japan was recovering very rapidly. Industry and fecundity were quickly changing the situation. The important question for Japan was the subsistence of her population, for her people were increasing in numbers with a rapidity, for her, unprecedented. The chronic pre-revolutionary struggles of the semi-independent *daimyōs*, each *daimyō* having armies of professional soldiers, were much more destructive to life than occasional external Imperial wars. Internal peace meant, therefore, an increase in the net rate of multiplication, which, from the administrative point of view, produced on the one hand potential tax-payers, and on the other an embarrassing number of persons whose labour had to be organised in order to put them and keep them in the tax-paying class. The Japanese peasant is extraordinarily hard-working; but Japan does not possess an unlimited, or even a very great, area of land susceptible to cultivation. The Japanese artisan is skilful and indefatigable; but the comparatively low standard of comfort among the masses of the population renders his industry scantily remunerative unless the domestic market is supplemented by external demand. Cultivation of external demand requires capital and organisation, and both of these were as yet somewhat scanty. Both might in time be re-enforced, but meanwhile the population was increasing, and the problem of immediate utilisation of its productive force became urgent. In acquiring the reversion of the lease of the Liao-tung Peninsula through the defeat of Russia, and in acquiring Formosa through the previous defeat of the Chinese, there can be no doubt the Japanese statesmen were convinced that they had provided within areas controlled by the Japanese Empire fields for the employment of the growing number of Japanese labourers. But these anticipations seemed, in 1910, less promising than they had been a few years earlier. The Japanese labourers had, during the Russo-Japanese War, experienced the increase of wages and the advance in the standard of comfort usually accompanying wars waged outside the territory of a belligerent. They found themselves therefore economically superior to the Koreans, as well as to the Chinese. Provided they could maintain this economical superiority, there was no inducement for them to go to any country, or to any part even of their own country, where they were obliged to enter into competition with either the Koreans or the Chinese. This fact was impressed upon me by my economist friends in Tokyo, and I found strong confirmation of their statements when, at a later period, I went to Korea and Manchuria. The Japanese labourers refused to accept either the wages or the standard of comfort of the Koreans or the Chinese, and they disliked the climate of Manchuria, which was much colder than that of southern or middle Japan, where the bulk of the Japanese population is concentrated. Thus, as fields for the exploitation of Japanese labour, Manchuria and Korea are in effect non-existent until and unless the wages and the standards of comfort of the Koreans and Chinese advance to approximate equality with the Japanese standards. As to Formosa, I did not visit that island, but my friends told me that Japanese labourers found the climate too tropical, and there also the competition of the Chinese as well as that of the Malays rendered it difficult for the Japanese to secure an economical footing. The Japanese thus found themselves in an *impasse.* Japan is too small for the maintenance of so prolific a people; the nearer countries, China, Manchuria, Korea and Formosa, are either themselves crowded or are economically or climatically unsuitable. Where are the Japanese to go? My Japanese friends did not suggest that the Pacific Coast of the United States and Canada or the coasts of Australia were the inevitable havens of necessarily expatriated Japanese. It is possible that the idea that they were was not absent from their minds. Nor would it be surprising if in the future all of these regions were opened without restriction to the influx of Japanese labour. At this moment I must forbear to speculate upon the probable consequences of such migrations.

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[1] Afterwards President of the University of Tokyo.

I called upon the Minister of Education, Mr. Katsumabara, and also upon Mr. Wataskawa, Vice-Minister of Finance. The latter was a young gentleman, well-dressed, good-mannered and sharp. He gave me an account of the Japanese system of taxation and of the banking laws. Inspection of banks by Government auditors was provided for, but seldom brought into effect. He considered that the possibility of inspection was of itself beneficial. There were altogether about twelve hundred banks. Only the Yokohama Specie Bank and a few others possessed branches.

During the Russo-Japanese War, Baron (afterwards Viscount) Kentaro Kaneko had been sent to the United States for the purpose of arranging a loan to Japan from American financiers. While he was in New York I had met him, and I therefore called upon him in Tokyo. I found him in a Japanese house in which there was one room furnished in the European manner. We had a short and not extremely illuminating conversation about Japanese affairs.

Soon after my arrival at Tokyo I dined with Sir Claude and Lady Macdonald. There were present Mr. Rumbold,[1] Secretary of the Embassy, son of my old friend Sir Horace Rumbold, the Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Noel, the former being a nephew of Lord Gainsborough and of Roden Noel, whom I had met years ago—Mrs. Noel was a sister of Pepys-Cockerell, whom I had known when he was at the Foreign Office, and therefore a descendant of the sister of Samuel Pepys—and the Hon. Gilbert and Mrs. Johnson, Mr. Johnson having been a member of the London County Council and a friend of Graham Wallas. I thus found myself among people with whom I had common acquaintances.

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[1] Afterwards Sir Horace Rumbold, H.B.M. Ambassador at Constantinople.

In addition there were General Broadwood,[1] who was in command of the troops at Hong Kong, and Colonel Bolger.

I had reached Tokyo after the cherry-blossom season, but I saw some of it, and I arrived just in time to see the wisteria and the azalea in bloom, and to see the wonderful lotus in the pond of Ueno Park. I went to innumerable temples and to the tombs of the Ronin. Among the temples the most evidently popular was the Asakusa Temple. This enormous enclosure was crowded with people in the bazaar, by which the religious buildings were surrounded, as well as in the temple building. One afternoon at a small temple I saw, upon a rude temporary stage covered by an awning stretched upon four bamboo poles, a group of itinerant actors dancing with masks, while crowds of children looked at them. These dances are given at the temples about twice a year. They are really dramatic dances representing incidents in the lives of mythical or historical Japanese heroes.[2]

The museums of Tokyo in 1910 were by no means so instructive or interesting as might have been expected. I was told that the finest works of art in Japan were in private hands, and that they were seldom visible to strangers. The Imperial Museum contained some fine pieces, but little attention seemed to be given to arrangement. The largest private collection which I was able to visit was that of Mr. Okura, a wealthy railway contractor and lumberman. Mr. Okura had acquired, I believe, some of the Manchurian timber lands which had been possessed for a time by Bezobrazov and his friends. The threatened exploitation of the timber of Southern Manchuria and Northern Korea by Russian interests was one of the immediate causes of the Russo-Japanese War. Mr. Okura, at the time of my visit, was in Manchuria and I did not see him. His curator, Miss Hirawa, was good enough to show me over the collection. Mr. Okura was evidently not a man of fastidious taste. He had bought wholesale, and after the manner of a contractor in large business. Instead of having a few representative pieces of the first order, he had transferred to his museum whole rooms from temples and from dismantled castles of the nobility. These transferred objects were interesting, but they might have been of great value if they had been left in the surroundings in which they grew. Separated from them, they had a distraught air. Numerous rooms in a large house contained huge

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[1] General Broadwood lost his life in the war of 1914-1918.

[2] On this subject of dramatic dances in Japan see Ridgeway, Sir William, *The Drama and Dramatic Dances of Non-European Races* (Cambridge, 1915), pp. 281–334.

Buddhas—too freshly gilded—in niches, and large altarpieces transferred bodily. There were some good pieces of gold and other lacquer, although I doubt if any of them belonged to the really great periods of Japanese art.

From Tokyo I ran down, or rather up, to Miyanoshita. My *jinriksha*, propelled by three men, two tandem in front and one pushing behind, carried me up the pleasant wooded hill upon which the town is situated. Behind the hotel there is a still higher eminence, from which may be obtained a good view of Fuji-yama. From this point the upper slopes of the mountain were visible, though the top was cloud-capped. On the evening of my arrival, the twenty-fifth of May, I saw to great advantage Halley's Comet. The tail stretched completely across the visible sky, the brilliancy of it being enhanced by the contraction of the field of vision by the tall pines. They gave the impression that the comet was being observed through an immense telescope.

Returning to Tokyo, I went to Nikko. Here are the tomb of Iyeyasu, the great Lawgiver of Japan, and numerous temples with important works of art. Here also is the celebrated red lacquer bridge, which may be crossed only by the Emperor and his retinue. Near Nikko may be seen as well the cryptomeria avenue, one of the finest parallel groups of trees in the world. Nikko has a unique flavour. It is accounted as a holy place in both the religions of Japan. Here, as elsewhere in Japan, Buddhist temples for the living and Shinto shrines for the dead indicate the respective places of the two religions in the minds and lives of the people. Buddhism is an eclectic religion. It tolerates every doctrine and finds a place in its circles of heavens and hells for every good and evil thing. It discourages the taking of life; indeed, life in all forms is so sacred to it that Buddhism may fairly be called the cult of life. When a Japanese begins to anticipate that ere long he may have to turn his face to the wall to die, he falls back upon a religion still more primitive. At the moment of death the imagination cannot be said to be active, but it may have been very active at an earlier stage, and in this earlier stage the Japanese has allowed it to play with anticipations of what might come to him after death—of his entombment in a simple or in a magnificent sepulchre, of the kind of immortality which would fall to his lot among his friends, and the kind of immortality he would himself experience. The emphasis laid upon life in Buddhism is paralleled and supplemented by the emphasis laid upon death in Shintoism. The shrine is as important an emblem of human life as the cradle and the hearth.

The most famous shrine in Nikko, and in Japan, is that of Iyeyasu.

Professor Wadagaki, of the University of Tokyo, was good enough to give me his translation of the sayings of Iyeyasu:

"Life is like unto a long journey with a heavy load. Let thy steps be slow and steady that thou stumble not. Persuade thyself that imperfection and inconvenience is the natural law of mortals, and there will be no room for discontent or despair. When ambitious desires arise in thy heart, recall the days of extremity thou hast passed through. Forbearance is the root of quietness and assurance. Look upon wrath as thy enemy. If thou knowest only what it is to conquer, and knowest not what it is to be defeated, woe unto thee. It will fare ill with thee. Find fault with thyself rather than with others. Better the less than the more."

I lounged about from temple to temple, looking at the wood carvings and revelling in the blaze of colour, the majestic bronzes and the wonderful roofs; but most of all I was interested in the people. Into one temple there came a large group of children led by a priest, who showed them the various parts of the temple building and then, kneeling, recited prayers for them, all being conducted with reverence. In the Jemitsu Temple there came some peasants. A priest at the door, who was checking the tickets of admission, recited prayers for these peasants without rising from his mat. The peasants acknowledged his services by throwing down on the floor some Chinese cash. In the temples generally there was a space between the portion occupied by the people and the raised portion reserved for the figures of the deities and for religious vessels and emblems. In this space there was customarily a large box with a grated top, intended for the reception of contributions which were thrown at it. Some of the coins reached the chest, but many of them fell short, and there were on the floor in front of the chest quantities of Chinese cash. These cash were, of course, not customarily in circulation in Japan; but, through ancient habit, they are used for such small offerings. Money-changers sat in booths at the temple gateways, and provided the cash for devotees in exchange for Japanese money. I exchanged some, and found that in relation to the current rate of exchange in Hong Kong or Shanghai the money-dealers were making a substantial profit. No doubt this profit was shared by them with the temple authorities, who must have sold the Chinese money to them.

The great festival of Nikko is held on 1st June, in honour of Iyeyasu and Yoritomo. I should greatly have liked to remain to witness the processions and other ceremonials, but I was unable to do so. I did see, however, some of the preliminaries. On the evening of twenty-seventh May, a group of actors came to the porch of the Kanaya Hotel and performed an historical musical drama, in which a child danced in excellent time to the music of two instruments. The child and one of the actors also spoke a dialogue. While this performance was going on, a number of men, carrying a palanquin hung about with paper lanterns, came up the hill towards the hotel. When they reached the top, they pulled the palanquin from side to side of the road with much shouting. I asked the manager of the hotel if he could explain the meaning of this action. He said that the palanquin contained the god, and the vehicle was pulled hither and thither in order to get rid of evil spirits.

Heavy rains somewhat impeded my movements, but I went a little about the environs of Nikko. I visited Gamman-cha, which has numerous antique stone deities and a rock-carved Buddha; and Hozo, an out-of-the-way village, where I went in to some peasant houses, and saw a villager enjoying his hot bath in the open air, a sight much less frequently seen in Japan now than formerly.

Nikko is by far the most interesting holy place in Japan. There are concentrated a large number of the most important works of religious art and architecture, and there may be studied to advantage the influence upon Japanese of Chinese and Korean art.

When I saw Sir Claude Macdonald in Tokyo he was on the point of going to Nikko for a short holiday, and he asked me to arrange to meet him there. We had many long conversations, especially about Chinese affairs, for Sir Claude had been Minister in Peking during the uprising of the Boxers.[1]

From Nikko I had to jump via Tokyo to Nagoya, on the Tokaido Road. On that road for centuries the *daimyōs* of the south and west had travelled to Tokyo to pay homage to the Shoguns. The railways in Japan are *petite* but comfortable. The ordinary passenger coaches have long benches on either side, upon which, when there are not too many passengers, they can extend themselves in repose. It is customary for passengers to remove their shoes or to cast off their Japanese foot-gear, and either to sit cross-legged on the bench or to extend themselves. A smart young Japanese cavalry officer drew off his long riding-boots, and threw himself upon the bench. A stout merchant entered with his wife. He promptly lay down. She sat at his head, and producing a pillow from her baggage adjusted it under her husband's head. The day was bright and the sunshine streamed in at the windows. The lady fanned her husband's head when it seemed to require coolness. From time to time she took a Japanese pipe from her kimono, filled its minute bowl with a pinch of tobacco, smoked a few whiffs, and replaced her pipe. There was no dining-car on the train; but at nearly every station vendors provided pots of tea, with cups, and lunch boxes containing rice and small fragments of fish, together with chop-sticks and, for those who preferred such implements, a knife and fork dexterously fashioned in bamboo.

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[1] See *infra*, p. 320.

I spent a night at Shizuoka, which is an important centre of the tea trade. The tea gardens presented a curious aspect. Each plant was protected from sun and rain by an umbrella, composed of matting erected upon four small bamboo poles. Since the tea shrubs are of varying heights, the tea plantation presents the appearance of a draughtboard whose squares form an uneven surface. From Shizuoka I went to Nagoya. Here there was an exhibition. Its chief interest was commercial, but there were associated with it some other attractions. A theatre had been built and several historical dramas and dramatic dances were given. The theatre was planned after a manner somewhat different from some of the Japanese theatres which I had seen. There were three platforms or stages, and there was, in addition, one of the broad gangways (known as *hanamichi*) leading from the front of the auditorium to the stage, raised about four feet from the floor. The action of the drama took place chiefly on the main stage facing the audience, the gangway being employed for certain incidents. The platforms to the right and left of the main stage, extending each about half-way along the auditorium, were occupied by singers. When one of these groups was about to perform, the curtain concealing the platform upon which they were seated was raised, and when their performance ceased it was lowered. I saw three compositions in this theatre — the *Summer Dance*, the *Snow Dance* and the *Rolling Stone Dance*. The last-mentioned is a pageant of local history. It has as its theme the bringing of a great stone for building the castle of Nagoya. The stone was brought by the gangway. The composition might perhaps be fairly described as an opera. There was instrumental and vocal music, there were solos and choruses, and there was occasional dialogue. I have no doubt that the drama was performed in the traditional manner. The people of Nagoya must have been too familiar with it to permit alteration. I was not competent to have an opinion about the music; but it seemed to me that the acting was by no means so manifestly good as that of the Japanese actors I saw in the larger cities. I had procured in Tokyo a permit to visit the castle of Nagoya, and I went to see it. The structure is imposing and characteristic, but the interior does not present much of artistic interest.

Kyoto was the capital of the Mikado during the *régime* of the Shoguns, whose capital was Yedo. Although, under the present *régime*, Yedo, now called Tokyo, is the political and financial capital, Kyoto has retained great historical importance. Here are many of the finest temples, and here also are two palaces—the Imperial Palace and the Nijo Palace.

Immediately after my arrival at Kyoto my friend, Baron Kikuchi, called and carried me off to the University. I spent the forenoon and lunched with some of the members of the different faculties. Under his auspices I made a tour of typical educational institutions in Kyoto —a primary school, a secondary school, a technical school, a school of art and a school for the teaching of *jusitsu*. I found that English was taught to every class in the first two of these institutions. In the school of art there was a Japanese side and a European side. In both the students were taught design; in one after the Japanese and in the other after the European manner. At a girls' school I saw a very smart girl teaching gymnastics by the Sloyd method. All the teachers in these various institutions were Japanese. There was in all of them a general air of competence and efficiency. One evening I dined with Baron Kikuchi at the Myiako Hotel, to meet the professors of economics. I found them not less alert and well informed than those whom I had met at the University of Tokyo. The balcony of the hotel, where we sat after dinner, gives a very fine view of Kyoto and of the distant hills.

Sir Claude Macdonald told me that Count Okuma and Baron Kikuchi,[1] both of whom he knew well, were the two best men in Japan. They were very different in many ways. Okuma had never been out of Japan; Kikuchi had had an English education and had travelled widely. Okuma had been in political life before and after the Revolution of 1867–68; Kikuchi had always devoted himself to learning and to educational administration. Both were patriotic, and they were both convinced of the necessity of acquaintance with European affairs in order that the interests of Japan might be adequately served. They were both men of high personal character.

There are two large theatres in Kyoto. At one of these a translation into Japanese of Ibsen's *Doll's House* was being presented, at the other there was a play, *Chastity*, by a Japanese playwright. I could find time only for one, and I chose the latter. The stage was very large, there were five or six curtains of printed cotton, each of them having numerous advertisements printed upon them. A different curtain was used for each act of the play. The side gangway before mentioned was used for entrance from and exit to a distance, the actor generally riding in a *jinriksha*. The centre of the stage was occupied by a revolving circular section, upon which the scenery of certain parts of the action was erected. During the intervals between the scenes a curtain was drawn (not lowered), the revolving section was turned round, the next scene having been previously set upon it, and the curtain quickly redrawn. There was no orchestra, nor were there in this theatre side platforms as in the theatre of Nagoya, which had clearly been specially built for the performance of musical dramas. The auditorium at Kyoto had no chairs. The whole floor space, including that of the raised *loges* at the sides, was divided into sections about six feet long by three feet wide. In these sections the spectators sat in the customary Japanese fashion, or they might recline on cushions if the number of persons in the section permitted. Each person was obliged to remove his shoes at the entrance to the theatre. The plot of the play revealed a certain amount of European influence. It was based upon a trial of virtue, and the triumph of it in spite of violent assault. The heroine was the lady of a man who had gone to the United States on business; during his absence she was pursued by the attentions of the villain of the piece. In spite of vigorous rejection by the lady, and in spite of the lady having sought the protection of a temple, the villain pursued her to the very feet of the Buddha. She escaped from his embraces with difficulty, and welcomed her husband, who arrived clad in European dress and riding in a *jinriksha* along the gangway. The dialogue was explained to me by Captain Cockburn, a British officer attached to the Japanese Army. The acting impressed me very much. All the parts were taken by men. In this theatre the management maintained the Japanese custom. I was told that in the other Kyoto theatres women actresses were employed. The actor who played the part of the heroine did so with extraordinary skill. He was by far the best actor in the company. The audience seemed to pay comparatively little attention to the play. Tea and confections were served during the performance. The people were probably quite familiar with the piece, and were present merely to pass the time.

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[1] Baron Kikuchi, who had become a Viscount and a high officer of State, resigned his position as President of the University in 1914. He died in 1917.

While I was in Kyoto a stele of basalt was dedicated to the memory of Yoshida-Tarajiro,[1] and I was invited by the Mayor of Kyoto to witness the ceremony. Speeches were made in honour of Yoshida, and the stele was accepted on behalf of the public by the Mayor. After the ceremony the company adjourned to a great building, consisting of pillars supporting a roof, but without walls. Raised seats surrounded two platforms. On these seats sat the Mayor and his guests, the populace stood between the wooden columns wherever they could find a post from which to witness the performance. The central space was divided into two sections. One of these sections was covered by the Japanese mattresses which customarily form the floors of dwelling houses, the other section had simply a wooden floor. In the padded section there were given exhibitions of wrestling by the most celebrated Japanese wrestlers; in the other section, duels were fought with two-handed swords between men and between women. The combatants, both men and women, but especially the women, shrieked at one another what, I was told, were opprobrious epithets—a part of the traditional mode. Both the fencers with swords and the wrestlers were, I believe, unusually expert.

On the way to Kyoto I had passed Lake Biwa. This lake, almost surrounded by high mountains, is extremely beautiful. In certain states of the atmosphere the light upon it has a peculiarly subtle quality. I passed it in the twilight, when its silvery grey appeared to great advantage. Lake Biwa is a favourite subject in Japanese art, and not less in the art of European artists who have visited Japan.

On the way to Kyoto I had many different views of Fuji-yama, whose volcanic peak presents varying aspects.

From Kyoto I went to Nara, which is celebrated for its deer-park and for its numerous temples. The Daibutsu at Nara is one of the largest in Japan, and also among the least in artistic merit. It cannot be otherwise described than as excessively ugly. There are, however, in the temples and in the enclosures many fine bronzes. I visited at Nara a normal school for girls. This school was established in 1908 and was well equipped. The course for instruction is four years. I was permitted to witness an exhibition of calisthenic exercises by the girls, their instructor being also a girl. They were dressed in bloomers, in which I cannot say they looked to advantage. It would probably have been quite impossible for the girls to have performed the Swedish calisthenic exercises in any costume native to the Japanese. The surroundings of Nara are extremely beautiful.

I had decided to join the steamer for Hong Kong at Kobe, on the

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[1] See Stevenson, R. L., *loc. cit.*

Inland Sea, and I therefore made my way there a day or two in advance of its expected arrival. Kobe is a brisk commercial town and an educational centre of missionary enterprise. A former student of mine, Dr. Armstrong,[1] is at the head of a missionary college. He was not in Kobe at the time, and I did not visit the school, but I believe that it is performing useful work. Another former student, Mr. Zentaro Ono, who has a pastoral charge in Osaka, was of the greatest service to me in furnishing me with introductions.

On the evening of my arrival at Kobe (8th June) I went to a cinematograph performance, at which there was exhibited a moving picture of the funeral of King Edward. The funeral had taken place in London on 21st May, so that the film had been transported to Japan via Siberia in not more than eighteen days. I left Kobe the following night by the *Empress of China*, and reached Nagasaki about daybreak on the morning of the 11th June. The sail on the 10th, through the Inland Sea, was accomplished for the greater part of the voyage in mist, with only occasional glimpses of the fascinating scenery. Nagasaki is an important naval station. There are also private shipyards. Here vessels for the farther East customarily coal. Our vessel lay about a mile from the wharves. Immediately after we arrived many barges were seen approaching the ship. The first barges to arrive carried poles of varying length, and these the occupants of the barges proceeded to place alongside the vessel. In an incredibly short time a stairway was constructed extending from the barge to the lower deck. So soon as this stairway was built, other barges approached, carrying coal, and clustered about it were a great number of men, women and children. The moment they were brought to rest alongside the ship, the barges became a scene of activity. The people mounted the stairway, and at once the passing of coal in small baskets, transferred from hand to hand, began. I did not stay to witness the whole process, but I was told by the captain that fourteen hundred tons of coal had been conveyed by this means to the ship's bunkers in about four hours. There were several hundred people engaged in this human elevator.

The harbour of Nagasaki is deservedly regarded as among the finest harbours; the hills surrounding the bay are well wooded. Before the Russo-Japanese War the port was much frequented by Russians, of whom there was a colony of some dimensions. During the war many Russian prisoners were sent there. Some of the prisoners established a revolutionary printing press, and many propagandist pamphlets were printed in Russian at Nagasaki during and

[1] Author of *Just before the Dawn* (a study of Japan).

immediately after the war. The most interesting place in Nagasaki is the fish-market. Here may be seen undoubtedly the greatest variety of fish in any such market in the world. The fisheries of Japan are of enormous importance, and especially the fisheries from which the market at Nagasaki draws its supplies.

There is a Buddha (Amida) of fine design in the principal temple, and a large camphor tree in the temple enclosure.

At three o'clock in the afternoon we sailed out of Nagasaki Bay for Shanghai.

Some years before I went to Japan I made the acquaintance of Mr. Choja, who about the year 1900 was lecturing on Japanese art at the University of Chicago. He was a highly cultivated and intelligent man. One day he was lunching with me, and the talk fell upon Japanese diet and methods at table. He proposed the thesis that Japanese methods in this respect were superior to European. "You," he said, "perform at table and in your own digestive apparatus much of the labour that we Japanese perform in the kitchen. The consequence is an undue strain upon your digestive organs. Our food is almost completely digested before it comes to the table, so that the full benefit of it may be obtained without unnecessary fatigue."

I found later that his thesis was by no means universally accepted in Japan, and that some Japanese thought that European food and European methods of cooking and serving had certain merits which Mr. Choja did not recognise.

A Japanese acquaintance, a well-to-do merchant who had been living for some time in the United States, gave me some insight into the interior changes which were in progress in Japan in 1910, and are probably now still further developed. He told me that while engaged in the exacting labours of his large business he found Japanese food insufficient to keep him in healthy and vigorous condition. He therefore made a practice of taking at least one European meal daily. This meal he took at a European hotel. I ventured to ask him if his family lived in the same manner. He replied that his children were young and that Japanese food suited their requirements well enough. When his boys grew up and went into business, they would have to do as he was doing. It is, of course, possible that he had become habituated in America to European or American food, and that his desire for the same kind of sustenance in Japan arose out of habits he had formed in the United States rather than from any deficiency in Japanese diet. Since important business men in Japan have usually spent some time either in Europe or in America, and since they would naturally have acquired the same habits as my friend, the practice of resorting to a more generous dietary on their return to their native country was, even in 1910, probably widespread among the class of larger merchants.

A Japanese friend was good enough to invite me to spend an evening with him. He offered me a choice between two different kinds of entertainment. Either he would ask me to go to a Japanese restaurant, and after dinner hire people to dance and otherwise amuse me, or he would ask me to go to his house, where we would dine in the Japanese manner and would meet some of his mercantile friends. I unhesitatingly chose the latter form of entertainment.

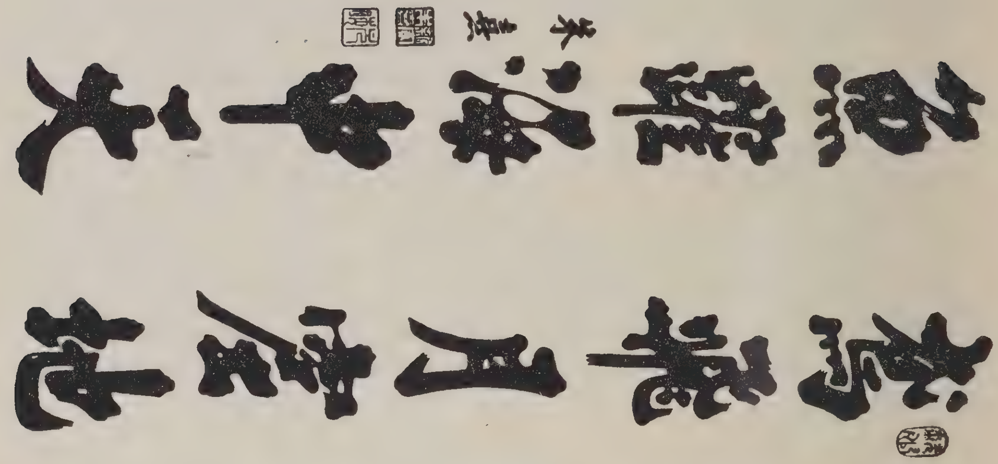
On arriving at his residence on the appointed evening I was received at the door by a male servant, who disencumbered me of my shoes and provided me with slippers. I then met my host, who was in Japanese dress. I had previously always seen him dressed in European manner. After formal greeting my host said, "Would you like a bath?" As I was quite prepared to adopt any suggestion, I answered "Yes." I was then shown into a small apartment, where a female domestic assisted me to disrobe and threw a kimono over me. I was then escorted to the bath, where a male servant took charge of me and plunged me into a tub, which seemed to be as near boiling point as the human body could endure. From this high temperature, after massage, I was subjected to a douche of cold water. After vigorous rubbing with a rough towel I resumed my kimono, and I was ready for dinner. I found my host in a characteristic Japanese room. The floor was covered with the thick matting which forms the covering of all Japanese floors. There was a recess in which stood a single vase with a flower. Otherwise there was neither furniture nor embellishment of any kind. We sat down cross-legged on the floor. My host asked me if I found this posture comfortable. I answered that it was not my custom to sit in this manner, but that it was perhaps possible for me to acquire the art of being comfortable while sitting cross-legged. In a few moments servants brought two arm-rests, one for each of us. I found an arm-rest very convenient. My host confessed to me that he did not himself care for the Japanese manner of sitting, although he was accustomed to it from childhood.

The beginning of dinner was announced by a female servant bringing the rice bowl, a large wooden bowl in red lacquer with a cover—a very handsome vessel. This was placed in the middle of the floor opposite to us. It was evident that I was the only guest. When the bowl was placed, there entered two female servants carrying two trays mounted upon feet and standing about three inches high. One of these trays was placed before each of us. On them there was a variety of foods, all chopped into small pieces—fish, various meats, confections, etc. On the tray also was a small red lacquer rice bowl. A female servant sat down directly opposite each of us and replenished our rice bowls when required. There was no wine, but we were served with a light and palatable Japanese beer.

We were proceeding with our meal, when at the folding door which separated the room in which we sat from the next there appeared a friend of my host, who made an obeisance and sat down, entering immediately into conversation. He produced cigarettes and began to smoke. In a few minutes he was joined by another and then by others, until about half a dozen extraordinary guests had made their appearance. Meanwhile we completed our repast to the accompaniment of lively conversation. All of the new-comers were engaged in commerce, most of them in foreign trade. None of them spoke English, so that my host had to interpret everything. I have no doubt he did this skilfully, for we had an interesting and instructive conversation. After dinner we all went on to a verandah, where we enjoyed the mild evening.

CHAPTER XXXIX

SOUTH CHINA IN 1910



The fish leaps in the sea and reaches heaven;
The bird flies in the air; the moon sets on the ground.[1]

Chinese poetical script (printed at the Monastery of Kushan).

Muddy waters in the estuary of the Yangtse Kiang and low-lying land at Wusung afford the traveller from Nagasaki his first glimpse of China. The estuary of the Yangtse is so wide that the farther shore is invisible and its full majesty cannot be discerned at this point. Ocean steamers, nominally calling at Shanghai, anchor at Wusung, eighteen miles from the city, and tenders take passengers up the Shanghai River. Southwards from Wusung, the coast rises into highlands and becomes rocky, with frequent indentations. We ran into a region where the movements of the barometer threatened a typhoon. Instead of passing close by the coast, which may be done in favourable weather, we bore out to sea. We experienced heavy seas but no typhoon, and eventually made the harbour of Hong Kong without seeing land until we approached Kowloon. The harbour was crowded with craft of all kinds. There were gunboats, cruisers (among these being two small German vessels), ocean steamers, junks, and sampans innumerable. In the evening, from the Peak, which dominates the town, the lights in the harbour make a superb sight. Every vessel, whatever may be its character or size, must carry a light, and from an elevation the harbour looks like a reflection of the starry heavens. The principal English residents live on the Peak, on which Chinese are not permitted to reside. The Peak is reached by a funicular railway, for the ascent is abrupt. There are many handsome houses, and life is luxurious even for the Far East. Numerous and efficient servants, large and well-proportioned rooms furnished with porcelains, bronzes, and richly-embroidered silk curtains gave the houses an air of oriental magnificence as well as of taste and comfort. In the lower town in the summer the atmosphere is tryingly torrid, but the Peak is cool and tranquil. When the traveller steps from the van of the funicular into a waiting chair he is disturbed by no jangle of traffic. The air is noiseless save for the rhythmical patter of the bare feet of the coolies striding swiftly on the concrete pavement. There are no streets in the ordinary sense—only a wide *trottoir*—no rattle of street railways, no honk of motor-cars, no wheeled vehicles of any kind. The silence is almost oppressive. At dinner in the evening, a punkah, pulled by a coolie on the outside of the house, keeps the air in motion and gives a delicious sense of ease. Tropical fruits, delicacies of all kinds in season, good wine and lively, intelligent conversation induce the feeling that at last the traveller has arrived at the land of sheer delight.

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[1] This may be interpreted thus: the fish is an example of contentment, it reaches bliss in its own element; the bird is an example of ambition, it soars aloft; the moon though really high is humble. The parallelism of construction is obvious.

Yet it was impossible to avoid feeling that this sumptuousness was indissociably connected with the existence of a servile race. Often, while being carried by two, three or four coolies, I have wondered how long such people would suffer themselves to be made beasts of burden, how long the process of education would take to arouse them to revolt. Only the superabundance of population in China has availed to perpetuate a condition in which there is no room for animals, and men must perform the offices elsewhere performed by beasts; in which the introduction of mechanical devices for saving labour or for rendering labour less menial would produce an economic and social cataclysm. The key to the enigma is indeed to be found in this superabundance of population. From reports of Jesuit missionaries in China, beginning with those of Du Halde[1] in 1736, and from those of Sir

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[1] Du Halde, *A General History of China*, 4 vols., London, 1736.

George Staunton[1] in 1797 and Samuel Turner[2] in 1800, Malthus draws the conclusion that the population of China in the middle of the eighteenth century, and until the end of that century, was not less than three hundred and thirty millions.[3] The population of China in 1911, according to the statistics given in the Government *Gazette* of the then recently established Republic of China, including the Dependencies of Manchuria, etc., as well as Mongolia and Tibet, was three hundred and twenty millions.[4] China may thus be regarded as having been, for two centuries at least, a full cup, spilling over and always remaining full in spite of frequent famine, pestilence, floods, fires, and civil and foreign wars, in which vast numbers of people lost their lives. The amazing fecundity of the Chinese people appears, at a remote period, to have so filled the region occupied by them that further increase was impossible. Fecundity could not alone have produced the observed result unless the fertility of the soil and the industry of the people sufficed to sustain the population.

Malthus analyses the causes of the superabundance of Chinese population as follows: (1) Excellence of the natural soil and its situation in the warmest parts of the temperate zone; (2) Encouragement to agriculture for upwards of two thousand years; (3) Encouragement given to early marriage.[5] To these chief causes he adds the healthiness of the climate. This analysis is as sound now as it was when Malthus wrote, more than a hundred and twenty years ago.

As might be expected from its orography, China is not uniformly densely populated. The mass of the population is in the plains of the genial south and centre; the mountainous and colder north is by no means so fully peopled. Mongolia, owing to its huge desiccated areas, supports a population of only two persons per square mile, while the province of Shantung supports six hundred and eighty-three, and that of Kuang-su six hundred and twenty per square mile. The population of the eighteen provinces of China is approximately two hundred and sixty-five per square mile.[6]

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[1] Sir George Staunton, *Embassy to China*, 1797.

[2] Samuel Turner, *Embassy to Tibet*, 1800.

[3] Malthus, *Essay on the Principle of Population*, 8th edition (London, 1878), p. 101.

[4] *Cf. Statesman's Year Book* (*e.g.* 1920), pp. 736, 737. More recent statistics place the population of the areas mentioned in the text at four hundred and twenty-eight millions.

[5] Malthus, *loc. cit.*

[6] The area of China (inclusive of Mongolia, Manchuria and Chinese Turkestan and exclusive of Tibet) and the area of Canada are approximately equal; the former has at present a population of about one hundred persons per square mile, and the latter about two persons per square mile.

Swarming villages and numerous densely-crowded cities impress the traveller with the magnitude of the numbers of the living; yet omnipresent tumuli give an equally vivid impression of the magnitude of the numbers of the dead. In the neighbourhood of cities, enclosures are formally set apart as cemeteries; but in the country every peasant family is buried in its own land, and every place of family sepulture is marked by a tumulus. Since holdings are small, the country presents the general aspect of a vast cemetery.

The dead are very many, and the living few.

The Hong Kong barracks are above the lower town and just beneath the Peak. The port of the island of Hong Kong, known as Victoria, contains the "hongs" and "go-downs"[1] of the foreign merchants, the shops of the traders, hotels, various educational institutions, the banks, the Hong Kong Club, and, towards the west, the Chinese quarter. The southern part of the island is mainly wild land; at Aberdeen there is a golf-course.

The characteristic of the atmosphere of Hong Kong is extreme humidity.[2] During my stay the weather was very hot. Only on one day did it rain; but then the heavens seemed to open, and the waters descended, not in individual drops, but in streams or sheets, which instantly drove the whole population into shelter from their mere weight. In the main street, both sides of which are arcaded by way of protection from the tropical sun, everyone was driven into the arcades and the streets were empty.

On hot days I enjoyed resting during the noon hours in the Hong Kong Club, the fine library of which contains almost all the literature on the Far East. Mr. Ross, whom I had met at Victoria, B.C., most kindly introduced me to his partners in Messrs. Jardine, Mathieson and Company, and at Hong Kong, as elsewhere in China, I benefited by the hospitality and extensive connections of that great firm of China merchants.

The island of Hong Kong stands at a strategic point. It not only commands the entrance to the Canton River, but in a sense it commands the whole coast of South China. The strategic importance of such positions varies with political changes and with progress in naval technique, but it is improbable that Hong Kong can ever be otherwise than an important stronghold. In a sense it is the Gibraltar of the Far East.

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[1] The buildings occupied by the houses, branches, agents or factors of the foreign merchants.

[2] Leather gloves, shoes and the like cannot be exposed to the humid atmosphere without injury.

The chief function of the British Navy on the China Stations is suppression of piracy. The frequency of piratical attacks in force upon passenger vessels, as well as upon villages and towns on the coast, has rendered it necessary to maintain a strong and well-adapted fleet for patrol purposes.

The incident of the Kowloon pirates is well known. A large force of pirates in one or more junks, equipped with winches and other appliances, attacked a steamer of the Douglas Line, killed the captain and some of the officers and passengers, and looted the ship. They hoisted pianos and other heavy goods out of the hold, and carried off everything that could be carried, leaving only the stripped hull on the rocks off the coast. With infinite labour and patience these pirates were traced and hunted down by the British authorities. They were tried and executed in Kowloon.

One day, subsequent to my visit to Hong Kong, I went over from Amoy to the island of Ku-lung-su, and amused myself by wandering about the village. Two or three days later a band of about five hundred brigands or pirates attacked the native village, looted it completely, and killed many people. About the same time a large group of pirates, with their families, seized one of the Portuguese islands near Macao and carried on piratical operations with the island as a base. The small Portuguese force at Macao was occupied for three months in trying to reduce this band to submission.

On embarking on a ship of the Douglas Line at Hong Kong, for a voyage of some days up the coast, I was handed by the steward a rifle and a bandolier of cartridges. "What are these things for?" I asked. "You may need them, sir," was the answer. The portion of the deck reserved for the officers of the ship and for the passengers was divided from the remainder by an iron grille, so that if a mutiny of the crew, who were sometimes in league with piratical bands, did take place, a sudden rush might be prevented, and time afforded for organised defence.

The voyage up the Canton River to Canton brings the traveller to China proper, for Hong Kong is a European rather than a Chinese city.

The streets of Canton are so narrow that when one chair passes another, one must draw aside. When a mandarin passes, runners go before to clear the way; his huge official umbrella is carried before him; he himself sits in calm dignity in his closed litter, and he is followed by Tartar cavalry on small Tartar horses, the number of troopers corresponding to the rank of the official. The smaller shops are open to the street, and goods are displayed on open counters. In the angle formed where one street joins another there is occasionally an elevated altar, upon which, in early morning before business begins, paper is burned as an offering to propitiate the gods and to secure good business for the day.

I had often been told of the peculiarities of eastern bargaining, and I had in former years amused myself by bargaining with the *istvoschik* in Russia. I determined to try an experiment, little to my liking I allow, but necessary to understand the processes of commerce in the East. I told my guide to take me to a good silk shop, and he took me to a famous establishment. The entrance was protected by a formidable wooden grille, the members of which were about two and a half inches in diameter. A bar of similar dimensions was drawn and I was admitted, the grille being closed immediately. This ceremony was necessary in order to diminish the risk of the shop being raided by thieves. The merchant courteously produced some silk embroideries for my inspection. I selected some pieces and asked the price. I do not recollect the price exactly, but I think it was a hundred dollars Mexican, that being the customary currency in Canton at that time. I hinted that the sum was too large for my purse. The merchant was in no way surprised and asked what I would give. I really had not the least idea of the value of the silks, so I replied that the sum of twenty-five dollars Mexican was my limit.

Merchant. "But we cannot keep up such a place of business on such prices" (with an airy wave of his hand towards the surrounding bales of silk).

James Mavor. "You will understand that from my point of view I cannot admit the responsibility of maintaining your establishment."

Merchant. "Will you give eighty dollars?"

James Mavor. "My dear sir, the silks are very fine; they may be worth eighty dollars, but my price for them is twenty-five."

Merchant. "Will you give forty dollars?"

James Mavor. "I am afraid that I must deprive myself of the pleasure of possessing your silks unless you see your way to accept my price."

Merchant. "I am sorry, sir, it is impossible."

I bowed to him, left the shop and stepped into my chair. I had gone along the street about twenty yards when one of the shopmen came running after me, stopped my coolies and handed me the silks neatly made up in a parcel. I gave him the sum I have mentioned.

This may be a characteristic incident. I do not know. I found on inquiry that it was probable that I was the first customer of the day, and that merchants had the idea that if they did not come to terms with their first customer, business would not thrive with them during the day. If this is the case, it were the course of wisdom to shop early in China, and to be courageous in the divisor of the amount first demanded.

There are two sights in Canton to which everyone is taken. One is the Temple of Five Hundred Genii, containing busts and statues, among them being a bust of Marco Polo. In this temple I witnessed a characteristic incident. A woman, neatly but poorly dressed, whose face betrayed acute anxiety, was consulting a priest, and the priest was consulting fate by means of a number of small pieces of wood. These he shook in a cylinder, and then threw them out on the temple floor. He examined them carefully as they lay, and I suppose gave his advice or forecast according to some formula with which he was familiar. My friend Dr. Shadwell, of Oriel, was of opinion that spellikins was a martial game and that all spellikins had their origin in weapons. Yet here was a case in which spellikins were used for purposes of divination.

The other celebrated sight in Canton is the temple in which are to be found the large models of the Buddhist Hells. This is an enclosure in which there is an open courtyard surrounded by apartments, each of about sixty-four square feet, containing on a large scale a representation of a punishment in the Inferno. In one a victim was being boiled in a cauldron, and in the others various punishments were represented. It was a gruesome and realistic chamber of horrors.

I noticed a grave elderly gentleman seated at a table on one side of the enclosure. He was engaged in the practice of divination, and was advising a client in accordance, no doubt, with the rules of his art. Probably the client was consulting him about a favourable date for the burial of some member of his family. It is extremely important for the future peace of the deceased that a favourable day should be selected. Sometimes that day may be distant. I saw, in the City of the Dead at Canton, coffins, placed in small separate houses, which were said to have waited many years until the proper moment came for them to be consigned to a permanent tomb.

I had met at Hong Kong an American officer on furlough from Manila, and had invited him to accompany me on my excursion to Canton. Our guide was Chee Leong, at that time the best known and reliable. I became so much engrossed with the proceedings of the geomantic gentleman that I allowed my guide and my American friend to pass on, and I lost them in the dense crowd of Chinese who thronged the temple enclosure. I had just left the geomancer when my guide returned in a state of anxiety. "Do not lose sight of me," he said, "I should not have left you. This is a very dangerous place. Travellers have frequently been carried off from here and have never been heard of again. I am responsible; and if anything happened to you I should be ruined."[1]

Chee Leong had evidently no confidence in the efficacy of the plastic warnings of the consequences of wrongdoing by which we were surrounded. Certainly many of the loungers in the enclosure had an evil stamp deeply impressed on their dark Mongol faces.

The view of the city from a pagoda-like structure on the old city wall is very fine. The country surrounding Canton is cultivated with the meticulous care which characterises all Chinese *petite agriculture.* I had the fortune to catch a glimpse, but only a glimpse, of a dragon boat on the river.

The Canton River has a population of its own. Whole families live in small hooded sampans, which move about everywhere carrying goods and people, for the greater part of the interior trade of South China is conducted by means of the river and canal systems.

Tourists are generally taken to see the place of execution, where periodically batches of convicts have their heads cut off. I saw this gruesome enclosure, but turned immediately from its fetid atmosphere and repulsive associations. Mr. Ross, of Hong Kong, told me that, being in Canton, his servant told him one evening that on the following day an unusually large number of executions would take place, and suggested that Mr. Ross should make arrangements to go, taking, of course, the ladies of his family with him. Mr. Ross refused, whereupon the servant exhibited surprise and regret that such an opportunity should be lost. "Number one good chance!" he said.

While I was in Canton I was reminded of the fact that my grandfather, Captain John Bridie, traded there, I think in his brig the *Europe*, before the first opium war, which occurred in 1838, and also of a story of the Taiping Rebellion (1856–60), told me by Mr. Cornes, of Cornes and Company, of London, Chinese and Japanese merchants. Mr. Cornes was at the time of the rebellion in the employment of Messrs. Jardine, Mathieson and Company. While the city of Canton was being bombarded by the rebels, Mr. Cornes was sent by his firm to buy silk in Canton. He bought several sea-worn and battered junks in Hong Kong and sailed up the river to the besieged city. When he arrived off Canton, he brought his junks into line with the rebel marine forces, from which they were indistinguishable. He made his way to the city in the night, and bought from the frightened merchants as much silk as his junks could carry, the merchants preferring to accept low prices rather than run the risk of complete loss by looting, should the rebels capture the city. Mr. Cornes loaded his vessels and cleared for Hong Kong with all convenient speed. The exploit yielded a large profit for his firm, at some risk to those who carried it out.

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[1] Chee Leong may merely have wished to impress me with his devotion. One of my friends, long resident in China, tells me that he has never heard of a genuine case of disappearance under such circumstances as I have described.

From Canton I sailed to the Portuguese settlement of Macao. Macao is on the northern edge of the tropics. Its climate is thus modified on the south by tropical winds, and on the north by temperate breezes. The vegetation is that of the tropics. In its kind no place is more beautiful. The Buono Vista, which looks from a height on to the Pacific and over Macao with its outlying islands, is well named. The centre of interest in the public gardens is the grotto of Camoens, author of the *Lusiadas*, who spent some time at Macao in the year of 1555, waiting for a ship to enable him to return to Portugal. He is known to have had the manuscript of his great poem with him, but it is not certain that he actually wrote any of it at Macao.

I arrived at Macao at an opportune moment. The Feast of St. Anthony of Padua, the patron saint of the settlement, was to be held on the following day, the 19th June. On Sunday morning, under a blazing sun, the Feast of St. Anthony was celebrated. The ceremonials began with High Mass in the cathedral dedicated to the saint. The whole population of Macao was in or about the cathedral. I was glad to secure a place near the doors, which were open. This was fortunate, for the atmosphere in the interior was stifling. Before me knelt a dainty little Chinese lady, whose minute bound feet, encased in the tiniest of shoes, reposed under my eyes. The people of Macao are chiefly Chinese, but there is a Portuguese population of about two thousand. Among these latter are many *métis*. Some of those whom I met were very good-looking, positive yellow complexion rather than obliqueness of eye indicating their partially Chinese origin. The superior orders of the local Chinese population, as well as some visitors, were handsomely dressed in silk, but the inferior orders can hardly be said to have been clothed. A loin-cloth and occasionally a fan to shield the shaven crown from direct rays of the tropical sun could not be counted as gala dress.

Along the parapet of the flight of steps up to the cathedral doorway there lay prone the perspiring and almost nude multitude; while everywhere, at any point from which the procession might be seen, were brown bodies of naked children.

The procession was composed of Portuguese officials and soldiers, and of Portuguese and Chinese ecclesiastics. The latter, in fine white silk-embroidered vestments, made a large and handsome group. The Chinese ecclesiastics wore their pigtails, as if they meant to retain that tangible element in their traditional religion by means of which they might appease the heavenly powers should their new faith be found to be inadequate.

A life-size painted wood and plaster statue of St. Anthony was carried under a canopy in the procession. St. Anthony of Padua is very popular among simple and devout Catholics. He was a follower of St. Francis of Assisi, sharing in the simplicity of his life and in his humanitarianism. So many miracles were attributed to St. Anthony that he was canonised in 1231, within a year after his death. The curious may find what purports to be his portrait in Albrecht Dürer's etching, "St. Anthony without the Walls of Padua."

From the burning streets I went, after the procession had passed, to the cool Chinese garden of a Portuguese-Chinese gentleman. Chinese gardens are more formal than Japanese, and even more so than the most formal of the Italian gardens. Here in Macao, as in other places in China, the pleasure gardens consist of strips of soil between water-courses. Many plants are in pots, carefully tended and protected from torrential rains or excessive sunshine. Some pots contain dwarf trees of great age, upon which Chinese gardeners lavish their extraordinary skill in nourishing and shaping them. Representations of the Taoist Paradise in Chinese art [1] are simply pictures of the garden of a rich mandarin. There is always a pavilion in the centre of a small lake crossed by numerous bridges [2] or by embankments, upon which there are narrow paths.

Two industries in Macao yield profits from which arise taxes constituting a revenue amply sufficient for maintenance of the administration. One of these industries is the manufacture of opium and the other is fan-tan.

In the opium factory I saw the process of reducing the juice of the poppy to opium paste and the placing of it in small porous pots with interior glaze, in which it is sent into the opium market. This product is exported to China, where it is used extensively, prohibition or no prohibition, by the common people. The upper classes in China use only Indian opium, which they regard as preferable to that of Chinese growth and manufacture. The former, being more expensive than the native product, is beyond the reach of the poor. Excessive indulgence in opium, like excessive indulgence in many other drugs, must be deteriorating, but the formal prohibition of opium by the Government appears to increase very slightly the difficulty of procuring it by those who are the victims of indulgence. A friend of mine in Tientsin was being lectured to by an ardent advocate of opium prohibition, who declared that so efficacious were the Government measures that it was impossible, without a licence, to procure opium, and that, the sale of smoking materials being prohibited, an opium pipe could not be bought. My friend made no reply, but, calling a servant, gave him money and told him to buy an opium pipe and some opium. He returned in a few minutes with the required tangible arguments. The pipe had been bought at a stall in the market-place while a policeman looked on.

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[1] *E.g.* in the panel in red lacquer encrusted with precious stones in the Chinese Collection at South Kensington. Illustrated in Bushell's *Chinese Art*, i. fig. 91.

[2] *Cf. infra*, p. 301.

Chinese are, perhaps above all races, addicted to gambling. After his labours of the day are over, the Chinese has two favourite amusements; one is music, upon the flute or various instruments somewhat like the mandolin, and the other is gambling. Of Chinese games for stakes, the most popular is fan-tan. At Macao the game is played in a large house of two storeys. The house consists of a hall containing two galleries, one above the other, which are carried round the hall. The public are seated in the galleries and the ground floor is reserved for the administration. A long table occupies the centre of the floor. At the head of this table sits the croupier, and at the side the cashier; opposite the latter stands his assistant. In each gallery stand assistants, who manipulate the money which is staked. The player seated in the gallery hands his money to an assistant, who places it in a small basket attached to a long cord. This basket is lowered by him to the cashier at the table below, or, if the assistant is in one of the galleries opposite to the cashier, he swings the basket with great dexterity to the cashier's hand. The cashier places the money bet upon the number bet upon, and when a sufficient number of bets has been made to satisfy the management, drawing begins. This process is accomplished by the croupier, who has before him a bowl containing copper cash. The number of coins in the bowl is supposed to be unknown to anyone.

The process of drawing is very simple. The croupier empties the contants of the bowl upon the table, and then, with an ivory wand, draws towards him one coin after another, until he has four coins. These he puts aside, and then proceeds to draw other four, and so on, until he exhausts the pile of coins contained in the bowl. The final draw must be four, or three or two or one; and the betting is upon these results. If the player has placed his money upon the number of the last draw, he is paid four times the amount of his stakes. To each stake the player adds at the time of betting ten per cent. for the administration. This includes the Government tax.

No record is made of the bets, yet disputes rarely arise. The assistants and the cashier are sharp enough in looking after the interests of the house. Any native Chinese who disputed his payment would probably be immediately thrown out, and no foreigner is likely to be cheated because of the effect any attempt to cheat might have upon foreign patronage. In any event the Portuguese Colonial Government is a partner in the enterprise, and is in a position to support the administration of the gambling house in case of any dispute or disturbance. There were numerous foreigners in the galleries.

On 21st June I embarked on the coasting steamer *Haiyang*, of the Douglas Line, for Swatow, Amoy and Fu-chow. At Swatow I was unfortunate in missing Dr. J. Campbell Gibson, of the English Presbyterian Mission, who was an early friend of my father and myself. He was a son of Professor Gibson of the Free Church College at Glasgow. Dr. Gibson was on furlough in Scotland during the summer of 1910.[1] I was, however, fortunate in meeting Dr. Lyon and Dr. Whyte, son of Dr. Alexander Whyte, of Free St. George's, Edinburgh. I went with Dr. Lyon to his hospital. The passages of the dispensary were crowded with waiting patients. We went into the operating-room. The first patient was an old man suffering from ophthalmia, a frequent disease in China. He had been examined previously, and had come to undergo an operation. He sat in a chair, placed his hands firmly upon its arms, and Dr. Lyon immediately began to operate. I detected the faintest increase of pressure in the hands upon the chair, otherwise there was no sign of suffering by the patient.

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[1] Dr. Gibson's *Mission Problems and Mission Methods in South China* (Edinburgh, 1902) is by far the most scholarly and dispassionate account of the difficulties encountered by missionary enterprise in China. It is an indispensable guide to an understanding of Chinese psychology.

After the operation, while preparations were being made for the next, I said to Dr. Lyon, "Have these people no nerves?"

Dr. Lyon. "They vary greatly. Some seem to be as indifferent to pain as the old fellow who has just gone; but others are as sensitive, or at least as demonstrative, as any Europeans. Yet the average Chinese may perhaps be less sensitive to pain than the average European."

James Mavor. "Do you never use anæsthetics?"

Dr. Lyon. "We have no time. You noticed the number of patients waiting. These have nearly all come in from the districts round Swatow. They must be operated upon to-day. If we used anæsthetics we could never get through the number of operations we have to perform."

I found that at Swatow efforts were being made by philanthropic Europeans to organise the sale of some of the native manufactures—embroidered linen and pewter-ware, for example.

I was standing on deck with the captain while cargo was being landed, and many coolies were passing up and down the gangway. Immediately beneath us on the lower deck several Chinese firemen belonging to the crew were leaning over the rail. I asked the captain (a Scotsman), who spoke Chinese well, "Do you know what these firemen are saying?"

Captain. "One has just asked the other, 'Do you understand the lingo these fellows are speaking?' and the answer was, 'No!'"

The question referred to the speech of the coolies, who were speaking the dialect of Swatow. Hong Kong is only a night's sail from Swatow, and yet the speech of the common people was so different from that of the people of Hong Kong that they could not understand one another.

Amoy is pleasantly situated opposite the island of Ku-lung-su, where most of the foreign residents live. The town is not so densely built as many Chinese towns, and the suburbs are open. While I was being carried in the outskirts, I observed a Chinese farmer, who had evidently been to market with his produce, returning to his farm. He was trundling a wheel-barrow, with the characteristic huge central wheel flanked by platforms. On one of these platforms sat his wife, and on the other their children, excepting one girl of about nine years, who trotted alongside her father. I had often heard of the sale of female children by Chinese parents, and I determined to try an experiment. I was previously aware that such transactions were recognised by Chinese law, and that certain conditions attached to them. A deed of sale was customarily drawn up, in which the parent renounced any claim upon the girl or upon the purchaser in respect to her.[1]

I asked the Chinese *shroff*, or clerk, whom the representative of Messrs. Jardine, Mathieson and Company, at Amoy, had been good enough to send with me as guide, to inquire of the farmer what he wanted for his child. The *shroff* gave no indication that he thought the inquiry a strange one. He spoke to the farmer and reported that he wanted a hundred dollars Mexican. I asked the *shroff* if that was a fair price. He said it was the usual price at that time for children of that age. Meanwhile the farmer waited for my answer, which was, of course, to the effect that I declined the offer.

In Hong Kong "female slavery" is regulated in a manner different from that customary in the Chinese provinces. Any "slave girl" in Hong Kong can go to a policeman (under the British administration, the officers are British, the rank and file are Sikhs) and demand to be taken to the "Protector of Chinese," an officer who is also Colonial Secretary of Hong Kong. If the girl states formally to him that she wishes to leave the person who has bought her, and in whose possession she has been, she can be removed from his house and sent to an institution, remaining under British protection. In case of known ill-treatment the police may interfere on their own initiative.

At Amoy I was taken to an iron foundry where cast-iron pans for cooking rice are made in large quantities. These pans are cast in sand moulds and are of extraordinary thinness. I noticed that a good many defective pieces resulted from irregularity in the metal or in the flow of the molten mass into the mould; but the perfect pieces were really remarkable examples of the art of the iron-moulder.[2]

I learned that many farmers in the neighbourhood had mortgaged their farms for the purpose of raising money to provide for education of their boys at Hong Kong and subsequent emigration to the Straits Settlements, where educated Chinese are making fortunes.

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[1] The following is a literal translation of a deed of sale of this kind in the possession of my friend Alfred Tingle: "Chang Tsai Yang the undersigned has a daughter fifteen years old of his begetting. This girl has been given to Fang Er Shuen as an adopted daughter, even as an adopted daughter for ever. This act will never be repented. Now being so poor and miserable that there is hardly a way for the family to pass the day, Tai Liu is given as a real daughter for three hundred and fifty dollars (Mexican) paid through an intermediary. These (dollars) are given as the price of the girl's person but also as a succour to her family, that they may live and pass the day. In case of pestilence from Heaven, severe sickness or other accident, the man Chang has no interest. Having fear that an oral agreement might be inconclusive, this paper is signed and kept as witness. Signed, witnessed, dated and thumb-marked."

[2] The moulding of iron in extremely thin sheets is rendered possible by the presence of a large proportion of sulphur in the metal. Sulphur renders the metal very brittle when cold, and to avoid breakage vessels made of it must be handled as carefully as crockery.

At Swatow and Amoy I saw prisoners enduring the punishment of the *cangue.* This punishment is usually inflicted after conviction for petty theft. It consists of placing round the neck of the convict a wooden board about four feet square, with a hole in the centre through which the head is passed. The neck of the convict is so closely fitted by the hole in the board that the head cannot be withdrawn. At daybreak the convict, carrying his heavy collar, is ejected from the prison. During the day he crouches at street corners begging for food, and returns to the prison at night. Since the *cangue* is never removed for the duration of the punishment, the convict cannot lay his head down horizontally, and he must therefore sleep in a sitting posture. At Amoy I saw a chain of convicts heavily manacled, each carrying a fan with which to protect his shaven crown from direct rays of the midsummer midday sun.

Sailing up the Fu-chow River for about eighteen miles from the coast to Fu-chow, we passed innumerable junks, house-boats and sampans. The city hangs as it were over the river, for houses along the banks overhang the water. There is a fine bridge, usually crowded. I dropped into a monastery whose gates stood invitingly open, and found an artist monk making a water-colour drawing in the open air. I bought some of his works. His art was rather primitive, very inferior to the art of the great Chinese periods; but there was a certain sincerity in it which was attractive.

In Fu-chow also I saw a loathsome cellar in which fine silk fabrics were being woven by almost nude and fearfully emaciated weavers. Here was the explanation of the low prices at which it was possible to buy embroideries in Canton and elsewhere. The exploitation was frightful; but it was an exploitation for which the Chinese public, as well as the merchant, was responsible.[1]

There are formidable objections to factory industry, but the conditions under which factory industry is conducted can be controlled by legislative measures enforced by functionaries. Domestic industry is almost impossible to control anywhere by any such means, and in a country like China effective control of domestic industry would be impossible. Not merely the foreign buyer was the exploitative agent, but perhaps still more continuously and severely the native consumers.

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[1] The Revolution of 1911, a year after my visit, made no difference to the exploited worker. It was not in any sense a social revolution.

In Fu-chow also I visited the celebrated water-clock, which occupies a large part of a house. The time is indicated by filling and emptying cisterns.

The bubonic plague was making great ravages. People were falling dead in the streets, and the people, while they went about their usual avocations, had a gloomy air. I stayed in the hospitable "hong" of Messrs. Jardine, Mathieson and Company, and visited frequently the Fu-chow Club. Here one afternoon I met a friend who had just entered. He looked ill and frightened, as if he had seen a ghost. Involuntarily I asked him what ailed him. He said that as he passed along the street, at no great distance from the club, three persons had dropped dead almost alongside of him. I did not myself witness any distressing incidents of that kind.

I determined to make an expedition to the Monastery of Kushan, which is upon a mountain a few miles from Fu-chow. I engaged a steam launch, a sampan to land from it, chairmen and a guide, and invited Dr. Price, Bishop of Fu-Kien, to make the journey with me.

We landed at a village near the entrance to the monastic domain. The day was overpoweringly hot. As we went along the bank of the river we passed a muddy pool from which bubbles of air were rising. It soon became apparent that these bubbles came from the noses of water buffalo, whose whole bodies were immersed in the slime for the sake of coolness, only their nostrils coming near the surface.

We passed some fields in which Chinese peasants were working. In one of these fields a whole family, father, mother and children, were pumping under an awning to protect them from the blazing sun. They were holding by their hands to a rail and moving with their feet chains of small buckets, by means of which they raised water for their parched crops. It was a vivid example of the painful labours by means of which the vast peasant population of China contrives to sustain itself.

The steady swing of our bearers brought us at last to the base of the mountain upon the upper slope of which the monastic buildings are situated. The path up the mountain is really a stair, and step by step we made the ascent. The wisdom of bringing four bearers for each chair was now apparent. The path was marked at frequent intervals by stone tablets, upon which maxims or brief verses of Chinese poetry were incised. Such incised monuments are to be found in many places in China.

The monastic buildings are numerous, some are antique. We arrived at the main building shortly before noon. The monks were in the refectory, having their simple meal of rice. On the stroke of noon a monk, carrying with uplifted hands a bowl of rice, emerged from the refectory, followed by other monks in procession. A table had been spread with bowls containing choice fruits. Near the table was a high post. With grave and dignified ceremonial gesture the leading monk placed his rice bowl on the top of this post. The whole was a thanksgiving offering of the fruits of the earth to the Divine Powers.

After this solemn ceremony we went to the scriptorium, where the monks engrave on wood and print in the antique manner the Chinese classics. In the scriptorium proper a monk was drawing with meticulous care, Chinese characters upon a whitened wood block, preparatory to the engraving of the blocks by himself or by another monk. The storeroom of the scriptorium contained an immense number of such blocks neatly arranged on shelves. From these shelves the blocks were taken, an armful at a time, by the printing monks. The process of printing was, after its manner, quite perfect. From the pile of blocks at his side the printer took one, with a pad of cotton cloth he inked the block carefully, then he took a slightly moistened sheet of thin paper and placed it upon the block. With another pad pressure was applied, evenly and skilfully. The sheet was removed from the block and placed upon a pile of sheets previously printed. Another block was taken from the pile, and the process continued until the whole book was finished; one copy only of the book was thus printed at a time. The paper was printed only on one side. When the book was to be stitched the paper was folded in such a way as to leave the printed surface exposed. It was never necessary to cut the edges because the surface within the fold was blank. This primitive plan was laborious, yet labour in China, especially the labour of monks, has not a high pecuniary value. For this reason it is doubtful if the most modern printing machinery could produce so inexpensively the Chinese classics as they are produced by this primitive method. The demand for sets of the Chinese classics is important enough to keep the monks employed occasionally upon the service of production, but it is not important enough to employ upon it large-scale production. In any event, if the scriptorium and its printing were abolished, the monks would have to remain idle, or would have to devise some other less appropriate and interesting task to occupy them. In addition to printing the classics, the monks draw and print numerous short poems.[1]

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[1] An example of a poem printed at Kushan is used as the heading of this chapter.

Printing from blocks and rubbing from incised stones, the former being from engraving on wood and the latter from engraving on stone, are both very ancient arts in China.

The peasantry are, in general, illiterate, yet many of the farmers who possess more than the minimum number of acres have had elementary education imparted to themselves, or have had their sons educated.[1] In the coast cities complete illiteracy among men seemed to me to be rare. In setting out to make visits, I made it a practice to have the addresses of the places to which I desired to go written legibly in Chinese characters, and to have myself instructed in the local pronunciation. I frequently failed to make myself understood by my coolies when I attempted to speak, but I never found a coolie who could not read the script I offered to him. This also is the experience of permanent residents in Chinese cities. While Chinese higher education is not the monopoly of any class, it is inevitably imparted to a comparatively small number. The real *literati* form an insignificant proportion of the population. The missionary schools, though usually excellent, cannot cover a field so vast as China presents. How then is this widespread elementary education in the Chinese cities accomplished? It is accomplished by numerous minute private native schools. I visited one of these in Fu-chow. The schoolmaster received his pupils in his house. He had five scholars. When I entered his small chamber I found the teacher leaning out of a window smoking a pipe. The scholars were reading all together, at the top of their voices, from portions of the classics which were before them. Whether or not they really read, or merely recited passages already committed to memory, I cannot tell. Nor do I know how far they succeeded in interpreting to their own minds either the phrases of the classics or hints conveyed to them by their teacher. They read or appeared to read glibly enough. They were to all appearance learning to associate the Chinese pictographs and ideographs with the spoken language of their province. A student who had passed the examination with the credit entitling him to enter the public service would no doubt scoff at the inadequate education conveyed in these primitive schools; but in them lay the preparation for the life the scholars had to lead afterwards, not the life of *literati*, but the current life of the streets of their city.

At Fu-chow I learned much about the difficulties of missionaries in the interior. Some murders had been perpetrated by the native population. In the curious book, of which I give an account below, Chan Chih-tung, Viceroy of Liang Hu, gives a hint of the motives which induced these murders. At Ichang, for example, he says a report was circulated (about 1890) that "the missionaries in a certain school had gouged out the eyes of seventy children. All the Chinese thoroughly believed it, and the authorities (the Chinese) were compelled to make an investigation. And what was the result? All the children in that institution were discovered to be perfectly sound—eyes and all—except one. . . . This child had had smallpox, and had lost its sight in consequence. The eyeballs were not removed." [1]

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[1] *Cf.* the case of the farmers of the Amoy region, mentioned above, p. 291.

Some of the fatalities among missionaries and their families have been the direct result of ignorance, or of want of common-sense and consideration on the part of missionaries themselves. I learned at Fu-chow of a case which had happened in the province of Fu-kien, in which Fu-chow is situated. A missionary had been disturbed at night by continuous beating of gongs in a neighbouring temple during a religious festival. He had not acquired any moral ascendancy over the people, and he was not popular among them, yet he ventured to go to the temple and to order the noise to be stopped. The people regarded this as insulting, and, led by disorderly elements, they rushed in a mob to his house and killed his wife and children. The missionary himself contrived to escape. This cannot be taken as a characteristic incident of missionary enterprise, but similar events have occurred elsewhere.

There is a good school for orphan girls under missionary auspices at Fu-chow. The lady in charge of it told me that in a short time the school would close for the year, and that girls whose course was finished would then, in the natural order of things, have to be married. When this time arrives a number of young bachelors come to the school to look for wives. Eligible brides are presented for inspection. Inquiries are made by suitors about disposition, capacity for household work and the like, while on the other hand certificates of character of the youths are required on behalf of the school. When agreements satisfactory to both sides are reached, marriages are celebrated. The girls looked very smart in the neat pantaloons which are worn by young girls in China.

From Fu-chow I went, by Messrs. Butterfield and Swire's steamer, the *Poyang*, Captain Carnigan, to Shanghai. The engineer of this vessel, as of all the vessels of which I had experience on the China coast, was from the Clyde. Captain Carnigan gave me an account of the riots which had occurred at Chang Sha about two months before. These riots were symptomatic of an unusual feeling of unrest in China, although they were occasioned by local circumstances. Nearly everywhere on the coast I found an uneasy feeling. At Shanghai I was informed that a revolution was in the making, and that it would probably break out in October 1910. The revolution came, but not until about twelve months later.

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[1] At periods of popular excitement, similar stories have made their appearance in many countries. Massacres and atrocities are nearly always exaggerated by public rumour.

From the captain's account, the Chang Sha riots of May 1910 were caused by the hostility of some local *literati* to the Tao-tai of Chang Sha. They advocated his dismissal, and urged that his secretary should be made Tao-tai. The British Consul was warned that an attack on the Tao-tai's *yamen* was about to be made, and he arranged that foreign residents should go for safety on board the ships in the harbour. The mob, led by two local *literati* in chairs, looted and burned Jardine, Mathieson and Company's "go-downs" (warehouses), as well as those of some other foreign firms. When the Tao-tai's *yamen* was attacked, his secretary told the soldiers who were there to defend it not to fire upon the mob. The rioters showered bricks upon the soldiers, but they did not retaliate. In a short time the *yamen* was taken by the mob, and the Tao-tai fled.

Within a few days Admiral Seh was sent to Chang Sha. He disguised himself as a coolie, made investigations, and reported the result of these to the Government at Peking. The Government acted feebly. They simply degraded, for a period of two months, the local *literati* who were implicated. It is little wonder that hostility to the foreigner spread rapidly when looting his property could be done with impunity.

Even comparatively near the coast the native Chinese comes into very slender contact with foreigners. Captain Carnigan told me of a man living near Canton who had never seen a foreigner excepting one missionary, and he had only seen him once at a distance when he was pointed out to him.

After the heat of more southern ports, Shanghai was cool and agreeable. The afternoons, when everyone promenaded on Bubbling Well Road, were enchanting. At that moment there was not a single motor-car to be seen. The promenade consisted of handsome equipages or more modest hired carriages; occasionally there was a *jinriksha* or a chair. The Bubbling Well Road was lined by houses, some of them similar in character to those of the Peak at Hong Kong.

Shanghai is divided sharply into two parts, the native and the foreign. The foreign city is divided into the French Concession, immediately outside the western wall of the native city, and the International Settlement, lying next to the French. All have a front upon the Bund, or wharf, along the bank of the Shanghai River, and all stretch for some distance southwards and inland. The International Settlement possesses a Municipal Government consisting of two Chambers. In the Upper Chamber all the Consuls of the Treaty Powers sit and vote on equal terms.

The native city of Shanghai, in respect to narrowness of the streets, is not unlike Canton. In Canton the wall was a shabby and ineffective affair,[1] while in Shanghai the wall is a practicable defence, though by no means so formidable as the massive city walls of Nanking or Peking. The wharves were crowded with junks. So great was the pressure upon available space that the vessels floated in five closely-packed lines, the bows of the interior line being attached to the wharf, while the bows of each successive line were attached to the sterns of the line interior to it. The population of Shanghai was noted under the Manchu dynasty for its revolutionary character. The political intrigues which disturbed the later years of imperial rule are understood to have been hatched in the native city.

I saw a Chinese policeman arrest two men for some petty offence. Instead of handcuffing them, the policeman simply placed his fingers in the loops of their queues, and his prisoners marched peaceably behind him. I was told that some of the more desperate bandits removed their queues, replaced them by substitutes made of braided hair, and attached them, by some not too adhesive medium, to their shaven scalps. The bandits, embellished with fraudulent pigtails, submitted quietly when arrested, allowed the policeman to place his finger in the loops and then, slipping the queues from their heads, escaped. This naturally led to the adoption by the police of the practice of giving a sharp preliminary tug to the queue in order to make sure that it was the genuine article.[2]

Shortly before I was in Shanghai there occurred a serious anti-foreign riot. A Sikh policeman, belonging to the International Settlement, was stabbed to the heart. His body was found in the middle of one of the streets of the settlement with a paper containing abuse of foreigners. This incident was followed by an attack in force from the native city upon the French Concession. The inhabitants of the French Concession retired to the International Settlement, which was fortified rapidly by means of bales of cotton from the "go-downs," and defended by a volunteer force composed of all the able-bodied Europeans. The Chinese servants in the foreign quarters in general remained faithful to their employers, although they were not entrusted with arms. The settlement withstood the attack from the native city, carried on by some tens of thousands of mutineers, for forty-eight hours, until a squadron of about forty British gunboats, steaming in haste from different positions on the coast, overawed the rioters and relieved the besieged residents.

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[1] The Canton wall has, I believe, been removed since 1910.

[2] In another place I have narrated a story of Chinese piracy, the scene of which was on the Bund at Shanghai. *Cf.* p. 178.

I recall a narrative of an incipient rising given me many years ago by my friend, William Mitchell, who resided in Shanghai for some years up till 1875. There happened to be a single French war vessel in the harbour at the time of the disturbance, and the French commander proposed immediately to shell the native city. There was available no land force adequate for defence of the foreign quarters, and had the native city been shelled these would undoubtedly have been looted and the foreign residents killed. The only course which could wisely be adopted was to temporise with the rioters until an adequate force could be concentrated upon the city. On the advice of the British officials this was done, and the situation was saved. There can be no doubt that at all times the position of foreigners in the concessions is precarious. The native population has always been under slender control by central authority.

The security, such as it is, of the foreign population must depend upon the goodwill of the local Chinese magistrates, maintenance of a well-equipped volunteer force, and the rapidity with which British gunboats can be brought to the scene of disturbance.

William Mitchell told me a curious story of tactful management of the aroused population of the native city. About the year 1870, a pool or dock in the British Concession[1] had been supposed by the natives to be the home of a marine monster—a water-dragon—which had become offended by the presence of foreigners and might be expected to wreak his vengeance upon everybody in his neighbourhood. This rumour was rapidly developing a serious situation. The British authorities determined to pump out the pool in order to show the people that no such monster was present in it. The natives congregated round the pool. The water was pumped out, and it was evident that the rumour was without foundation. No more was heard of it.

The expression "foreign devil," although sometimes employed as a term of abuse, is also employed as an ordinary salutation to a foreigner. It is, therefore, wise to take no notice of it. One day the British Consul was enjoying a constitutional. He met the Tao-tai of Shanghai taking the air in his litter. The Tao-tai courteously stopped his bearers and said to the Consul:

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[1] Which preceded the International Settlement of the present.

"Your Excellency, foreign devil, do you not think that it would be more in keeping with the position of Your Excellency, foreign devil, if instead of walking like a coolie, Your Excellency, foreign devil, took a chair?"

Such incidents have probably become less common with the increasing intercourse between Chinese and foreign officials.

The Chinese, addicted as they are to gambling, are keen speculators in stocks. In the early part of 1910 there was a boom in the shares of rubber companies, and Chinese as well as European residents of Shanghai entered into the speculative game with fervour. While I was in Shanghai this boom burst, and there was, in consequence, a local financial crisis. So far as European speculators were concerned, their difficulties were ameliorated by the prompt action of an insurance company, which furnished the European banks with some ready cash. The Chinese banks in the native city, which are very numerous, failed in great numbers; but of all the speculators, the hardest hit was the *comprador* of one of the European houses. The *comprador* is a highly important functionary. Through him all transactions between the house to which he is attached and the native population are conducted. He buys everything on commission, sells everything on commission, and employs all the Chinese in the service of his house. He is responsible for everybody concerned in these transactions. He is thus necessarily a man of capital. While, according to the Chinese code of commercial morality, he may secure for himself seen and unseen "squeeze," and while undoubtedly he exploits everyone whom he employs and everyone with whom he has transactions, he has the traditional reputation of being perfectly honest so far as the funds of his employer are concerned. This tradition is an important asset of the class of *compradors*. If it did not exist they could not make their large profits. When the *comprador* in question found that he was unable to meet his engagements owing to the fall in rubber stocks, and that his deficiency amounted to many millions of dollars, he appealed to his fellow *compradors*. Although some of these were to a less extent in a similar predicament, they raised a large sum to provide temporary assistance in order that no discredit should fall upon their order. There remained, however, a large deficiency, and this was met by a contribution or loan from the Chinese Government.

In the heart of the native city there is a pavilion in a garden. This pavilion is the traditional residence of the father of the young lady who was the heroine in the story of the Willow Plate. In this garden, which consists really of a small pond crossed by bridges, it is the custom of elderly Chinese gentlemen to recreate themselves in the afternoon. The form of exercise they employ is to bring their singing birds in small cages. These they attach to a stick and hold them over the parapets of the bridges, while they gaze peacefully into the water below. This garden forms a tranquil spot in the centre of one of the busiest and most crowded cities of the world. In such cities, during the day, the absence of wheeled vehicles reduces the city noises to mere murmurs of human voices; but at night sometimes the voices become shriller, and I have often been kept awake by nocturnal conversations and controversies beneath my windows. The Chinese discuss their domestic and municipal affairs in the street at night, after the day's busy labours are over.

Although wheeled vehicles drawn by horses were used in Shanghai, the wheelbarrow was much employed for communication in the surrounding country. The characteristic wheelbarrow is composed of one large central wheel between two platforms. It is propelled forward by means of shafts. Sometimes in the country a wheelbarrow may be seen surmounted by a sail, which in a favourable wind facilitates progress. The load which may be placed on such a vehicle is indefinite. I saw in Shanghai a wheelbarrow piled to the height of twelve or thirteen feet, the cargo being apparently empty boxes. The cargo had been imperfectly roped to the platforms, for a gust of wind or side movement of the wheeler upset the equilibrium of the system and the boxes distributed themselves over the street. Willing hands of passers-by assisted the coolie to remount his load.

The city of Nanking had determined to have a great industrial exhibition in the summer of 1910; and I was fortunate enough to be invited to travel in the special train which conveyed the Viceroy[1] from Shanghai to Nanking. This train was to have left early in the forenoon, but departure was delayed by an accident on the line at Chin Kiang. Instead of delaying the train at Chin Kiang, it was decided to delay departure from Shanghai. When we arrived at Chin Kiang, we found that a flood had washed out the line near the entrance to a tunnel. A high embankment had been washed completely over the line, burying it for about two hundred and fifty yards under many feet of mud. The wash-out had occurred during the night. The English engineer in charge, whom we met at Chin Kiang, Mr. Clare, had been at work from daybreak. To remove the mass of earth from the railway was a formidable task. It could not be accomplished in the few hours which remained before the special train was due. It was important that the Viceroy should not be unduly detained, as his presence at the opening of the exhibition at Nanking was indispensable. There was no machinery on the spot to remove the earth. The only thing to do was to construct a temporary line of about one-third of a mile long round the obstruction, and this had to be accomplished in a few hours. Hundreds of coolies were collected, and within the required time the temporary line was constructed. It was a remarkable feat of intelligently applied industry. We passed safely over the temporary line without other than the preliminary delay.

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[1] The Viceroy resides at Nanking, but some affairs had taken him to Shanghai.

The city of Nanking differs in its external aspect from Shanghai; its immense walls enclose a wide area of agricultural land, whereas in Shanghai the walls of the native city closely encircle the populated area. If Shanghai were invested, its population could not subsist itself for many days. If Nanking were invested, its population might survive indefinitely, because agricultural production could be carried on within the walls.

The exhibition was a very modern affair. It was built on the European model. All the Chinese world and his wife were there. As might be expected, the atmosphere was exclusively commercial. There were no exhibits of moment of Chinese art of any period. In this respect, as in many others, China fell far behind her neighbour Japan. At all international exhibitions to which she contributes, Japan takes pride in sending along with the products of her modern industrial system a choice, if small, collection of works of art executed during her long artistic period.

Apart from the massive city wall and gates, Nanking offers to the visitor the Ming Tombs. These are beyond the city walls. The usual method of approach is on horseback. Here in Nanking, as also in Shanghai, horses are employed, and there are roads of the customary dimensions and wheeled vehicles. The entrance to the tombs is an avenue of colossal statues. Some parts of the buildings were in a fair state of preservation, but glazed roof-tiles had almost all been removed to find places in the museums of Europe and America. Fragments of Ming glazes from the tombs were readily purchasable from the attendants. The Nanking tombs are by no means so splendid, either in situation or in structure, as the tombs at Nankow, but they are good examples of Ming art.

The first night at Nanking was very noisy. Opposite my hotel there was a large sign, "American Bar," and this establishment was much frequented during the evening by American sailors on leave. From time to time they emerged from it, and mounted into *jinrikshas*, to the wheels of which they had attached fire crackers. They made an explosive progress through the streets. The Chinese police very wisely forbore to interfere with them, but the natives were more frightened than amused.

The effect upon the Chinese of these incidents is not favourable. The best elements of Chinese society look upon the uncultivated foreigner with unconcealed disgust. They are not accustomed to make allowances for eccentric conduct, and they are apt to set to the debit of the European in general, faults of which most Europeans disapprove.

Sometimes the Chinese are treated with scant justice by foreigners with whom they come into official relations. Sailors on leave from a foreign gunboat lying in the harbour of Nanking a short time before my visit, had passed riotously through the streets. In the city of Nanking a bridge crosses a small, shallow and muddy stream, one of the minor tributaries of the Yangtse. The sailors swept along this bridge arm in arm, clearing the people before them. When they approached the centre of the bridge, they found their progress impeded by the portly figure of a Chinese merchant, who refused to stand aside to allow the sailors to pass. The sailors seized him and threw him over the parapet of the bridge into the river. If they thought of such a matter at all, it is probable they regarded the river as shallow, and that the merchant would be able to make his way ashore. What happened was that the merchant's head was buried in the mud, and he was suffocated.

The Chinese authorities could not ignore this tragedy, and a magistrate and witnesses of the occurrence were sent on board the gunboat to demand the punishment of the sailor who had actually thrown the merchant over the bridge. The captain, being advised of their coming, ordered sailors who were, and marines who were not, in the leave party to exchange clothes and calmly waited. The Chinese witnesses were unable to identify the guilty person, and were obliged to leave the matter as it stood. The Chinese authorities knew that they had been cheated, although they did not know how. I found in Nanking that the incident, occurring as it did at a critical moment, had gravely accentuated the local irritation against the foreigner. I was present, in China, at an orgiastic dinner given by a foreigner, at which I noticed, beneath their placid aspect, signs of disgust on the faces of the Chinese who waited at table.

From Nanking I took ship up the Yangtse Kiang. This stupendous river is navigable by ocean-going steamers for about twelve hundred miles from its mouth. Hundreds of miles from its estuary it is five miles wide. The vessel kept, in general, near the south bank. For long reaches the banks are concealed by tall reeds and no populated land is visible. But the river is populated, junks and sampans, with their immense marine population, are everywhere. As we approached Kiu Kiang, our only stopping-place between Nanking and Hankow, we were surrounded by sampans. From each of these projected a long pole with a hook on its end. This hook was fastened with dexterity upon the rail of our vessel, and, grasping his pole, an aspiring youth swung himself free from his boat and climbed up his pole, while the boat was carried down stream by the savagely swift current. A cord attached to the waist of the climber fastened to him a bundle. It was a dangerous game admirably played. No one who attempted the ascent failed, although in some cases the hook missed and the boat was swiftly carried down stream, depriving the aspirant of a second opportunity. Had anyone fallen into the river he was doomed, for no swimmer could breast the stream, and the chances of anyone being able to avoid being drawn under the swirling waters were very few. Within a few seconds a dozen or more of these active persons were on deck, and a few seconds later their bundles were opened and their wares —silks, embroideries, and the like—were displayed, inviting purchasers.

The captain of one of the coasting vessels told me that he had occasion to employ a sampan to take him off to his vessel in one of the reaches of the Yangtse, where the current is excessively swift. The family of the boatman was on board. In a misguided moment one of his children, a girl about seven years of age, leaned too far over the gunwale, and fell into the stream. Her father was at the helm, but he kept the course of the boat without apparent emotion. The girl was inevitably drowned the instant she fell, nothing could have saved her. Who can say by what swift mental process this philosophic calm was attained? Probably the difference between the Chinese and the European mind is that, while both acquiesce in fate, the Chinese does so with instinctive rapidity inconceivable to the European.

Kiu Kiang is a favourite health resort for missionaries on furlough. They climb the lofty hill in its immediate neighbourhood. Above Kiu Kiang there is a great lake, and at the point where the river widens into it there was a British gunboat, a silent sentinel.

Night on the Yangtse in midsummer is suffused with the tranquillity of spaciousness. The river, upon which there passes a rare steamer, carries on its bosom only noiseless craft, bearing them swiftly down stream or suffering them to beat up against the current. An abrupt island with a temple partially shrouded by trees looms up and passes, and then everywhere is the mighty river whose low banks extend to the horizon upon the wide-stretching interior plain.

We arrived at Hankow a day or two after a great fire had destroyed a part of the native city as well as many junks in the harbour. Roasted and drowned bodies were being taken from the river and landed on the crowded wharves—a gruesome spectacle. Hankow, at the junction of the Han and Yangtse Rivers, is the centre of the tea trade. From its warehouses the tea of China goes east and west—east to America and Great Britain, and westwards by land to Russia, some of it by the Trans-Siberian Railway; but much still by camel caravan across Southern Mongolia to the Trans-Caspian Line, by which it is carried to European Russia. Even alongside the railway in its eastern section I believe the camel competes with steam, and sometimes carries tea to the borders of Russia in Europe. The boxes within boxes with which we used to be familiar as children are simply models of the packages in which tea is transported on camelback. Not only does the camel compete with the railway in carrying loads, but he competes with the so-called "baggage smasher," for he invariably breaks the packages with which he is loaded. Asiatic ingenuity circumvents the camel by providing him with packages which may be smashed and discarded while interior packages still remain. The valuable load is thus transported safely, the number of enclosing boxes depending upon the distance to be travelled, and upon the number of times the camel may be presumed to take into his head the idea of lying down and rolling over while the cases on his back are crushed and broken. This great route due westwards across Mongolia to Chinese Turkestan and the Central Asiatic dependencies of Russia may one day be the line of a Grand Trunk Central Asiatic Railway.

The Bund at Hankow is not so long as that at Shanghai, but it is broad and handsome. Of the foreign concessions in 1910, the smartest and best built was the German.

I visited Dr. Gillieson, medical missionary and head of the Union Medical College. He introduced me to some of his students, whom I found studying anatomy under the disadvantageous conditions then prevalent in China. Owing to strong native feeling on the subject, dissection of the human body was forbidden. This indispensable portion of medical education was permitted only in military medical schools of the Chinese Government, it was forbidden in all civilian schools. Dr. Gillieson had published a translation into Chinese of Gray's *Anatomy*, and from drawings in that work, and especially by copying these drawings, the students were instructed.

I asked Dr. Gillieson if he had found translation of modern technical terms into Chinese a difficult task. He replied, "No; it is quite easy. The Chinese language is very flexible, and only an exact knowledge of the derivation of technical terms is necessary to enable the translator to render them with precision into Chinese." I asked him if the same was true of terms customarily employed in treatises on chemistry, etc. He said that in general it was, although difficulties sometimes occurred in the case of terms invented without any relation to a natural object or recognised state of matter.[1] Even in such cases, approximately corresponding terms in Chinese might be invented. One great advantage was that when a treatise was written or translated, it could be read by any literate Chinese person, no matter to which of the spoken languages of China he was accustomed.

The Chinese have solved the difficulties of a universal language. Hopeless as they might well be of having everyone over a wide area speaking alike, so much depending upon ear and vocal chords, they have devised a uniform written language which can be read by any literate Chinese, whatever may be his native tongue. Obviously the universal language must be either pictorial or ideographic, or both. To be universally intelligible a picture of a thing must be understood by all observers, irrespective of its local name. The picture of a gate, provided only the essential outline is given and local and adventitious detail is avoided, is a gate to everyone. So also the picture of a man, and so on. If the picture is confined to the determining characteristic there is little chance of error in interpretation. The Chinese characters are not exclusively pictographic, indeed they are predominantly ideographic, and to recognise ideographs requires specific training. In China books or newspapers written in Cantonese can be read in Peking, although a Cantonese speaking in Peking would not be understood by a Pekingese.

The Chinese carry standardisation very far. Their written language expresses, in precisely the same character, ideas formulated in sentences and phrases of varying grammatical structure, as well as in words of varying sounds and origins.

It is permissible to argue that advantage to Europe would accrue if there were devised a script which represented for all literate persons the same meaning, no matter in what sounds the meaning might be conveyed to the ear. To a certain moderate extent this standardisation of the written word is already accomplished so far as the English language is concerned, for the pronunciation of English varies in different parts of the world where the English language is spoken, and yet the visible language varies only slightly. Indeed, generally throughout the British Empire it does not vary at all. In the United States "labour" is printed "labor," "centre" "center," fantastic experimentalists in phoneticism have printed the English word "through" as "thru," and the like. These variations have not as yet become important, and any English literate can read his language wherever it is written, even although he may find difficulty in understanding it when it is pronounced. If enthusiasts for phonetics had their way, the advantage of the printed or written English language as a quasi-universal vehicle of communication would disappear.

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[1] This must be accepted with qualification. Much must depend upon the knowledge of the translator, not only of the Chinese language but of the science, the terminology of which he is translating.

The objection to the Chinese system is that it sterilises local development. If, for example, there had been a common pictorial script for English and French, the question arises, would there have been any distinctive development of English and French literature respectively? If the Chinese method had been applied to Europe, would there have been any Italian or German literature, excepting perhaps oral folk-lore, and would not progress have been prejudiced thereby? The net conclusion from these reflections is that the promoters of Esperanto, Ido, and other competitive universal languages are working upon wrong lines. If they want a universal language, by far the easiest method of securing such a vehicle is the Chinese method. When a universal vehicle is employed, the impetus to literary expression which exists in a native language is diminished.[1]

Convenience may arise from translation into a universal language, but creation in a universal language of imaginative works is scarcely conceivable. Nuances of verbal expression disappear in the effort to be universally intelligible. Thus literary art in China is the art of drawing letters, *i.e.* ideographs or pictographs. It is well that Latin did not become the vehicle of expression for the European world; and it would therefore be a misfortune if English, or as Comte thought Italian, or as some think Esperanto, became the universal language for all mankind. The increasing vehemence of nationalism, which is one of the most pronounced tendencies of our time, is associated, for example, in

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[1] "A universal agreement in the use of words facilitates communication, but so inextricably is expression entangled with feeling, it leaves nothing to communicate."—RALEIGH, SIR WALTER, *Style* (London, 1898), p. 39.

Finland, Bohemia, Poland and Ireland, with movements for the maintenance or the revival of the native languages of these countries, and, through such revival, for the growth of native literatures which could not otherwise have existed. Exaggerated patriotism is inimical to peace, but so also is suppressed patriotism.

A few miles up the Yangtse from Hankow, above the junction of the two rivers and on the south bank of the Yangtse, are the Hanyang Iron Works. This important industrial enterprise, by far the greatest organised by Chinese, was founded in 1909 by Chang Chih-tung, of Nan-p'i, Viceroy of Hupeh and Hunan. Chang Chih-tung has passed away; but for many years before 1910, next to Li Hung Chang, he was the great figure in Chinese public life. He had the highest reputation among Chinese scholars, deeply versed as he was reputed to be in Chinese wisdom of all ages; he had the highest reputation among Europeans on the ground of his practical sagacity in large affairs, and in a country where officials were seldom regarded as even moderately honest, he was known to have expended the resources at his disposal in works for the benefit of his country.

Several attempts have been made by European writers to imitate the style and to reproduce the attitude of mind of erudite and philosophical Chinese, notably Goldsmith, in his *Citizen of the World*, and Mr. Lowes Dickinson, in his *Letters from John Chinaman*; but no imitation can be half so good as a good example of the genuine article. Such an example is to be found in Chang Chih-tung's *Chuen Hioh Pien.*[1] This remarkable little book was published in 1897. It was commended to the Chinese public by an Imperial Rescript narrating that the Expositor of the Hanlin Academy had brought the work to the attention of the Emperor, His Majesty Kwang Hsü. His Majesty declared that he had examined the book carefully and found that "it embodied a fair and candid statement of facts." "A diligent perusal of its contents will broaden the mental scope and open up methods of far-reaching usefulness." The rescript ordered that copies of the book should be sent to all high officials, and these were enjoined "to use their sincere endeavours to encourage and exhort the people to hold in reverence the Confucian religion and suppress all baseless rumours. Respect this." [2]

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[1] China's Only Hope.

[2] See *China's Only Hope. An Appeal by her Greatest Viceroy, Chang Chih-tung.* Translated from the Chinese edition by S. L. Woodbridge. Edinburgh, 1905 (?). The translation is probably faithful, although it is not rendered in good English, and therefore is not representative of the cultivated literary style of the original.

Chang Chih-tung is under no illusions about the superiority of European over Chinese culture.

"Although China is not so wealthy and powerful as the West, her people, of whatever condition, rich or poor, high or low, all enjoy a perfect freedom and a happy life. Not so all the inhabitants of western lands. Their governments may be strong, but the lower classes of the people are miserable, unhappy and maliciously wronged. Their liberties are restrained, and there is no redress. They rise in rebellion on every opportunity, and not a year passes without the murder of some king or the stabbing of some minister. These governments cannot be compared with our China."

Yet Chang Chih-tung could not help recognising that dangers beset his happy country.

"Let us, then," he continues in the same chapter, "the grateful officials and the virtuous people of the Emperor, remain loving and loyal in these times of danger, and let each man consider the Empire as part and parcel of himself. Let us not heed, but on the contrary oppose most strenuously, all the incendiary talk of violence which is heard nowadays, and is in itself a crime against the Emperor, and which, if persisted in, will inaugurate a reign of anarchy."

He wrote shortly before the outbreak of the Boxer Rebellion in 1900, which was the prelude to the Revolution of 1911. Since then China has indeed been in an anarchic condition so far as the political relations of its constituent parts are concerned.

Chang Chih-tung thought that the golden age of China was that of the Chou dynasty (1122–255 B.C.). After this period of nearly a thousand years, during which "the highest degree of culture" was attained, there came decline. The succeeding dynasties devoted themselves to "heaping up treasures of literary lore at the expense of power. This accumulation produced hollowness of forms, and this in turn begat weakness," the consequence, Chang Chih-tung says, of the fact that China "had no powerful neighbours to strive against."

The European countries which "were opened up at a late period of history, were fresh and vigorous. Surrounded by strong neighbours, they were always in circumstances of desperate competition, stripped for the fight and ever striving to escape destruction. Continual apprehension produced determination, and determination begat strength. Of all countries, China alone has for these fifty years proved herself almost irreclaimably stupid and not awake. Many of the officials and people are proud and indolent. They contentedly rest in the belief that the old order of things will suffice for these dangerous times, and in the end become the easy prey of outsiders."

Chang Chih-tung is very caustic about European political morality, and scarcely less so about European commercial morals.

> "Not many years ago a certain Chinese official absconded with about half a million in gold of the public funds. He placed this sum in a German bank. Dying soon after, the bank thereupon cancelled the account and kept this sum for themselves, giving only a small interest to the relatives of the deceased. A sensible man will not repudiate his country because, forsooth, there are some things in it that he does not like."

Chang Chih-tung was eminently a sensible man. He strove with all his powers to arouse his country. He saw very clearly that it was necessary to utilise the rich mineral resources of China in order to increase the comfort of, and to provide employment for, the millions who were struggling to get a meagre subsistence from the soil. He also saw that if the Chinese did not exploit their mineral resources, foreigners would do so for them, and that the Chinese would be deprived of a large part of the advantage of exploitation.

Chang Chih-tung thought that an interior trunk railway was necessary on military grounds. He therefore projected a railway system and undertook the mining of coal and iron and the manufacture of the latter in his own province. The conditions were amazingly favourable. Iron was found on the Yangtse in the immediate neighbourhood of deposits of coal. At no great distance there was plenty of lime; and labour was not wanting, for there was the large city of Hankow directly opposite. The Hanyang Iron Works thus grew out of this idea in the mind of Chang Chih-tung. The works were placed equidistant from the iron ore, which was a few miles up the river, and the coal, which was the same distance below the works. Barges floating down stream without power brought the iron, and a short railway brought the coal. Wharves were built at which ocean-going steamers might load, machinery of the most approved description was installed, an expert, Dr. Ruppert, was brought from Luxembourg, and the whole was placed under the direction of Dr. Li, an intelligent and able man of business. Chang Chih-tung's experiment has been thoroughly successful, and, I understand, has survived the shocks of political change which China has suffered during the past twelve years.

There is a strong resemblance between Peter the Great of Russia and Chang Chih-tung of China. Both were ardently patriotic, both had a consuming admiration for the past and hope for the future of their country, both saw clearly the elements that made for stagnation or decline, both disliked the West and realised the disadvantage as well as the impossibility of imposing its particular type of progress upon the East, both saw that some elements of the West might, with advantage, be adopted by the East while rejecting western control, political or economical, both were in a sense reactionaries, and both decided to take what they could from the West and then to slam the door.[1]

In 1889 Chang Chih-tung had proposed that a railway system should be developed throughout China. There were many projects, involving construction of extensions of existing lines and of new disconnected lines. His project involved the construction of trunk lines by the Government. Chang Chih-tung at that time was Viceroy of Liang Kwang, and resident at Canton. After long controversy over rival schemes, the Government decided upon the adoption of the plan of Chang Chih-tung; and he was transferred to Hankow in order that his plan might be carried out. To facilitate this he was made Viceroy of Hu Kuang. It was, of course, impossible for Chang Chih-tung to carry his project into effect suddenly. There were no Chinese engineers available at that time to devise and construct a single trunk line, while for the smaller projects no difficulty would have been experienced in the employment of foreign engineers. Had these projects been sanctioned by the Government, a number of railways might have been built while Chang Chih-tung was having his engineers educated and other preliminaries were being organised upon a Chinese basis. These projects were set aside in favour of Chang Chih-tung's project, and that it was impossible to carry out at once. Under these conditions Chang Chih-tung founded the Hanyang Iron Works. He could there make railway iron for Chinese railways when these came to be built. In any case the iron could be sold elsewhere than in China, if necessary, and he was meanwhile collecting about him some of the men who might later be expected to develop a purely Chinese manufacture of railway material and a purely Chinese construction of railways.[2]

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[1] Chang Chih-tung's criticisms of the West are much more pungent and penetrative than those of George Bernard Shaw in his various voluminous prefaces. Shaw's attitude towards the civilisation of the West resembles that of the Chinese; but better an hour of Confucius than back to Methuselah.

[2] Chang Chih-tung's railway policy is adversely criticised by P. H. Kent in his *Railway Enterprise in China. An Account of its Origin and Development.* London, 1908. This is an excellent and informative book, but of course it is written from the standpoint of English enterprise in China. The economic policy of Chang Chih-tung as a whole is adversely criticised by Dr. Ho Kai, C.M.G., and by Sir Robert Hart, in his *Memorandum* of 1904.

When I visited Hanyang in July 1910, there were six thousand men employed in the iron works alone and about twenty thousand more in the iron and coal mines, etc. The output of the works was about six hundred tons of pig-iron per day. The Siemens-Martin process was employed in the manufacture of steel, and plant was provided for all kinds of steel products. While I was there the works were executing a contract for steel rails to be shipped from their own wharves for delivery at San Francisco.

Associated with the Hanyang works was a smaller establishment, the Yangtse Engineering Works, where ships were built and marine engines constructed.

The journey by the Pe-Han Railway between Hankow and Peking occupied thirty-six hours. I should have much preferred to adopt one of the native means of transportation, even though such a method involved thirty-six days, but time pressed and I felt myself forced to go by rail. Little was observable from the carriage windows. The only place which made an impression upon my mind was Pao-ting-fu. On the platform there was a group of beggars soliciting alms from the passengers. They were evidently professionals. Inflamed sores, some of them probably resulting from wounds inflicted for the purpose of exciting pity, were ostentatiously displayed. The group reminded me of a description of a similar scene in the *Familiar Colloquies* of Erasmus, in which an account is given of a crowd of beggars at a city gate. At Pao-ting-fu the corner of the city wall—a formidable structure—had been torn down by way of punishment for the murder of missionaries which had taken place in the city. At Pao-ting-fu there was published one of the few newspapers in Chinese which were at that time issued.

At each railway station on the Pe-Han line[1] a guard of Chinese infantry—very smart-looking troops—was standing at attention in extended order on the platform as the train drew into the station, and remained in this position until the train departed.

The terminus of the line is immediately inside the walls of Peking, a rude opening in the wall having been made to admit the railway. The terminus is at the southern end of the Legation Quarter.[2]

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[1] First called Pe-Han — Pe[King]-Han[Kow] — the name of the line was changed to Ching-Han (Ching is the Roman form of the second character in the Chinese word Pe-king, or Northern Capital, Nan-king being the Southern Capital. To change a name once imposed seemed to be difficult, for in 1910 the railway was always referred to as the Pe-Han, although the official change had been made some years earlier.

[2] A new terminal station has recently been built.

The construction of the Pe-Han line, originally intended as a purely Chinese enterprise, was embarrassed by the state of finances of the Peking Government after the war with Japan in 1894. The scheme then became the object of diplomatic controversies (to give the proceedings a polite name), in which the United States, Belgium, France, Russia and Great Britain took part. It was the subject of secret agreements and covert conditions from the year 1896 until eventually it was constructed by the aid of a Franco-Belgian syndicate acting in the interests of the Franco-Russian *entente*, the idea being that it afforded an important link in a line from Kiachta across Mongolia, and through the centre of China to the Yangtse. The British interest in the project lay in the possible interference of this line with the British sphere of influence in the Yangtse Valley.

As it was in 1910, under Belgian management, the railway was rather shabbily equipped. Since the lines of commerce of Central China are not from north to south but from east to west, and since these follow the great rivers, the commercial success of the line was from the beginning problematical. The real motive in the project from the beginning was political, alike in the mind of Chang Chih-tung and in the minds of the members of the syndicate which carried the project into effect.

CHAPTER XL

NORTH CHINA, KOREA, AND MANCHURIA IN 1910; WITH NOTES ON THE BOXER REBELLION OF 1900

Here where the eastern uplands glow
With poppies white as the driven snow
   And the downs of China roll, oh!
It's good to turn in your saddle and view
A sight which the master traveller knew,
To feel in your face the wind that blew
   In the face of Marco Polo.

. . . . .

Then ye who struggle where life is stern,
Come to the China heights and learn
   How much may a traveller's soul owe
The land that the hazards of time ignore,
That is as it was in the days of yore,
That is as it shall be evermore
   The land of Marco Polo.

"J. M. S.," in *Punch*, 7th March, 1923.

THE most striking feature of Peking is the Tartar Wall, which divides the Chinese from the Tartar City. Within the former are two immense parks, containing the Temple of Heaven and the Temple of Agriculture. At each of these temples a solemn ceremonial was annually performed by the Emperor. Within the Tartar City is the Legation Quarter, the Forbidden City, and, before the Boxer Rising, the Hanlan Academy and the Mongol Market.

The legations are spacious enclosures, the largest being the British. All of the legations have means of defence; but the British Legation, being more easily defended than the others, owing to its relative isolation, the members of all the other legations concentrated there during the siege of the legations in 1900.

I have already noticed some incidents which showed that the presence of foreigners in China, the concessions given to them in the Treaty Ports and the privileges enjoyed by them, had altogether produced towards foreigners a certain hostility among the native population. Rumours, sometimes well founded and sometimes without foundation, of ill-treatment of Chinese by foreigners contributed to inflame a people normally placid, but when excited susceptible of ungovernable fury. While hostility to the foreigner as such undoubtedly existed, there was also hostility to the Government, which was held responsible by the people for the agreements unfavourable to China which had been concluded with foreign powers. The ingenuity of the Government was exercised in removing the criticism, in so far as it was directed against the Government, and transferring it to the foreigners, irrespective of their nationality. There thus grew up, so soon as the rebellion assumed formidable proportions, a real, though unacknowledged, alliance between the Government and the rebels. Rapid increase in numbers of adherents to the Boxer movement implied the existence of widespread feeling, and to this feeling, whatever may have been its watchwords, the Boxer movement appealed. Boxerism may be said to have been the expression of this pre-existing feeling. It seems almost certain that the central idea of this feeling was the idea of Chinese nationality.

Nationality as it is understood in Western Europe is either not an Asiatic idea or is not an idea prevalent in modern Asia. The ties which bound China into a political unit recognised as such by foreign political units did not bind her into a nation. When, for example, war between China and Japan was declared at Peking, some of the Viceroys sent troops to assist the Pekingese troops and some did not. The latter did not see that a war on the maritime provinces meant a war against them. While they did not declare official neutrality, they acted as if they were neutrals. After the war was over, they found that they were held to account as if they had been combatants. Whether or not reaction against the previous attitude was the inspiring force, or whether the people began to think that the only way in which foreign invasion, military or other, could be resisted was by union, or at least by co-operation, is difficult to determine. Certain phrases in Chang Chih-tung's book, which I have quoted above, seem to suggest that he was of opinion that his country must be roused to take active measures for defence against external enemies, and that in taking such measures China was merely resuming a vigorous life which she had lived centuries earlier and had abandoned for a life of literary ease. Chang Chih-tung certainly represented the attitude and feelings of the Chinese *literati*.[1]

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[1] *Literati* is a convenient word; but the use of it in this connection requires explanation. Anyone, irrespective of origin, who passes certain examinations, becomes one of the *literati*, and therefore becomes eligible for appointment to public office. Naturally literacy will tend to run in a family; but the son of an illiterate farmer or mechanic may pass the necessary examinations and enter the *literati*. Most of the *literati* become, or may hope to become, Government officials, hence their conservatism and nationalism as a group.

In some countries the class most tenacious of religious and patriotic sentiments is the peasantry, in some the middle class, in others the aristocracy. In China the most tenacious are the *literati*. They have kept alive the ancient Chinese religion, the ancient Chinese classics and the ancient Chinese wisdom. These are inseparable from the life of the *literati*. Thus in their minds there exists the idea of a Chinese system of things which corresponds closely with the European idea of nationality. The peasantry, on the other hand, were long suffering and indifferent. They did not trouble about religious observances, some of which were expensive. They did not trouble about the nuances of Chinese literary style, or about distinctive handwriting, or about philosophical mysteries which took time and energy to reflect upon. These matters were left to their natural leaders—the *literati*.

The peasants were not disinclined to abandon the ancient Chinese religion and to embrace some form of Christianity, but the *literati* were strongly opposed to foreign religions because they were foreign, and they were opposed to missionaries because these induced the peasants to abandon their national religion.

While affairs were in this posture, there occurred the *coup d'état* of 1898, the Emperor Kwang Hsü was relegated to retirement, and the power of the Imperial Throne was seized by his aunt, the Empress Dowager. It is possible that this astute lady was well aware of an incipient national movement, and that she dreaded the consequences to the dynasty if the direction of affairs were left in the hands of her nephew. She was surrounded by able men, and she took a firm grasp of the situation.

While several sects and societies seem to have interested themselves in the anti-foreign movement, interest began to centre, in 1899, round a society long in existence, but brought suddenly into prominence in January 1900. This society was the I-ho-chuan or Patriotic Harmony Fists, known widely afterwards as Boxers.[1] This society was a kind of Freemasonry. It possessed a special system of religious worship, and its members practised certain forms of religious exercises prescribed by its ritual. In these exercises the Boxers executed genuflexions of a character peculiar to their cult. As in all Chinese religious sects and societies founded in any degree upon Chinese religious beliefs, there was in Boxerism a large supernatural element. The Boxers believed that they enjoyed the special protection of the Divine Powers, and considered that the faithful practice of their rites would render them immune from injury. This belief had important practical effect when the struggle in which they were soon to be engaged began. Their peculiar religious views had no connection with the political propaganda in which they were engaged, excepting that, as universally in Asia, no distinction is customarily drawn between religion and the other elements of life. Religion and politics are not distinguishable because the life of the people is one and indivisible. The religious character of the Boxer Society and the societies allied with it thus provided at once a ready means of organisation for political action, and a collective enthusiasm which enabled them rapidly to secure wide influence. The nucleus of the Boxer movement can thus readily be accounted for. When violent action began, the Boxers inevitably attracted the numerous disorderly elements which are plentiful in China. Bands of brigands joined the Boxer forces in expectation of loot, and soon that which in the beginning was a movement in which many of the *literati* took part from patriotic motives became an ungovernable mob, some portions of which were desperate and cruel because they were habitually so, and other portions regardless of life because of their beliefs.

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[1] In the province of Shantung, the leading society in the Boxer movement was the Ta Tao Huei, the Big Knife (or Sword) Society.

During the year 1899 the Boxer movement had been spreading rapidly in North China. The first symptom of violent outbreak occurred in Chili in January 1900. This led to a protest to the Chinese Government on 27th January. The Government seemed to be uncertain what action to take, whether to take the side of the Boxers and stand at the head of a great national movement having for its object the expulsion of the foreigners from China, or to take the side of the foreigners against the Boxers.

The Governor of Shantung in 1898–99 was Yii Hsien. He had been a subordinate provincial official for some years, and was regarded by many as an ignorant and brutal person. His loyalty to the dynasty was unquestioned. The Empress Dowager instructed him to inquire into the doctrines and objects of the Boxers. Yii Hsien was influenced by the Boxers' magic, but he was astute enough to perceive that their objects were primarily anti-dynastic and only secondarily anti-foreign. The Boxers reasoned thus: "The foreigners oppress China, but this dynasty is to blame for the oppression. Change the dynasty and all will be well." Yii Hsien induced the leaders of the Ta Tao Huei, or Big Knife Society, to drop the anti-dynastic cry and to substitute for it the cry, "Rally to the dynasty against the foreigner." He reported to Peking that the Ta Tao Huei was a body of good men, who should be encouraged and guided by the throne. While the inquiries and intrigues of the governor were in progress Shantung fell into disorder. Native Christians in the interior of the province found life and property unsafe. Their insecurity did not arise from the fact that they were Christians, but from their dealings with foreigners. To be found with a cigarette (all cigarettes being at that time of foreign manufacture) in their possession, or to be found using buttons (foreign also) instead of knotted cords to pass through loops on their clothing, meant death to many Chinese while the excitement was at its height.

Foreigners were feeling insecure in Shantung, and the legations demanded that Yii Hsien be removed and degraded. He was removed but not degraded, being sent as governor to Shan Hsi Province. There he organised a Boxer movement and caused much bloodshed.

Yuan Chih Kai was appointed in his place Governor of Shantung in the end of December 1899. On the very day of his appointment the Rev. Mr. Brooks of the Anglican Mission in Shantung travelled, against the advice of his colleagues, alone from Tai au Pu to Ping Yin—a short day's journey. He was murdered. Yuan Chih Kai, who, having just assumed office, was only nominally responsible, took rigorous steps to protect the missionaries and to punish those who were guilty of the murder of Mr. Brooks. This murder was the first murder of foreigners by Boxers, and, so far as is known, the only murder of a foreigner in Shantung. The absence of attacks upon foreigners in Shantung was not due to the weakness of Boxerism in that province, but to the energy of Yuan Chih Kai and to the reliability of his troops. After a time Yuan Chih Kai told the foreign population that he could not guarantee the lives of foreigners, and required them to go under escort to Chefoo.[1]

Whatever may have been his motive, Yuan Chih Kai, then in high favour with the Empress Dowager, resolved upon a bold stroke. He invited twenty or more of the Boxer leaders to his *yamen*. They came. He gave them an excellent dinner. Then he told them that he was anxious to know what changes in the policy of the Government they demanded. He promised that if they made a candid statement to him he would do his utmost to have their wishes carried out, provided they were able to convince him of the wisdom of their proposals. The Boxer leaders responded to this appeal. Yuan Chih

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[1] Much of the information about the province of Shantung was derived from my friend Alfred Tingle, who resided for some years in that province. It was communicated to him by the governors whose names are mentioned in the text, or was due to his own observation.

Kai then told his guests that he had prepared a little surprise for them in the garden of his *yamen*, and invited them to step out. They did so, and found themselves surrounded by a troop of soldiers. They were all placed against the wall of the garden and shot. I am not aware of the date upon which this tragedy occurred, but the account I have given of it was derived from a good authority.

Meanwhile Yuan Chih Kai did everything in his power to sweep all Boxers out of his province. This policy relieved Shantung of their presence but increased the difficulties of other provinces. Chili (and therefore Peking) received large numbers of Boxers deported from Shantung and, concentrated as they were in Peking, the Boxers were more dangerous there than they might have been had they remained scattered in small groups throughout the province of Shantung. Even in Shantung there were riots, murders and robberies.[1]

In Shan Hsi Boxerism developed fast in 1900, under the encouragement of Yii Hsien. At the first signal from Peking of approval of his proceedings, he ordered his local subordinates to kill all foreigners in their jurisdiction. Yuan Chih Kai, in speaking[2] of Yii Hsien, said, "A bad man, a stupid man; he knew nothing of foreigners, but I had served under Li Hung Chang in Tientsin; I knew what foreigners were. So I collected together all in my territory and sent them under escort to Hankow. Then I reported to the Governor, 'There are no foreigners in my prefecture.' Yii Hsien did not understand foreigners, so he was decapitated,[3] and here I am, Governor of Shantung."

While the Boxers attacked native Christians, they do not appear to have done so indiscriminately. The attacks were either mass riots, in which people of all kinds suffered loss of life and property, or they were against Christians who were known or supposed to have relations with foreigners. A family of *literati*, one of whose members is known to me personally, escaped molestation, although the whole family was Christian. This immunity was probably partially secured through influential official connections.

Even at the height of the Boxer movement, the population in general was not by any means actively sympathetic with its objects. Thus when the English Baptist Mission at Ching Chou Fu was attacked by Boxers and its museum looted, many of the looters were not hostile to the missionaries, for they allowed them to escape.[1] The native Christians of this place took refuge in a fortified hill-top and showed so determined a disposition to defend themselves that, though invested, they were not attacked. Within a few days Yuan Chih Kai had restored order.

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[1] Near P'ing Yin, *e.g.*, an old couple known to a friend of mine suffered destruction of their house and crops, and only escaped death by hiding for several days. Their offence was that their son was in the service of foreigners at Wei-hai-wei. No member of the family was a Christian.

[2] To Alfred Tingle.

[3] Meaning that he was moved to another province on the complaint of foreigners. He had lost his official head.

While Shantung was under the strong hand of Yuan Chih Kai, Boxerism in the early part of the year 1900, in spite of the previous encouragement of Yii Hsien, was kept in subordination. Yet an anti-foreign spirit was undoubtedly widely distributed throughout the province. The Chinese inhabitants in general looked with dismay upon the increase of foreign influence, although they may not have desired to take violent means to check it, either directly or indirectly through the Government.

After the end of January 1900 events occurred rapidly. Two English missionaries were murdered at Yung Chung. Throughout the north and centre of China wholesale murders of Chinese converts to Christianity were committed. The Chancellor of the Japanese Legation was murdered in Peking. The legations were cut off from communication with the outside world.

At this time three significant incidents occurred. Baron von Ketteler, the German Minister, was one day walking on the top of the Tartar Wall near the point where the German Legation is situated. He noticed a man, whom he took to be a Boxer, making genuflexions on the grassy slope at the base of the wall on the side towards the Chinese City. Seizing a rifle from the hands of a German sentry posted on the wall, the Baron took aim at the man and shot him.

The second incident was the appearance, on the 17th June, 1900, at the British Legation, of four mandarins, members of the Chinese Cabinet, who were known to be friendly to foreigners, accompanied by an official called Li, who was opposed to foreign influence. They said that they had brought a message from the Empress Dowager to Lady Macdonald to the effect that that august lady regretted the inconvenience to which Lady Macdonald was subjected through being prevented from taking her family to their summer quarters as usual, but she hoped that all difficulties would be removed within a few days. The mandarins then said they had been commanded by the Empress to put a question to Sir Claude, namely, Was his

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[1] One old gentleman thought the looting of the museum a shame. Finding a glass jar wilfully broken, he gathered up its wax-like contents, and put them in his pocket. This good intention bore evil fruit, for he had salvaged a stick of phosphorus, which shortly set fire to his garments.

Government favourable to the maintenance of the dynasty? Sir Claude said that he had been "cut off from communications with his Government for some time; but that he had been sent to Peking with the understanding that his Government had no desire to interfere with the dynasty." They then asked what was the attitude of his Government with regard to the partition of China. He answered that the British Government was opposed to the partition of China. The four mandarins beamed all over, and, turning to Li, the official who accompanied them, said, "Now, you see, it is as we told you." They then retired.

Immediately after the bombardment of the Taku Forts by the international forces, these four mandarins were executed at Peking, on the ground that they had deceived the Government regarding the intentions of the Powers, and had allowed themselves to be deceived by the British Minister.

I received verbal accounts of events of the year 1900 from several different sources: from Sir Claude Macdonald, who was British Minister at Peking during the Boxer rebellion, and afterwards Ambassador at Tokyo; from Mr. C. W. Campbell, who was Chinese Secretary of the British Legation, and was attached to the International Relief Expedition; from Dr. Ingram, Medical Missionary, who was in the British Legation throughout the siege; from Colonel Anderson, military *attaché*, and from General Sir James Grierson, who was *aide-de-camp* to General Waldersee, the officer in command of the International Expedition for the relief of the legations. The following account is derived from conversations with these various persons, most of these conversations taking place in China. I have reproduced their language as faithfully as possible, but I do not desire that any of those whom I have mentioned should be regarded as responsible either for statements of fact or for opinions. I am not attempting to give a connected historical narrative, but simply to give a series of notes of conversations with eye-witnesses of, and participants in, the events.

As the Boxer movement acquired impetus in the provinces of Shansi and Chili, and as it was evidently approaching Peking, the Ministers of the Powers made daily protests to the Chinese Government, pointing out the danger of their situation. The invariable answer of the Government was to the effect that "among the Boxers there were some good people, and that it would not do to take strenuous measures against them."

The Boxers had spontaneously, or on the suggestion of agents of the Government, inscribed on their banners, "Up with the Dynasty, Down with the Foreigners." Yet the adherents of the dynasty were feeling very insecure; this is evident from the question put by the mandarins to Sir Claude Macdonald on the 17th June. After events showed that the dynasty really was in peril, and that large groups of native Chinese looked upon their Manchu rulers as foreigners, and approved of the expulsion and exclusion of foreigners of every race. The politicians of the Manchu party in 1900 were ingenious enough to direct the whole force of the nationalist movement, and of the Boxer movement as a part of it, against the foreigner and thereby temporarily to save themselves. Eleven years later they fell.

There have been many books on the siege of the legations. These are of varying value. Most of them give evidently distorted views of the events. The witnesses were looking too closely at detached incidents. Some of these witnesses criticise severely the Ministers of the Powers for failing to see what was coming and to prepare for it. One, an American missionary of great experience, admits that the missionaries themselves knew nothing. It is unlikely that the Chinese Government knew much more than either the foreign Ministers or the missionaries or that there was much to know excepting by means of prophetic vision. There were practically no vehicles of public opinion, there were few newspapers and no public meetings; yet there was a deep undercurrent passing, by means of rumours and consultations, through an infinite number of small groups. The safety valves to which western democracies are accustomed did not exist in China. Everyone knew that the public temperature was rising, but when and where it would reach boiling-point no one could tell. The anti-foreign and nationalist movement, associated as it was with the preparation for an anti-dynastic movement, was unequally distributed. In the south, and until a late period in Shantung, there was little appearance of it.[1] There was no movement in Peking. A strong body of trained and disciplined Chinese troops garrisoned the capital and seemed likely to be able to deal with any ill-armed rabble by which Peking might be attacked. It was well known that the Boxers were indifferently provided with arms, for they carried spears and other obsolete weapons. Yuan Chih Kai, Governor of Shantung, had a well-disciplined force, and his province was comparatively free from Boxerism. To the end Yuan refrained from countenancing the attack upon the legations. Had he chosen to attack he could have stormed the Legation Quarter without difficulty. If all the provincial Governments had been similarly disposed, the Boxer movement would have been put down or would have died a natural death. Up to a certain moment the Peking Government gave no indication of approval of the Boxer propaganda, however little they may have actually done to suppress it. The moment came when they changed their minds. The change was made manifest by the third of the series of significant incidents. This was the death of Baron von Ketteler, the German Minister.

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[1] *Cf. supra*,

By the 14th June the Boxers had entered Peking and had thrown up barricades in the streets; a large part of the city was on fire, murder and loot were going on everywhere, the Legation Quarter was completely surrounded, and stray bullets were flying about the streets. The Government was still temporising and inactive.

On the 19th June an *attaché* from the Austrian Legation called on the British Minister and reported that an ultimatum had been received at his legation to the following effect: "As the Admirals of the Allied Fleets had summoned the Taku Forts to surrender and had thereupon fired upon them, this must be held to be an act of war, and therefore the Minister must leave Peking within twenty-four hours, otherwise the Government would be unable to protect him from the fury of the mob." Immediately afterwards it became known that all the legations had received similar documents. This ultimatum meant that the Government had thrown in its lot with the Boxers, had joined the anti-foreign movement, and had decided to wage war against all of the European Powers as well as against Japan.

The Ministers held a meeting. M. de Giers, the Russian Minister, an elderly, amiable and timorous gentleman, said that there was nothing to do but to go. Sir Claude Macdonald pointed out that the carters and coolies connected with the legations had fled, and that it might be found impossible to get through the streets of Peking, which were crowded with armed Boxers and others. Protection to the women and children of the legations would be impossible. Moreover, he did not believe that the admirals had acted as described and thought the order to leave was a trick. The moment they left the shelter of the legations they would be attacked and murdered. M. de Giers admitted the force of these arguments and the other ambassadors concurred. A joint dispatch was then sent, declaring that the ambassadors were quite unaware of the occurrences at Taku and were anxious to have further information. To this communication there was no answer. The ultimatum had been delivered and there was no more to be said.

When, on the 20th June, no reply had been received, the German Minister, Baron von Ketteler, went to the British Legation and proposed to go himself to the Tsung-li Yamen to demand an answer. Sir Claude Macdonald said, "You will find no one there; besides, it is undignified to take such a course." The facts were that the Chinese Ministers did not habitually sit at the Tsung-li Yamen; they went there only when called for a special purpose, as is usual in the case of Cabinet Ministers elsewhere. In Sir Claude's opinion, von Ketteler was a fine fellow and a brave man, but he was impulsive.[1] He told von Ketteler that under the circumstances he thought that it would be very unsafe to leave the Legation Quarter. Von Ketteler replied that he did not think there was any danger, and that he had sent his secretary the day before. Sir Claude answered, "Why not send your secretary again?" "A good idea! I will do so," von Ketteler said, and left the legation. About three-thirty in the afternoon of the same day, an *attaché* from one of the legations reported that von Ketteler had been murdered in the streets. The details were not known at the time, but afterwards it transpired that Baron von Ketteler had changed his mind. Instead of sending his secretary, he went himself —a courageous but unwise course. He went in a chair, accompanied only by his secretary, Mr. Cordes,[2] in another chair. They left the Legation Quarter and turned into the wide Ha-ta Street. They had only gone a short distance when they saw a file of soldiers extended across the street, barring their passage. These were not Boxers, they were regular Chinese Government troops. The coolies at once dropped the chairs and fled. Then the soldiers fired a volley at von Ketteler and Cordes, sitting as they were in their chairs. Von Ketteler was killed at once. Cordes, severely wounded, managed to crawl without molestation to a side street, where he was sheltered by a Chinese family, and was enabled to reach the Legation Quarter. It is evident that the members of the Chinese Government expected the visit of the German Minister, and that they were prepared. Aware, as they must have been, of the shooting of the Boxer by him, they apparently determined that he must die for it. They allowed Cordes to escape because they had no special grievance against him.

The ultimatum had been dated in an unusual manner, "four hours afternoon" (19th June). At 3.45 P.M. on the 20th, a quarter of an hour after receiving the intimation of the death of von Ketteler, Lady

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[1] I have met with other opinions on the character of Baron von Ketteler. Some regarded him as merely a Prussian bully.

[2] I met Mr. Cordes in Peking in 1910.

Macdonald asked her husband, "What will happen now?" He replied, "I think the fun will begin in a quarter of an hour." He went outside the embassy gate for a short distance with one of the secretaries. The street opposite was quite deserted. Precisely at four o'clock, the moment fixed by the ultimatum, a bullet struck the ground at his feet and another knocked some leaves from a tree over his head. He remarked, "It is time to clear out of this." Sir Claude went into the legation, sent for the sergeant of the guard, called in a picket of twenty men who were outside the legation, and then proceeded to take measures of defence. In a short time Mr. Cordes was carried into the legation, after having received preliminary treatment at the American Hospital. He had been wounded in six places. He said that on returning from the British Legation earlier in the afternoon, Baron von Ketteler had ordered him to go to the Tsung-li Yamen and that when he was about to start, von Ketteler had said, "I have changed my mind. I will go with you." They went in green official (sedan) chairs. Shortly after they turned into Ha-ta Street they found twenty soldiers, armed with Mauser rifles, lined across the street. After the volley, Cordes was able only to crawl away; he was unable to go to von Ketteler's chair to see what had happened to him.

The shots fired at Sir Claude while he was outside the gate of the British Legation were the first shots fired in the actual siege of the legations. They were fired, not by the mob, but by soldiers of the Chinese army.

The siege lasted for two months. The whole population of the legations with many Chinese refugees crowded into the grounds of the British Legation, and there they succeeded in defending themselves until relief came.

Meanwhile there occurred the unsuccessful attempt of Admiral Seymour to reach Peking from Tientsin with twelve hundred men. He found himself confronted by a formidable force, and he was obliged to retire, although he was almost under the walls of Peking.

On the question of the advisability of the action of the admirals in bombarding the Taku Forts, Sir Claude said that it was difficult to form a judgment. The Chinese generally in the past had submitted to force, and it seemed to the admirals that the moment had come to apply it. The legations had been cut off; no relief could reach them without operations of a warlike character. The small Russian force, which had made its way to Peking, had encountered great difficulties, and they had been obliged to leave their field-gun at Tientsin. When the foreign admirals had discussed the situation, the American

Admiral had refused to co-operate in the attack on the forts, saying, "Gentlemen, it is your funeral!" and left.

While Sir Claude did not offer a decisive judgment upon the course pursued by the admirals, he thought that had they not attacked the Taku Forts there would have been no siege of the legations.

A large international force commanded by Count Waldersee, who was the senior officer in the allied forces, succeeded in reaching Peking and in relieving the besieged residents of the legations. The number of these at the time of the relief was about three hundred and twenty; sixty-three persons were killed during the siege.

Sir James Grierson told me that when the transports carrying the German contingent for the relief expedition went out they found it necessary to use the British coaling stations. When arrangements were being made for the return of the troops after the operations were over, Count Waldersee expressed his annoyance that Germany should have been indebted to Great Britain for this service, and said that on the way back from China other arrangements would be made.

Sir James Grierson. "May I ask where your vessels will coal on the way back?"

Count Waldersee. "At the Seychelles."

Sir James Grierson. "Then I will issue orders for coaling at the Seychelles."

Count Waldersee. "Do you mean to tell me that they belong to you too?"

When I was in Peking, admission to the Winter Palace could not be obtained. I was therefore obliged to be content with a visit to the Summer Palace. This royal residence is outside the walls in a fine park with a large lake. It consists of numerous buildings, none of them so important architecturally as the more ancient buildings to be found elsewhere.

One day I experienced the edge of a dust storm. Storms of this kind frequently strike the great sandy plain upon which Peking is situated. The air is filled with fine dust of a density sufficient to obscure the sun and to produce an almost inky blackness. I had afternoon tea with a riding party. They had been out in the suburbs when the storm burst, and they had the utmost difficulty in finding their way back to the city.

I was sitting in the large entrance hall of the Wagons-Lits Hotel one evening after dinner. I had noticed at the next table three or four Chinese gentlemen, evidently officials, who were talking together in a low tone. My back was turned to them, when I heard a voice in quite cultivated and clear English, "Gentlemen, would you not prefer to sit in the smoking-room?" Involuntarily I turned, and saw that the voice proceeded from a tall waiter or under-manager in Chinese dress. I could not understand why he addressed his fellow-countrymen in a language not their own, and asked my friend, Mr. C. W. Campbell, Chinese Secretary of the British Embassy, to explain the phenomenon. He said that he thought the servant in question was a native of South China and that he had been educated in Hong Kong. He was more proficient in English than he was in Mandarin, and therefore "to save his face" he spoke in English, knowing that the persons to whom he was speaking were also familiar with that language.

Sir John Jordan, then British Minister, was absent from Peking. The Chief Secretary, Mr. Max Müller, son of Professor Max Müller of Oxford, whom I had often seen there as well as at Glasgow when he was Gifford Lecturer at the University, was very hospitable and kind. So also was Mr. C. W. Campbell, who drove me about Peking in his brougham nearly every day and drew upon his great knowledge of China to instruct me in many things. He was the proud possessor of one of the finest pieces of Han pottery which I have seen anywhere.

At dinner at Mr. Edward Hillier's, of the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank, I met his brother, Sir Walter Hillier. Sir Walter had been British Consul-General at Seoul in Korea, and afterwards Political Adviser to the Chinese Government. After holding the latter post for over a year, and finding that it was a sinecure office because the Chinese Government rarely asked advice and never took it, he had resigned, and he was on the point of returning to England. Both the brothers are erudite Chinese scholars, although Mr. Edward Hillier has been blind for many years.

I asked several of my friends about the students who had been sent to the United States by the Chinese Government, in accordance with the agreement providing for the expenditure on their education of the sum allotted to the United States out of the Boxer indemnities. I was told that when these young men began to return they very naturally expected that the Chinese Government would employ them in the public service. Indeed, their education did not fit them for any other, because during their absence of three or four years they had been out of touch with Chinese commercial people and commercial affairs. I was aware of one or two cases in which especially brilliant students had been sent to Cambridge, and on their return had been given posts of importance in the Government service; but I was interested to learn the subsequent history of the larger number who had been sent to the United States.

It seems that the experienced and conservative higher officials held the view that the students in question had left China at too early an age to become proficient in Chinese learning, and that they had not spent a sufficient time abroad to become proficient in the learning of the West. They had thus fallen between two stools. They were not educated from the Chinese point of view, nor were they educated from the western point of view. Under these circumstances the conservative officials did not see how the services of these students could be utilised in the public offices. But the students formed a large and increasing body. For the State to refuse to employ them meant for many of them total unemployment. Unemployment meant discontent; discontent might ripen into revolt. Several of the public offices were required by the Government to admit a certain number of the Chino-American students. They were admitted. They were given desks, stools and writing materials, and they were told to occupy themselves. It was conceived that the Government had by this means "saved its face," and that, so long as the students were placed on the pay-list of the civil service, they had no reason to complain. The process of employment after this fashion had not in 1910 been in progress long enough to produce any determinate result. Conditions of the Government service were materially altered after the Revolution of 1911. How much the attitude of the students contributed to the Revolution I am not aware. I understand that at the present time (1922) many of the students who were educated at Universities in the United States occupy influential positions in the Chinese Government, and that the process of earlier years described above has long ceased.

Dr. Morrison, who was correspondent of *The Times*, and who afterwards became one of the numerous political advisers of the Chinese Government, was in Mongolia. His house, which had belonged to some Chinese magnate who had been killed during the Boxer troubles, was occupied by Mr. Buckingham, of Messrs. Jardine, Mathieson and Company. I dined with him one evening. It was a *plein-air* dinner in the ample courtyard. During dinner I was startled by a fearsome noise, the origin of which I could not deduce. It was like the shriek of a locomotive whistle, but we were too far from the railway for such a sound to reach us. It was like the siren of an ocean-going steamer, but there were no steamers within hundreds of miles. It was like a foghorn, but the stars were shining brilliantly overhead. I gave up the puzzle and bluntly asked my host, "What is that?" "That," he said, "is Morrison's donkey."

One of my friends, who was present at a conference between the representatives of Messrs. Armstrong, Mitchell and Company, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, and Cabinet Ministers representing the Chinese Government, together with the British Minister, told me the following story. The conference related to the projected purchase of a warship. A drawing of the proposed vessel was shown to the Ministers. The vessel had four funnels; but it happened that the draughtsman, in making the drawing, had shown smoke emerging from three of the funnels only. This deficiency excited the suspicions of one of the Ministers, who demanded that the guarantee of Great Britain should be given that the smokeless funnel was not a sham, but that smoke would come out of it in the same manner as smoke came out of the others. The British Minister gave the required guarantee, and the contract was signed. Chinese statesmen, sufficiently sagacious in their own field, are not the only statesmen who exhibit a naïve absence of knowledge of science.

Obstacles to the industrialisation of China in a western sense are very formidable. In 1876, *e.g.*, an attempt was made to establish a cotton mill at Shanghai. The machinery was intended to be driven by steam power. At first the project was received with favour, but in a short time the Cotton Cloth Guild took alarm. The native hand-loom weavers began to see in the development of mechanical weaving the complete ruin of their industry. Other attempts were made, also at Shanghai, by companies with Chinese capital and Chinese direction, but none of them had any but moderate success.[1] Some years before I visited China, a friend of mine, a consulting engineer in London, who was well known in the Far East, with which he had had relations of long standing, told me that two Chinese capitalists had consulted him about installing an electric plant in China. Their only condition was that the dynamos should be worked by hand. This condition could not in the nature of things be met, and the project came to nothing. Yet precisely in such cases is it alone possible to introduce mechanical power into China. Wherever manual power can be applied, so great is the population that mechanical cannot compete with hand power; but where manual labour cannot be concentrated upon the production of power, then mechanical power may be adopted without economical disturbance. For example, the making of iron rails at

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[1] Since the Revolution of 1911 a cotton factory has been established at Shanghai.

Hanyang could not have been accomplished by manual labour alone, therefore in that case mechanical power could be introduced. The mining of coal requires a large amount of manual labour, therefore it could be introduced; but the manufacture of cotton cloth had been already organised on the basis of manual labour. An immense population was engaged in the cotton manufacture. To embark in mechanical production would disturb the economical relations of immense numbers of people. The same was true of many other manufactures.

During the past few years the manufacture of cigarettes in factories has been established, but the industry was a new one; it necessarily employed a large number of persons and very little machinery. The smoking of cigarettes was not a practice to which the Chinese were habituated. The American Tobacco Company, before beginning to manufacture cigarettes in China, had to adopt means to encourage the practice. Among other means adopted, Peking carts loaded with cigarettes were sent out all over northern China. The packages were simply strewn about the cities and villages. The people naturally picked up the free cigarettes, smoked them, and wanted more. Soon the habit was acquired, and the demand increased until it was worth while to establish factories in China. Thus, by the adoption of appropriate means, certain industries may be established, while others may not.

The Chinese point of view has been frequently put in memoranda to the Government by viceroys and others. If, the writers of such memoranda argued, small steamers were allowed on inland waters, native craft of every description and sailors and pilots would suffer. If foreigners were allowed to construct telegraphs and railways, owners of carts, mules, chairs, wheelbarrows, etc., must suffer, and their means of livelihood would be taken from the coolies. The memorialists curiously enough explicitly exempted coal mines.[1] They pointed out that appliances for the exploitation of coal were necessary, and that these could only be procured from abroad. They suggested that it would be worth while for China to borrow in order to procure coal-mining appliances. These, however, were to be worked and managed by Chinese. If, they argued, foreigners were allowed to embark in industrial enterprises, they would "monopolise the whole profit of the country." If Chinese were allowed to co-operate with foreigners, the rich Chinese would benefit at the expense of the poor. "Only in respect to matters that are not highly obnoxious should concessions be made to foreigners. . . . Strenuous opposition should be offered to concessions for railways and steamers, and to the residence of foreigners in the interior for the purposes of trade, because these are destructive of the interests of the Chinese people."

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[1] A friend with large experience in China told me that the real reason for this exemption of coal mines was that Chinese officials are not permitted to "squeeze" foreign mineowners or to confiscate their mines. If a Chinese opens a paying mine, another Chinese, probably instigated by an official, brings an action against the owner, disputing his title. The official who has instigated the suit hears the evidence, states that he cannot decide between the rival claimants, and then proceeds to work the mine on his own account.

These views are wholly in accordance with Chinese and, as well, with Asiatic ideals in general. The ideal community of Asia is a self-contained group, in which life goes on from century to century with a minimum of change. Where the climate permits there may be in such a group some persons who may secure a simple living by slender toil or who may be willingly supported by other members of the community. These persons may become relatively highly developed in a mental, and even in a spiritual, sense. The contents of their minds may be very restricted, but their mental processes may be swift and certain. For example, missionaries in remote parts of China have found, in villages, men of indisputable mathematical talent, who were much esteemed by their neighbours, although these could, of course, form no useful judgment upon their acquirements. Yet, in general, members of Asiatic communities are mentally inert.

Western notions of progress are quite alien to the Asiatic mind. Arguments which appear naïve to foreigners because no account is taken of what they regard as progress, seem to the Asiatic quite sound, and for the same reason. Movement for the sake of movement is unintelligible to the Asiatic. It is a waste of time and energy. The Japanese seem to have been infected with the western notions of progress; but, in spite of two hundred years of contact with Europe, India has not been infected by it, nor has China, in spite of one hundred years' contact. Even Turkey and Egypt, which lie closer to Europe, and Russia, which is semi-European, remain unconvinced of the superiority of European civilisation.

The railway question was still much discussed in China in 1910, although the acute phase of the triangular struggle, of Great Britain, Russia and Germany, for control or partial control of the railways in North China was over. When the first railways were projected, they encountered great opposition from the Chinese people. I have already spoken of the presence everywhere of tumuli in the peasants' fields. To disturb these was universally regarded as sacrilege, because infinite pains had been taken over the burials in order to secure perpetual peace for the dead. Disturbance of the dead was a dangerous affair, their ghosts might inflict irreparable injury; disturbance of ancestral dead was especially objectionable; it was an insult to them, and therefore irreligious. A road may be twisted in any desired direction, and still more easily may a wheelbarrow track; but a railway cannot be twisted, it must go straight or with a minimum curvature. Therefore a railway must traverse lands in which there are tumuli. Sometimes it was comparatively easy to furnish pecuniary compensation and to arrange for re-burial, but sometimes it was not possible. This difficulty was surmounted. Then there came the struggle between the Chinese Government and foreign capitalists over concessions, and among these capitalists over conflicting concessions.

In scantily-populated countries railways are projected and constructed in advance of population. The railway is expected to bring people into the country, and thus to create the conditions under which paying traffic, often after the lapse of years, may eventually ensue. In China conditions were otherwise. The country was already fully peopled. The people were already relatively mobile. They had their own primitive means of moving about. There had even developed, also by the same primitive means, extensive movement of goods at rates for transport incredibly low because of the low price of human labour, due to the plentifulness of it. The railway saved time. It enabled a traveller to cover a distance in not more than one-seventh of the time in which the same distance could be traversed by primitive means. Even in a leisurely country like China such a saving was important. Given the desire to use the railway, the conditions otherwise for immediate and extensive traffic were very favourable. Thus, when the preliminary difficulties of construction were surmounted, the railways were successful and yielded large profits, both for the promoters and for the Government. These profits were, in a great measure, available for extensions, and an epoch of railway building ensued. The Imperial Chinese Administration assumed control of the Imperial Railways of North China in September 1902, after the Boxer troubles were over. The following years yielded large profits; in 1904–5, the profit was twenty per cent. on the capital cost. In that year the earnings were inflated by traffic due to the Russo-Japanese War, and afterwards the normal earnings continued to be relatively high.

Railway building appeared to be so profitable an enterprise that the administration decided to extend the railway from Peking to Kalgan, on the borders of Mongolia, the funds being provided out of the surplus revenues of the other railways. This railway was built by Chinese engineers, entirely without foreign assistance. The engineer-in-chief was Jeme Tien Yow, who had been educated in the United States. He was colloquially known as Jim. I heard much of him in China, but I did not see him. The construction of the line does its engineer infinite credit. Between Peking and Nankow the line traverses the Peking plain, in which no engineering difficulties were to be encountered, but from Nankow until the line emerges on the upper plain, the steepness of the ascent presented a hard problem. This problem was solved by tunnelling and by building huge embankments, as well as by carrying the line up a steep gradient. I believe that this gradient was afterwards reduced by lengthening the tunnels.[1]

I determined to travel to Kalgan, partly to see that famous city and partly to have a good view of the Great Wall. It was curious to notice, coming down the Nankow pass on the track alongside the railway, strings of camels carrying produce from Mongolia, or returning empty after carrying Chinese goods to Kalgan or beyond. Evidently camels were able to compete with their mechanical rival. The Great Wall is a stupendous affair. From the railway it may be seen near and far. The line passes by formidable *enceintes*, into which the wall develops at strategic points. The wall crowns the ridges of the mountains and descends into the valleys. In its day (it was built about the beginning of the Christian era) and for long after it was an effective defence against Mongol cavalry. The walls of Peking and Nanking are more massive and imposing, but the Great Wall is two thousand miles long, and it is an architectural achievement unlike anything else of its kind.

At one of the stations a Chinese merchant came in and sat down opposite me; his servant brought strings of bronze cash, which he threw under the seat. The mass must have weighed about fourteen pounds at least. This was the merchant's purse. He was evidently intending to make purchases in the interior, or he was carrying home the proceeds of a sale.

We passed a literal mountain of coal. The miners were attacking it from many different levels. It appeared as though each small entrance led to a mine, which an individual miner worked on his own account.

A member of one of the religious orders came into the carriage in which I was sitting, and we entered into conversation. I found that he was a French monk who belonged to a small monastery about twenty miles from Kalgan. He was very pleasant and intelligent. Before we arrived at his station, he invited me to break my journey and to spend a few days at his monastery. Much as I was tempted to accept his hospitality, I was obliged to decline.

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[1] On the construction of this line, see Kent, P. H., *op. cit.*, p. 311.

Shortly after passing the monastery, which externally looked clean and alluring, we approached a walled village. Almost all the villages of North China are surrounded by a wall for purposes of protection against attacks by brigands. Here the wall was serving by way of protection against a more powerful and persistent enemy. This was the wind-blown sand from the Great Mongolian Desert. The Khingan Mountains at this point are about four thousand feet high. Over them the sand is blown by the prevailing west winds. I saw the sand in huge wreaths, like snow ridges, covering pastures, and even encroaching upon cultivated land. At this village the sand was blown up against the walls, forming a gentle slope. If there were no walls to arrest it, the sand would speedily overwhelm the village. As I looked on this sand slope in the gathering dusk, for the hour was late in the afternoon, I noticed a peculiar movement of what appeared to be the particles of sand on the slope. I could not account for this movement, nor could I understand how I could possibly see such motion at a distance. I soon realised that the phenomenon was produced by an enormous number of small children, whose nude brown bodies were moving about like mites in ripe cheese. The sand slope was evidently their playground.

In the evening, as I stepped from the train at Kalgan, I saw numerous Mongolian carts, drawn by small Mongolian horses, coming into the city covered with fine desert dust. This dust spreads over everything, reducing the road and the buildings to a uniform monotone of yellowish-grey. I had neglected to inquire about accommodation, and simply walked into the nearest inn, directly opposite the station. Fatigued with the heat and the journey, and little inclined to be fastidious, I asked the innkeeper if he had a European room. He showed me a small chamber, moderately clean and rudely equipped. I then asked if he could get me something to eat. I understood him to inquire what I would like. My knowledge of the Chinese language was of the most limited character, and I thought I could do no better than tell him to give me whatever he had. In about twenty minutes I sat down to a rough table in the general room of the inn, hall and dining-room in one. I appeared to be the sole guest of the hostelry. On the table was a small napkin of homespun linen, an exceedingly substantial stoneware plate which looked as if it might have come from a Staffordshire pottery, and an iron knife and fork such as might be used in a camp, and might have been made in Sheffield. I wondered what viands these simple utensils portended. My host brought a partridge covered with toasted breadcrumbs. It was delicious, and perfectly cooked. I ventured to ask if the inn afforded any wine. Again my host asked what wine I would like. I knew that, but I felt at a loss how to express it in a way that would be understood, so I used my previous formula. My host produced an excellent bottle of Burgundy. Thus I dined, simply but sumptuously. I had my own cigar and I was perfectly happy. I had just finished, when a Chinese policeman made his appearance and courteously asked me to give him my autograph for his book. I turned over all the pages in it, there were not many. They contained the names of the strangers who had visited Kalgan during the previous two or three months. There was only one name in Roman characters—the name was Dr. Ingram. I asked the policeman whether its bearer was still in Kalgan and he answered that he was, living in a mission compound at the other end of the city. The innkeeper provided me with a boy as guide, and I set off to visit the mission. I found that it was conducted by Swedish missionaries who had been carrying it on for some years. During the Boxer troubles they had defended themselves and with difficulty escaped with their families across the desert to Kiachta and thus reached the Trans-Siberian Railway. When I saw Dr. Ingram, I surprised him by asking abruptly, "When did you come from New Deer?"

Dr. Ingram. "How do you know I come from New Deer?" [1]

James Mavor. "I will tell you later. First, am I not right?"

Dr. Ingram. "Yes, in a sense you are. My father came from New Deer."

I then found that his father was a relative of my grandmother. He had many years ago emigrated to the United States. The Dr. Ingram I saw before me had been a medical missionary in China for thirty years. He had been in the British Legation during the siege. He told me that for many years he had been in the habit of spending his holiday in Mongolia; he had learned Mongolian, and he had a great liking for the people living in the oases in the desert. He proposed to me an excursion of a few weeks into Mongolia, but in this case as in the other I had to decline. The night grew on and Dr. Ingram walked back with me to my inn. The long street which extended the whole length of Kalgan and formed the route to the desert gate was lit by braziers, and round these were quaint groups of Mongols and Chinese. We passed a mosque and some temples. The population of Kalgan is more mingled than that of any other city in China. Here are to be found people from every province, from the outlying dependency of Mongolia, and perhaps even from Turkestan and Tibet.

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[1] *Cf.* vol. i. p. 21.

Dr. Ingram was very enthusiastic over the agricultural resources of Southern Mongolia. This region lies beyond the desiccated area of the Desert of Gobi, southwards, and it is therefore immune from the showers of sand which the prevailing winds carry in an easterly direction, covering the fertile lands and extending the area of desiccation. Strangely enough there is a comparatively small population in the rich region of South Mongolia. This is probably due to the persistent nomadism of the Mongols. They seem to prefer to travel from oasis to oasis rather than settle down to the stationary life of settled agriculture. Probably most farmers' sons would agree with them, that there is nothing more deadly than being rooted to a farm.

When I returned to Peking I asked my friend, C. W. Campbell, about Dr. Ingram. He told me that Ingram's influence over the Mongols was as extraordinary as his intimate knowledge of Mongolia. Mr. Campbell had made an expedition into the country with an escort for the purpose of arriving at an understanding with the Mongol princes. He has given an account of this expedition in a Parliamentary Paper. One evening, while he was camping in the desert, a long distance from any Mongol village, an outpost came in to report that a man had been seen approaching the camp on a bicycle. This brought Campbell to the door of his tent, and shortly he recognised Ingram. "What in the world are you doing here?" he asked. Ingram replied that he had been staying with some Mongols at an oasis about two days' ride by bicycle from Campbell's camp, and that, hearing of its whereabouts from some Mongols, he had simply run over to see Campbell. No other European could possibly have made this journey, Campbell thought, although Ingram did not consider it of importance. Apart from the danger of falling into the hands of unfriendly Mongols, there were the dangers of being unable to find water, and of starving should, for any reason, progress be delayed.

I had thought of riding across the eastern corner of Mongolia from Kalgan to Kiachta with the Buriat post that carries mails and conveys passengers. This journey occupies eighteen days of pretty hard riding. It would have taken me a month, for I should have had to remain at Kalgan for many days to get into proper trim for the long ride, and perhaps more days waiting for the post. I therefore abandoned the idea. Besides, I preferred on the whole not to miss Manchuria and Korea, which I should have had to do unless I returned eastwards by the Siberian Railway. Whether or not the rapid journey across the desert would have been worth the time and fatigue I do not know. It might have been worth while had I been able to go on to Urga in order to see something of the desiccated area of Northern Mongolia.

The admirable researches in Eastern Turkestan of William Morris Davis and Ellsworth Huntington have afforded strong evidence of the theory of secular change of climate developed by the latter. According to this theory, there are periods during which the annual rainfall declines gradually until it reaches a minimum, and then increases gradually. These periods may be regarded as of long, intermediate and short duration, the briefer periods being comprised in the longer without affecting the general direction of the curve of the long period. Thus, if the major period be taken as three hundred years, although even this may be brief in relation to a still greater cycle, the intermediate period may be placed at thirty, and the brief period at ten years. Thus from various physical causes, among which variations of temperature are important, certain regions become drier and drier, while the prevailing wind carries the powdery superficial soil, smothering vegetation and parching previously moister regions.[1]

The example of the effect of desiccation in the Kalgan region, noticed above, suggests that the north of China is involved in the consequences of declining rainfall in Mongolia and that, so long as this decline continues, the people of Kalgan, and perhaps the people of North China generally, may suffer from the effects of desiccation. They may find life even harder than it is now, so hard, indeed, that settled life may become impossible. In that case the numbers of the population would be reduced, and the remaining groups would become nomads. Meanwhile, where would those go who were forced to migrate? The process must, of course, be gradual, but we have seen it in progress in Asia Minor, where desiccation has contributed to the impoverishment of the peoples, to migrations and to racial struggles arising out of these migrations. At the present time "the rainfall of Central Asia is so small that the rivers fail to reach the sea. . . . Two main types of civilisation prevail: (due to) . . . nomadism . . . and intensive agriculture in irrigated oases. . . . Because of the arid climate . . .

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[1] The most important works of these writers are: Davis and Huntington, *Explorations in Turkestan* (Carnegie Institute); Huntington, *The Pulse of Asia* (Boston, 1907) and *Human Geography* (New York, 1921).

types of civilisation (in Central Asia) have been, and probably must continue to be, fundamentally different from those of well-watered regions, such as most of America and Europe." [1]

Dropping again to the Peking plain, I stopped at Nankow, where I met the guide I had engaged at Peking to arrange an excursion to the Tombs of the Mings. On the morning following my arrival, we rode out to the Tombs, a distance of ten or twelve miles. The Tombs are situated in a large unenclosed park occupying the whole of a valley in the mountains that form the northern boundary of the plain. The entrance to the principal tomb, that of the Emperor Yung Lo (1403–24), is marked by a structure of white marble containing five archways. This structure, like some of the features of the Summer Palace near Peking, is an imitation in marble of the columns and roofs of houses, such columns and roofs being customarily constructed of timber, while the roofs are covered with glazed tiles. Although the gateway is an imposing piece it does not harmonise with its surroundings, and being an imitation in one medium of construction proper to another medium, it suggests decline in artistic power. The causeway, of which the gateway marks the entrance, is simple and its proportions grandiose. It is flanked by colossal sculptures of animals and officials. The animals are in sets of four, two standing and two kneeling—elephants, camels, lions, unicorns and horses. There are six colossal officials, whose embroidered robes extend almost to their feet. The whole design of the causeway is in keeping with the symmetry, of which, in almost all periods, Chinese artists have been fond. The sculptures are evidently intended to represent on a gigantesque scale the funeral procession of the Emperor. Small figures also representing that procession are, no doubt, as was customary, buried in the tomb itself.[2] These figures are the simulacra of the ministers, slaves and animals of the monarch, who, in remote ages, were slain when their master died in order that their spirits might serve him in the world of the dead.

As we rode along the wide track which leads to the gate of the tomb enclosure, I had a distant glimpse of a horseman riding some distance behind us, the only other visitor of the morning. Noon came, and the heat was overpowering. I had neglected to tell my guide to bring water with him, and I made it a rule never to drink water casually provided, so that, even although we passed some peasants who were making tea by the side of the track, I elected to endure the pangs of thirst; yet I dreaded the hours which must elapse before our return in the evening to Nankow. My fears were groundless. As we approached the gate of the tomb enclosure I saw a broad band of white cotton fastened at the side of the entrance. Upon it were the first Roman letters I had seen on a public notification since I left Shanghai. They composed the mystic symbol, BAR. That was all; but it was enough. I leaped off my donkey and entered the gate. Immediately inside it was a long table with two forms, and on the wall was a shelf with the numerous bottles which used to be found in such establishments as the symbols indicated. I observed with satisfaction that one of the bottles bore the brand of a celebrated manufacturer of Scotch whisky. I sat down, and said to my guide, "Tell the man to give me a long whisky and soda forthwith."

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[1] Huntington, *The Pulse of Asia*, p. 9.

[2] Many such processional groups in terra-cotta from Chinese tombs of different dynastic periods are to be found in the remarkable Chinese Collection of the Royal Ontario Museum at Toronto.

I was at once provided, and lost no time in slaking my almost intolerable thirst. I was engaged in this joyful action, when I heard a step behind me, and an unknown voice saying, "This is a funny place tae hae a baur!"

I did not turn, nor did I remove the glass from my lips; but I said, "When did you come from Glasgow?"

Unknown. "Hoo did ye ken aw cam from Glasgow? Did ye see me in the hotel or did ye see ma name in the hotel book?"

James Mavor (still without turning). "I don't know your name, and I never saw you in my life."

Unknown. "Wass it ma awccent?"

James Mavor (now turning). "Perhaps it was; but, having insulted you, you will allow me to invite you to join me in refreshing yourself."

This he did with great good-nature. The Unknown was a young architect from Glasgow on his *wanderjahre.*

The Tomb of Yung Lo is behind a Sacrificial Hall, which is a good example of fifteenth-century Chinese architecture. When that is said, it means of Chinese architecture as a whole, for the few ancient buildings in China are of the simplest character, and those that have survived from different periods exhibit a singular uniformity of type. While China has produced many great artists, Chinese art has been applied chiefly to the things of the household and, to a much less degree, to the house itself. Thus, while there is an immense wealth of artistic products of past ages, these are almost exclusively porcelains, statuary, pictures, engravings, and the like. They were customarily kept in go-downs or subterranean treasure-houses, or were even buried in tombs; only selected, and more or less frequently changed, pieces were used as articles of household furniture. The Chinese houses of the wealthy make no display of their artistic possessions, these are only brought out from time to time. This habit of reserve may account for the stagnation of domestic architecture in China.

The characteristic palace or mansion has the following principal features. The foundation consists of a series of stone pedestals; upon these are placed columns of wood.[1] The columns are placed a certain distance apart. They are generally cylindrical. Upon these columns the roof rests, and the number of them depends upon the weight of the roof. The latter is generally very heavy, because in addition to the stout timbers of which it is composed, it bears heavy glazed tiles. The top of the roof is straight, the end tiles being turned upwards and inwards. The side ridges are curved and throughout their length, or on the lower portion only, they have tiles of a sculpturesque character, expressing symbols appropriate to the purpose to which the building is put, or to the person to whom it belongs or in whose honour it is erected. These ridge tiles are often objects of great artistic skill in design and craftsmanship, and they are often of great weight. The columns are painted with numerous coats of vermilion and are often gilded.

If, as is alleged by some, the Chinese roof is derived from a tent roof looped up by spears, this origin and the subsequent history of Chinese architecture would imply a high degree of permanency of motive. The walls of a Chinese building are not essential parts of the structure, the spaces between the columns may be filled in by some opaque material, or they may be used as windows or doors.[2] Chinese buildings, for whatever purpose, are almost invariably of one storey only.

The Sacrificial Hall of Yung Lo is built on the plan indicated. In the interior is an altar, upon which is placed the memorial tablet of the Emperor in whose honour it was erected. The tomb in which the Emperor is buried is behind the hall, and is closed. Before the hall there is a white marble terrace in three tiers with balustrades and stairways at intervals.

The ride back to Nankow, in the cool evening, through well-cultivated fields and quiet villages was very pleasant.

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[1] Many woods are used for this purpose; but the wood used for the columns of palaces and large temples (*cf.* Bushell, *Chinese Art*, i. p. 50) is *Persea nanmu.* This is brought from the province of Szechuan. The *Persea* was a sacred tree in Egypt and Palestine. It is regarded by some as a variety of chestnut.

[2] In Japanese temple buildings, as well as in other buildings for public purposes, the spaces between the columns which support the roof are often left open.

The aspect of the people as they walk in the streets of a European capital affords a passable opportunity of forming a judgment on the nation as a whole. It is not so in China; to walk in the streets is beneath the dignity of important persons. Thus these are rarely seen in the streets. The Manchu ladies are not secluded, and may be seen driving; but the Chinese ladies are more reserved. When the gentry travel they do so in closed litters or carriages, and usually refrain from exposing themselves to contact with the public. Yet many distinguished - looking, handsomely - dressed men were to be seen promenading in the Ha-ta or other important streets in Peking. Such distinguished-looking persons were, however, rarely mandarins, they were usually merchants, *compradors* (factors or stewards), or simple *shroffs* (clerks). The passing crowds were composed of servants (men and women) shopping for their employers, craftsmen, small traders, and sometimes peasants from the surrounding region. The streets of Chinese cities are made gay by the decorative signs of the shops and the banners floating above them. The legends are generally brief phrases, such as "Happiness and Prosperity," "Good Luck," and the like. Signs of this kind are not unknown in other countries; but Roman script has rarely the decorative value of Chinese script when it is skilfully written or painted.

The Revolution of 1911 has, no doubt, been succeeded by some changes, although the Revolution was rather the external manifestation of already accomplished interior changes or previously suppressed desires for change, than the cause of such changes. The queue has probably disappeared in the coast towns. Binding the feet appears to have gone out of fashion. It must be realised that the Revolution was not the consequence of a movement in favour of Westernisation. It was rather a movement of reaction towards Chinese ideas and methods. There appears, for this reason, to be less evidence in China than in Japan of the adoption of European dress and European methods of living. There are European hotels and rooms furnished in the European manner in Chinese hotels; but there are rarely European rooms in Chinese residences, as there are in Japanese private houses. The life of Europeans resident in China exhibits a compromise between European and Chinese modes of life, but the Chinese rarely compromises.

In 1911, large numbers of Chinese students were educated partially or wholly in Japan. While attending schools or colleges there these students were obliged in a large measure to conform to Japanese modes of life, yet, on their return to China, they were equally obliged to resume conformity to the customs of their native country.

It is doubtful if any of the western educational experiments which have, especially in recent years, been established in China, for the training of Chinese for life in China, have been successful in a serious sense. Those institutions which have been utilised by Chinese for training students who intend to go abroad, especially to the Malay Straits, have, on the other hand, been on the whole successful. The fundamental reasons for the absence of success in institutions belonging to the first category have been considered in relation to Japanese education.[1] The problem of education in China may, perhaps, be solved after a manner somewhat similar to that in which the Japanese have solved their problem, although it seems unlikely that the Chinese will be so imitative of European educational methods as the Japanese have been. Moreover, the Chinese problem is different from that of the Japanese in respect to language. In Japan the language is practically identical in all parts of the country; in China there are many linguistic regions possessing different spoken languages. So far from any tendency towards the adoption of an alphabetic and phonetic script by China being observable, there is a contrary tendency towards the extension of the use of the present conventionalised pictographic and ideographic script. In the Japanese newspapers Chinese characters were always used in combination with the Japanese alphabetic script because of their compactness. They express in an abbreviated form what would otherwise have to be expressed in more or less lengthy phrases. During the past few years the employment of Chinese characters by the Japanese newspapers has greatly increased. When these characters are expressed in sounds, the Japanese equivalents of the Chinese words are employed, in the same manner as the equivalents are employed in China. It is permissible to argue that, in so far as an effective system of education by correspondence could be devised, a system of this kind could be readily adapted to the needs of China and used universally throughout that country. Such a system presents great difficulties; but equal difficulties are presented by a system in which education is communicated by oral instruction even by Chinese instructors. An oral system would involve separate institutions for each province without interchange of instructors excepting in rare cases. The same text-books could be used throughout, and text-books devised for use in Japan and China might easily be produced; yet the absence of a common vehicle of speech presents grave difficulties in the organisation of a national system of education as applied to China.

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[1] *Cf. supra*, p. 261.

If higher education were confined to those to whom Pekingese was their native language, through the exclusive enjoyment by them of verbal instruction in the higher branches of learning, education might become a monopoly of natives of a small number of provinces and the present wide distribution of Chinese knowledge, such as it is, would be compromised. One consequence of this condition might be intensification of the separatism which has for several centuries contributed to the weakness of China, and in the past century has exposed her to encroachments upon her sovereignty and upon her territory.

Japan has for a long time opened her Universities to Chinese students,[1] yet, up till the present time, I believe that Japan has exercised a slender influence either upon the government or upon the people of China. The Japanese, although they are more closely allied in blood to the Chinese than to any other people, although most of the erudite Japanese read Chinese and large numbers of the mercantile classes speak Mandarin, are not less unpopular in China than any other foreign people. A Japanese grain merchant told me that he found it impossible to buy grain in the Chinese markets until he hit upon the device of disguising himself as a Chinese.

I did not have the good fortune to have any real experience of life in small towns and villages. My friends, who have had such experience, have, in general, spoken favourably of the character of the Chinese people, and of the facility with which friendly, and even sympathetic, relations might be established between them and Westerners. In the establishment of such relations, as much appeared to depend upon the character of the stranger as upon the character of the people. Knowledge of the language and customs of the locality is indispensable, so also is a strict observance of the Chinese code of honour and of Chinese village etiquette. When a sympathetic understanding was reached, the influence of an intelligent Westerner sufficed to render his life perfectly secure, and in some cases, even during the Revolutionary period, he acquired a moral ascendancy which had important consequences for himself and for others.

Dr. Moorhouse, a physician from Ireland practising in Peking, told me that a short time before I saw him he had had an unpleasant experience. He kept some six or seven horses in his stables, and an equal number of grooms. One of these horses, which he valued especially, was missing from the stable. He sent for his head groom and told him that the horse must be found. Apparently the man supposed that Dr. Moorhouse suspected him of being privy to the theft of the horse. Whether or not this was the case could not be discovered, for the head groom, as well as all the other grooms, committed suicide immediately. Dr. Moorhouse was obliged to go before a Chinese magistrate to make a declaration of the facts as known to him, and to lodge in court a sum of money sufficient to maintain the families of all the grooms who had died, although by their own hands, in his service.

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[1] Several thousand Chinese students were attending the Waseda University, Tokyo, when I was there in 1910.

From Peking I went by rail to Tientsin and then on to Shanhaikwan and Mukden. I had the good fortune to meet Mr. C. W. Campbell again at Tientsin and we travelled together to a beach near Shanhaikwan, where he was going to spend part of the summer. At Shanhaikwan we saw the eastern end of the Great Wall, for it is here that it reaches the sea.

At Mukden there is an atmosphere different from that of China proper. Although we arrived there four years after the close of the Russo-Japanese War, and although Japanese control at that time extended far north of Mukden, we were met by evidence of previous Russian occupation in the presence at the railway station of *droshkies* with Russian drivers. The station and a small area outside of it were garrisoned by Japanese troops, the limits of their occupation and the entrance to the town being marked by an arch. Mukden is a busy commercial and industrial centre. Formerly it was the capital of Manchuria, and there are the Manchu Royal Palace and the Tombs of the Manchu dynasty before the beginning of Manchu rule in China. The Tombs are by no means on the magnificent scale of those of the Mings, but they are interesting because they exhibit the influence of Chinese architectural art upon Manchuria before the days of the Manchu dynasty in China. The interior of the Palace conveys the same impression. If there ever were an indigenous Manchu art, the evidences of it are not here. The porcelains, of which there were immense quantities, were obviously good, but not of the finest. The most interesting objects were ceremonial as well as practical, Manchu bows and arrows in red and black lacquer, the quivers being handsomely decorated.

On the day after my visit the wife of the German Consul had been indiscreet enough to drive out alone to the Tombs in a hired carriage. She was attacked by brigands, the coachman ran away, and the lady was found some time afterwards tied to a tree. The thieves took her jewels. By tying her up they prevented her from giving an immediate alarm, but did not otherwise molest her. In the neighbourhood of Mukden I saw peasants threshing millet by means of a donkey. The millet was placed on a threshing floor while the donkey, tied to a post in the centre, treaded out the grain with his hoofs.[1]

One of the most sanguinary battles of the war was fought at Mukden. The line was of great extent—I think about a hundred miles; but the railway embankment immediately south of Mukden was the centre of the engagement.

In a good Chinese theatre in Mukden I witnessed one of the ancient historical dramas. I had had similar experience elsewhere, but I was interested in observing the difference between a Manchurian and a Chinese audience. In China few ladies attend the theatre, but in Mukden there was a row of boxes filled with Manchu women. They were dressed with extreme sobriety and their behaviour was exemplary. Their coiffures were characteristic and differed, although I cannot pretend to mastery of the details, from the Chinese headdresses I had seen. Their countenances were plainer than those of Chinese ladies, but they were destitute of the simpering grace which characterises the latter. The men were more quietly dressed than were those of the same class in China, and they appeared to me to be more courteous and more inclined to be hospitable and attentive to strangers. This must be regarded as a very general impression, for I have experienced great kindness from many Chinese upon whom I had no manner of claim.

The conventions of the Chinese theatre are to my mind extraordinarily interesting. If there is a radical futurism before the European stage, it is not improbable that the tendencies it exhibits may be parallel to those of the Chinese stage or may even be adapted from it. There is no curtain. There is no division between the acts. There is no scenery. There are few stage properties, and these are of the simplest character. The conventional language and movements of the actors must be learned and understood by the spectator. He must also use his imagination, aided to a trifling extent by eye and ear.

The dresses of the actors belong to the period of the action of the play, and they are in keeping with the profession or position in society of the persons represented. In the course of the performance the property man is almost continuously on the stage. He hands to the actors the symbolic objects they employ to indicate events or the assumption of special characters. The property man, *e.g.*, indicates the death of a person on the stage by holding before him a yellow cloth. The dead man may walk away under cover of this symbolic flag; or, if subsequent action is to take place over his body, he will remain, or a rough dummy may be substituted. Action is seldom violent. Actors fighting a duel, for example, make formal passes and gestures. A slight touch by a weapon, or a slight blow, so slight as to be wholly formal, produces death. Sometimes the property man advances with a chair, so that the actor representing a dying man may die comfortably seated.

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[1] In some parts of China, I believe the donkey drags a stone roller, by which the threshing is greatly facilitated.

When an actor is representing a ghost or a denizen of the world of spirits he carries a horse-hair switch; when an actor is understood to arrive on horseback he carries a whip, when he lifts the whip with arm extended above his head he is galloping. When he dismounts he makes a formal gesture with his leg, indicating that he has dismounted. When he remounts he makes a corresponding gesture. When an actor is intended to be understood as entering a room he lifts his foot and appears to be entering a doorway. Action which takes place in the front of the stage may be intended to be invisible to the actors in the rear of it. Only when the sign is made that the actor has entered a supposititious room are those who are in the room understood to see him. Even the graver historical plays, one of which I saw at Mukden, exhibit a sense of humour. There is in all plays at least one comic character. The repertory of a dramatic company is enormous. Each actor is usually employed in one capacity or another in upwards of two hundred plays. Many of these are similar in manner and structure to the opera of Europe. In these pieces singing is predominant. Yet in all performances music is employed. The orchestra is seated on the stage, sometimes without any barrier between the musicians and the actors, and sometimes the musicians are seated behind a low balustrade. The music of an instrument like a mandolin and the sound of gongs and cymbals accompanies the dialogue throughout, whether the speeches are sung, chanted or merely spoken. Emphasis is given to desired points in the speeches by the clash of cymbals, and at times by the full strength of the orchestra. The musician who plays the cymbals occasionally leaps over the balustrade of the orchestral enclosure on to the centre of the stage, beating his cymbals with excessive abandon.

The gongs, cymbals, and other noisy instruments make so dreadful a din that a long Chinese performance is very exhausting; and some performances are very long. At Mukden I went to the theatre, which was next door to my hotel, shortly after seven in the evening; I left at midnight, and I was kept awake until five in the morning by the energetic orchestra. Some of the historical dramas are of great length, but it is not unusual to perform several plays in the course of an evening. There is no interruption of a performance by changing scenery. A change is suggested by the movements of the property man, who draws the curtains in front of a bench, to indicate the existence of an interior apartment, or who piles together some chairs, and often a table as well, to indicate a mountain upon which some of the action of the play takes place. A scene may be changed by the actors walking round the stage in single file. There is no such marking off of the divisions of a play as is customary in European theatres, no fall of the curtain, no raising of the lights, no intervals of five or ten minutes between the acts. There is even very little indication when one play is finished and another begun. Cymbals or gongs are understood to announce the change; but to the stranger the cymbals and the gongs seem to be always in movement.

When an actor makes his first entrance, a banner, given to him by his admirers, is hung above or at the side of the door, to be covered by another banner when another actor makes his first entrance. In entering for the first time, each actor in general announces his name and condition. In former days women were excluded from the stage in China. Women's parts were performed by men. In 1910, at Mukden, that was the rule; but, in other parts of China, the rule had been, as frequently in past times, somewhat relaxed. Now there are many theatres in which women appear on the stage. They even play men's parts. In Canton, *e.g.*, there is a company which contains several women. The prejudice against the appearance of women on the stage, very strong both in China and Japan until quite recent years, although there have been intervals of relaxation, seems now to have disappeared. During the periods of exclusion of women, female parts were taken by the most accomplished actors.

The conscientious gravity with which Chinese actors play their parts is very striking. I am told that they "gag" a good deal; but this is intelligible when the range of their repertory is realised. A play in China does not have long runs. In the Chinese theatre there is, as a rule, a fresh "bill" every evening. The Chinese audience is extraordinarily attentive to the performance. I have already noticed the indifference of the Japanese audience to what is going on on the stage. The Chinese audience is quite otherwise. Yet it rarely applauds and rarely laughs, even at broad jokes. When the Chinese applaud they do so by calling, in a deep grave tone, "Hao" (good). This call, generally in unison, is very impressive. I suppose that the reason lies in the fact that the Chinese do not always go to their theatre primarily to be amused. They often go as a duty. In villages a play is produced in honour of a local hero, who sometimes has become a local deity. The stage is set and the actors are provided by the corporation of the village or by some rich inhabitant. The play is performed on the birthday of the hero. It takes its place in a series of ceremonial observances. These ceremonies, including the play, are generally performed in or about a temple. Such a play is thus not primarily intended to amuse or to distract, it is a religious act. In the cities, Peking, Canton, etc., where there are permanent theatres and definitively trained companies of actors, the element of enjoyment has, no doubt, largely superseded the element of religious duty; yet enough remains of a devout atmosphere in the theatre to render applause infrequent, and usually to discountenance speech or action of a vulgar, immoral or irreligious character from taking place on the stage.[1] The audience, like all primitive audiences, seems, in general, to demand the representation of triumphant virtue and of the final victory of good intentions. Many interesting domestic dramas were written in Chinese about the time of Queen Elizabeth, that is, in the sixteenth century, and these dramas still hold the interest of Chinese audiences.

From Mukden I proceeded by the narrow-gauge mountain railway, constructed by the Japanese during the Russo-Japanese War, between Liao-Yang and Antung on the Yalu River. This line enabled the Japanese to pour troops into Central Manchuria much more quickly than they could have done by the peninsula. After the Japanese obtained control of the South Manchurian Railway, which extends from Port Arthur and Dairen to Kwang-Cheng-Tse, they decided to build a standard gauge line from Mukden to Antung, in the mountains, following the same general direction as the narrow-gauge railway, but shortening the length by means of tunnels. The Japanese engineers were constructing the line in 1910. I had been told by Professor Nitobé at Tokyo that difficulties had been experienced in inducing the Japanese artisans and labourers to go to Manchuria, and that there were two reasons for their reluctance. One was the severity of the climate, and the other was the low scale of remuneration which the Chinese and the Koreans were willing to accept. I found that throughout the length of the new line under construction by the Japanese—about one hundred and sixty miles—there was not a single Japanese labourer. In the northern part the labour was furnished wholly by Chinese; in the southern part the labour was furnished chiefly by Koreans. The engineering and clerical staffs were furnished by Japanese. A certain number of Japanese occupied themselves in subsidiary functions, such as innkeeping (although there were many Chinese innkeepers), retail dealing, and the like; but none of them would enter the ranks of labour on any Chinese or Korean scale.

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[1] Yet I am told that there are plays, as well as dialogues, vulgar and immoral from the European point of view.

The little railway without a tunnel, climbing the mountains and descending the valleys, afforded excellent views of these. At one point where the line surmounts a mountain obstacle by climbing up its slopes, there are six parallel lines at different levels. I noticed five of these extended beneath on the slope of the mountain. The distant hills towards the east were covered with timber. The exploitation of this timber [1] had an important influence in creating the situation out of which grew the Russo-Japanese War.

Progress was slow on the narrow line, and short as was the total distance, it was necessary to spend a night, not in travelling, but in resting. The train drew up at a station midway between Mukden and Antung, and remained there till the morning, while the passengers found accommodation in two or more inns. I stayed in an inn kept by a Chinese and made the acquaintance of an intelligent Chinese merchant whose place of business was at Neuchwang. There is now, I believe, a bridge across the Yalu River, connecting the new Japanese railway from Antung northwards with the Korean Railway, thus practically placing Central Manchuria in direct contact with Japan.

In 1910 there was no bridge across the Yalu, between Antung and Wiju, nor was there even a reasonably good ferry-boat. Heavy rain was falling and passengers were conveyed across the river in a small open boat. When they reached Wiju, they found it necessary to tramp for some distance through mud to a Japanese inn. This hostelry was very comfortable. Its manners and customs were those of rural Japan, it was not affected by Westernism.

My bed was made on the floor mattress. It was protected from mosquitoes by a curtain fixed to the ceiling. Everything was spotlessly clean, and the numerous small maidens who look after visitors in such inns were as smiling and efficient as could be. Had there been an inn album, I should have felt inclined to inscribe in it, "Hail, calm retreat, in insalubrious spot." [2] The disadvantage of a Japanese house is that walls have ears, because, being made of paper, they are good conductors of sound. The perfect peace of the inn was disturbed, not by the silent movements of its Japanese inhabitants, but by the voices of two persons, one an Englishman and the other an American, who were detailing to one another their experiences in prospecting and mining for precious metals in Korea. They did not speak loudly, but they talked most of the night.

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[1] By Bezobrazov and his group.

[2] With apologies to the shade of Browning.

Next morning I left Wiju by train for Seoul. The valleys through which the railway passes are grassy; there is scanty timber and little to break the monotony of the landscape. The northern part of Korea is thinly inhabited, a large part of the total population of seventeen millions being massed in the semi-urban regions round Seoul and Ping-yang. These regions are highly cultivated, the Koreans being excellent market-gardeners.

Korea was formally annexed to Japan by decree of 22nd August, 1910; I reached Seoul early in August, while in a military sense Korea was in the hands of Japan, though nominally still a dependency of China, having an Emperor who was regarded by the Chinese Emperor as his vassal. Before the annexation Japan held the country firmly and exercised paramount political influence. The Emperor was in seclusion in one of the two palaces in Seoul.

I had been furnished with introductions from Tokyo to the representative of Japan at Seoul. This gentleman received me with the greatest civility. Within an hour after returning to my hotel I was called upon by an officer from the Japanese Residency, who told me that he had been appointed to attend me wherever I desired to go. I proposed to visit one of the palaces on the following morning. At the time appointed the officer came, and we went in *jinrikshas* to the palace. The attendants at the gate demurred to our admittance, saying that on that day the palace was closed to visitors. My friend went within the gate. In a few minutes he returned, saying in French, "These people do not understand the factual situation." We then entered, and in a few minutes were received by one of the Korean Cabinet Ministers who went with us over the extensive and beautiful park, and took us to several of the more important buildings within its enclosure, entertaining us to tea and treating us with the utmost courtesy.

The relations of Japan and Korea were at that time very strained. The Korean youth had conceived the idea that, having been liberated from the yoke of China through the Japanese victory over Russia, Korea should now become independent and should not fall under the dominion of Japan. The Korean youth had made hostile demonstrations. Prince Ito had been assassinated, Japanese military police had hunted down the conspirators, and many of these had been executed. The case for independence of Korea was hopeless. The country lies at the door of Japan. It had been used as a pawn in the game played between Japan and Russia. The Chinese had little interest in the country, and no power to prevent it from being a bone of contention. The Koreans themselves were people who had seen better days but had visibly deteriorated. The Japanese were flushed with their victory over a great Power, and were determined to consolidate the fruits of it. Korea, independent, would have been a feeble buffer State. Under complete control of Japan it might be converted into a formidable defensive region, and it might also offer in its thinly occupied areas a field for Japanese migration. When the preliminary difficulties of annexation were overcome, and when the Koreans thoroughly understood that resistance to Japan was futile, the country settled down to its normal peaceful and archaic life. Japan endeavoured, by means of education, to stimulate the ambitions of the Koreans, but without any obvious success. I visited some of the schools, and it occurred to me that the semi-European methods which had been adopted, perhaps with advantage in Japan, were inappropriate in Korea. If, instead of attempting to impose an alien culture on the people, Japan had endeavoured to revive the lost arts of Korea and to stimulate interest in Korean history, revivification of the national spirit and of the national character might have been possible. Yet in adopting this course Japan might have aroused dormant feelings unfavourable to her control.

The low huts with overhanging roofs of woven thatch, of the villages, and even of Seoul, give an impression of squalor. Yet these buildings have not been so constructed without reason. The wind sweeps through the Korean valleys at certain seasons with great violence. Low houses with heavy roofs are therefore the most convenient habitations.

The men, at least in the summer, dress in flowing robes of unbleached cotton and wear the skeleton hat with which pictures of Koreans have made most people familiar. The women dress in coloured cotton, pink being a favourite colour. Working mothers expose their *mammæ* in a manner peculiar to them, the dress above the bosom being closely fitted about the neck. The dress of unmarried girls covers the whole body. Both men and women of the working class wear huge hats of wicker-work, which serve the double office of hat and umbrella. Men and animals alike carry enormous loads, so great sometimes that the bearer is hardly discoverable beneath them. The women customarily carry their load on the head, a practice which gives them an erect and graceful gait.

I had noticed in the main street of Seoul a number of distinguished-looking persons, whose occupation appeared to be confined to a promenade lasting for most of the day. I was at a loss to determine the status of these genteel-looking people. One day, while I was being taken along the street in a *jinriksha*, my vehicle stopped for a moment. Immediately several of these gentlemen launched themselves upon me, and producing small articles from concealed pockets in their garments, proposed to sell them. Some of these articles appeared to be antiquities, some of them were ordinary articles of commerce—pipes, cigar and cigarette holders and the like. These itinerant merchants or pedlars, for such indeed they were, must have transacted a rather spasmodic trade.

The streets of Seoul were not lighted by any public means. It was necessary, when going out in the evening, to carry a lantern. Lanterns of oiled paper were attached to every *jinriksha*. The effect of lights moving silently in the darkness was very picturesque. Before the Japanese occupation there was in force a singular and, so far as I know, unique municipal ordinance. This regulation was a curfew law for men. After dark, men were forbidden to appear in the streets. These were reserved for women, who might then securely make visits to their friends.

I found Dr. Avison, graduate in medicine of the University of Toronto, in charge of the hospital. Some years previously an American visitor, Mr. Severance, realising the disadvantages under which Dr. Avison was working, and recognising the need of a hospital in Seoul, supplied the funds for the erection and equipment of the building and afterwards bequeathed an endowment. This generous gift provided an admirable and much-needed institution. I attended in Seoul a missionary meeting, and met some Korean converts. Their conversation was chiefly remarkable for its pronounced evangelical tone.

After spending about a week in Seoul I went on to Chemulpo, a thriving and mainly modern port, not at all characteristically Korean, upon a very beautiful bay. From Chemulpo I took steamer to Chenanpo, and then to Dairen.

Dairen, the Japanese name of the town called by the Chinese Talien Wan and by the Russians Dalny, is the commercial port of the Liao-tung peninsula. Port Arthur was the naval base and an old Chinese fortress.

Dairen is a Russian town. Immense sums were expended by Russia in wharves, public buildings, and roads. It was the terminus of the Russian Railway, which connected Port Arthur with the Trans-Siberian line at Kharbin.

The export trade in grain from Manchuria passed through Dairen, so also did the soya bean. The range of utilities of this most versatile of vegetables seems to be inexhaustible. The bean may be used as food, as fuel, as fertiliser; the oil expressed from the bean may be used for salads, for light, for heat. At a pinch the oil may be used for lubrication. Beans are sometimes shipped unpressed. They are also pressed into cakes, about the dimensions of an automobile wheel, and in this form are easily handled. Quantities of "bean cake" were piled so high at Dairen that the columns of cake overshadowed the warehouses on the wharves. At that time (1910) soya bean cakes were being shipped to France for fertilising purposes. The agriculture of Manchuria had, in 1910, hardly recovered from the disturbance of the war six years earlier. Shipments of wheat from Manchuria appeared to have declined from the point reached before the Russo-Japanese War. The bean trade was enormous, but crop and price alike fluctuated, and fortunes were made and lost in a single season.

The workshops of the South Manchurian Railway are situated near Dairen. A group of cottages built for the Japanese workmen were approaching completion. In Japan these cottages would have been counted as being exceedingly smart. They were constructed in the Japanese manner, but were more substantially built than was customary in Japan. The administration of the railway found it necessary to provide exceptional accommodation for Japanese mechanics and engineers, otherwise difficulty would have been experienced in inducing them to live in Manchuria. The climate is much colder than that to which they are accustomed. Apart from climatic reasons, the Japanese were reluctant to settle in the Liaotung peninsula, because there was at that time (1910) a slender Japanese population, and no means of employment other than the railway.

Port Arthur is only a few miles from Dairen. The railway passes, not along the coast, which is high and impracticable, but to the north of the range of hills which encompasses Port Arthur on the landward side.

On arrival at Port Arthur I paid a duty call upon the Governor, who received me with much affability. He called upon me immediately afterwards, and invited me to drive with him round a portion of the city and fortifications. In the afternoon of the same day a member of his council was good enough to act as guide. On the following day I climbed 203 Metre Hill. On and about this hill, and near the system of fortifications of which it was the centre, took place some of the most fiercely contested engagements of the war. The hill was taken by the Japanese, retaken by the Russians and subsequently, on 1st December, 1905, it was finally carried by the Japanese, after great slaughter on both sides. When this position fell Port Arthur was at the mercy of the besiegers. The locality exhibited every evidence of a formidable struggle; big guns were still near the top, with carriages shattered by shell fire from the Japanese artillery, on and behind the hills to the north. The slopes of 203 Metre Hill were literally pulverised by shell fire. The stony surface looked as though the material had been treated by a powerful mechanical device for crushing stone. The shortness of the distance between the opposing lines during a great part of the campaign for the capture of Port Arthur struck me very much. The powerful artillery on both sides was employed at extremely short range.

Port Arthur is undoubtedly a strong fortress. The harbour has a tortuous entrance; on the east side there are the batteries of the Golden Horn, and upon a spit of land almost closing the entrance to the harbour there were the batteries of the "Tiger's Tail." The Japanese understood very well that Port Arthur could be taken only by land. The naval attacks against it were launched in order to prevent the emergence of the fleet; by these attacks alone the capture of Port Arthur could not have been effected. It was necessary to pass behind the hills to the north and to take the fortress by land from the rear. This operation involved a prolonged campaign, which was designed with strategic skill by the Japanese, and carried out with perfect indifference to sacrifice of life. The Japanese fire seemed to have been very accurately concentrated upon batteries and gun emplacements. Comparatively little damage was visible to buildings. I saw but one house with a gaping hole in its western wall. This had been made by a shell from 203 Metre Hill after the Japanese had captured the position. There is a war museum at Port Arthur, contained partly in a park, where there are captured guns and other bulky memorials of the siege, and partly in a building, where the smaller memorials are kept.

The Japanese train which connects at Kwang-cheng-tse with a Russian train for Kharbin, and by means of it with the Trans-Siberian train, starts from Dairen. The South Manchurian Railway is well equipped. The sleeping cars of *coupé* type are comfortable.

So far as the region controlled by the Japanese is concerned all is orderly and peaceful; but outside of it, risks must be run. The Japanese control, in a serious sense, the Liao-tung peninsula as a whole, together with the railway approaches; but north of the peninsula Japanese control extends only to the railway lines and stations. As a consequence of her victory over Russia, Japan succeeded to the interest of Russia in Southern Manchuria. The Russo-Japanese War in no way affected Chinese sovereignty over the region. The lease entered into by Russia of the peninsula of Liao-tung on 27th March, 1898, expired on 26th March, 1923. What steps the three nations concerned may take remain, as I write, to be seen. The population of South Manchuria is peaceful and law-abiding. So also is the Chinese population of the north, from Kwang-cheng-tse to the Amur, but remaining bands of Tungusic people have been turbulent for centuries. They have never accepted, with good grace, external rule of any kind. There are, consequently, many crimes of violence. Life and property on the trains, in the railway stations, although these were garrisoned and fortified, and in the towns, were by no means secure in 1910.

Most of the bandits who practise their ambiguous calling in Manchuria are natives of Chili or Shantung, especially the latter. Many ostensible harvesters go from these two provinces to Manchuria and resort to brigandage there. Some are brigands both at home and abroad, others are honest and industrious members of society at home, and are bandits only when they find themselves in the north, where the restraint of their native community is absent.

Central Manchuria, from the heights of the Liao-tung peninsula northwards, consists of a great plain flanked on the east by the mountains of maritime Manchuria, and on the west by the Khingan range. The wide space between is flat, so flat that the rivers have scarcely perceptible banks. The Sungari, for instance, an important tributary of the Amur, has banks over extensive reaches of not more than two feet above water level. When the spring freshets bring down melting snow from the mountains, these rivers overflow their low boundaries.

Kharbin is partly Chinese and partly Russian. It is midway between the border of Eastern Siberia and Primorskaya Oblast, the capital of which is Vladivostok. That is, it is neither an agricultural centre like Irkutsk, nor a busy port like Vladivostok; it is a place through which people pass if they must and if they can. At Kharbin we embarked on the *train de luxe*, which traverses Asia from Vladivostok to the Ural Mountains, crosses these, and then goes on to Moscow, a journey of nine days.

About a year after my visit to China, viz. in 1911, the Revolution, of which the Boxer movement of 1900 was undoubtedly a premonitory symptom, swept aside the Manchu dynasty and brought about the creation of the Chinese Republic. Of the changes which have occurred during the past eleven years I have no direct knowledge.

Doubt is permissible that these changes have been by any means so drastic as critics, Chinese or other, of the old *régime* and enthusiasts for the new *régime* are accustomed to announce. Four hundred millions of people cannot alter their political and social physiognomy by merely altering the form of their government. The defects in the Chinese Government are by no means attributable to the fact that the dynasty was a Manchu or foreign dynasty. The actual functions of government were exercised by Chinese.

Probably at no period in the history of China was there any high degree of governmental centralisation. Thus even if a change at the nominal centre, viz. Peking, did take place, the effect of this change upon the provinces must depend upon the length of the arm of the political powers at Peking. Each province has its own army and its own officials. In spite of appointments being in the hands of the Peking Government, the governors cannot run counter to the wishes of the masses of the people in the provinces.

In China the population is normally extraordinarily industrious and peaceful. Very few of the people interest themselves in what is known in Europe as politics. The Chinese are not really concerned either about the form or the personnel of their Government. If the Government assists them when they need assistance owing to accidents of flood or famine, and if otherwise it leaves them alone, especially so far as concerns collection of direct taxes, it matters little to the Chinese peasant by whom he is governed. He has certainly no desire to incur the responsibility of sharing in the task of government. He is, however, averse from having what other people regard as "progress" thrust upon him. He has probably discovered that "progress" means expense and waste—that political, educational and social experiments are all costly, and that few of them are fruitful in any improvement of life.

My friend Mr. Charles R. Crane, who was United States Minister at Peking, told me that an erudite Chinese statesman, in discussing Bolshevism, remarked that, about a thousand years ago, China had had experience of an attempt to introduce Communism, and the consequences were so disastrous that it is unlikely the Chinese will ever permit another attempt.

Yet undoubtedly changes are in progress. Social evolution in China, as elsewhere, seems to be characterised partly by the growth of indigenous elements, and partly by absorption and adaptation of foreign ideas. Not without significance is the fact that since the Revolution of 1911, about two thousand newspapers have been established in China.

One of my friends, who has lived under the new *régime*, tells me:

"Colleges and schools have been built with reckless disregard of real needs and with an amount of dishonesty in the handling of funds which is almost beyond belief. The army has been built up at enormous expense, while the officers have been 'squeezing' just as much as in the good old days, though by modernised methods. Railways have proved veritable milch cows to officials who build and operate them. Taxes are still collected in the old way. Justice is as hard to get as ever it was. There has been no sign of moral reform in the administration. Even the suppression of opium culture has been a source of profit to the officials."

These words were written a few years ago. I have not heard that there has been any radical change for the better.

Owing to the diversity of languages, a Chinese Parliament or Congress in any serious sense is impracticable. Local autonomy is inevitable. Thus, while a certain unity could exist under an Imperial dynasty, unity under a Republic has not yet been achieved.

CHAPTER XLI

SIBERIA AND EUROPEAN RUSSIA IN 1910

Oh, my field, my field!
Ploughed with bones,
Harrowed with my breast,
Watered with blood
From the heart, from the bosom!
Tell me, my field,
When will better days be?

Fragment of an old Ukrainian folk-song.
Translated by FLORENCE RANDAL LIVESAY.

THE original project for the Far Eastern section of the Trans-Siberian Railway provided for the crossing of the River Shilka near the historically important settlement of Nerchinsk. The line was to cross the River Argun, another tributary of the Amur, and to traverse the Khingan Mountains by one of their passes, emerging upon the great plain watered by the Sungari and other rivers. Obstacles lay in the path of the execution of this plan. The territory through which the line was proposed to pass was Chinese, and long bridges had to be built over two rivers. These rivers are of variable width because of spring floods due to melting snow in the neighbouring mountains. On account of these obstacles an alternative was sought. It was proposed to carry the line along the north bank of the Shilka, and by the north bank of the Amur to Khabarovsk. A further difficulty was to be encountered, for the Amur, swollen by numerous tributaries and exhibiting extensive seasonal fluctuations in level, became, at Khabarovsk, a mighty river, expanding in the spring to several times its normal width.

Nor were the difficulties of construction even of the permanent way easily surmounted. The north bank of the Amur was covered with virgin forest, uninhabited save by wild animals. Workmen and supplies would have to be transported for immense distances.

During the Crimean War the Russian settlement at Petropavlovsk on the Pacific was attacked by English and French naval vessels, and was embarrassed by interference with trade. Supplies were sent down the Amur from Shilkinsk by a Russian steamer and fifty barges. The sovereignty of China over the Amur valley was not questioned, but the leave of China was not asked. The Chinese garrisons were too feeble to dispute the passage. This adventure was accomplished by Count Nikolas N. Mouraviev, Governor of Eastern Siberia. For years before 1854, Mouraviev had endeavoured to stimulate the interest of St. Petersburg about the region of the Amur, but it was not till he made his famous dash through it that he touched the Russian imagination. His adventure on the Amur was really arduous. I heard many stories, years ago, of the gallantry with which Mouraviev's men navigated the barges through difficult rapids, while they were being sniped at by Chinese on the banks of the river. Mouraviev's exploit occasioned the beginning of Russian Far Eastern policy, led to the fear by Japan of the menace of Russia to her northern frontier, to the Russo-Japanese War, and to the exhaustion of Russia, which made her less able than she might otherwise have been to resist the attack of Germany in 1914. Russia is always strongest when she stands on the defensive. Her mass is so enormous that while she has many vulnerable, she has no vital spots. In aggressive campaigns Russia has almost always been defeated.

Since the Crimean War the Amur has been navigated continuously. There was thus an alternative means of transport should neither of the railway plans appear to be technically or financially practicable. Traffic was conducted by steamer from the upper waters of the Shilka, so soon as the Trans-Siberian Railway reached these, to the confluence of the Shilka and the Amur, and then down the latter to Khabarovsk, whence a railway carried passengers and goods to Vladivostok.

This method of combining inland water transport with railways as "portages" between water routes was a favourite device of many projectors of transport for Siberia. The Rivers Yenesei, Ob, Lena, and their numerous tributaries, together with Lake Baïkal and the river system of the Amur and its confluents, afford a series of waterways to which there is no exact parallel.[1]

The lease of 27th March, 1898, granted by China to Russia, enabled the latter country to build the line first projected. The technical difficulties were surmounted by skilful engineering, and the line was constructed from Chita, *via* Tsitsikar, to the new town of Kharbin, and from that point to Khabarovsk, where it connected with the previously built railway from that town to Vladivostok.[2] From

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[1] The interior of the North American continent is penetrated by the St. Lawrence, the Mississippi, the Hudson and the Columbia Rivers, but these are separated by wider spaces and by great difference of levels.

[2] Since 1910 another line has been built, from Chita, *via* Nerchinsk, along the north banks of the Shilka and the Amur, the alternative project of the text.

Kharbin a branch line was extended southwards to Dalny and Port Arthur.

From Kharbin westwards, the line traverses the North Manchurian plateau and the wide valley of the Sungari to the uplands of North-Eastern Mongolia, and from these through a pass in the Great Khingan Mountains, reaches Trans-Baïkalia, near Chita. The whole of the Trans-Baïkalian region is mountainous, the principal range being the Yablonoy Mountains. The slopes of the mountains are covered by forests.[1] Lake Baïkal is a landlocked sea, about the same length as Lake Erie, but not so wide at its widest part. The southern end of Lake Baïkal, across which we sailed, is bordered by mountains—a rocky and forbidding region.

On arriving at Lake Baïkal, we found that there had been a "wash out" in the mountains south of the lake, through which the railway is carried by frequent tunnels, and that traffic on the line was temporarily closed. It was therefore necessary to cross the lake by the large train ferry, which conducted the whole of the traffic before the construction of the railway through the mountains.[2] The train, split in two sections, was usually placed on board, and it was customary for the same train, originally made up at Vladivostok, to go on to Irkutsk. There, a precisely similar train was ready for the transference to it of passengers, who found *coupés* bearing the numbers allotted to them on the Vladivostok train. In the new train the passengers proceeded without further change to Moscow.

On this occasion there was an alteration of the normal programme. A troop train filled the ferry. Passengers by the *train de luxe* left their train, crossed on the deck, and found, on the farther side, waiting for them, the corresponding train which had been brought from Irkutsk.

In the neighbourhood of Lake Baïkal we saw Siberian tribesmen evidently from the Far North, clad in furs, although the time was summer and the temperature mild.

Irkutsk is a handsome town, with fine churches and government buildings. The inhabitants have the reputation of being proud of their city, and of feeling the same resentment when their remoteness from the general life of the world is suggested as, for example, the people of St. Louis or Winnipeg. The women dress smartly, more smartly indeed than is customary in the cities of Western United States or Western Canada, at least so I was informed by ardent inhabitants. The population is exclusively Russian, including many Russian Jews and some Germans from the Baltic Provinces of Russia. Like Winnipeg, Irkutsk is a centre of the grain trade. This trade is mostly in the hands of Jews.

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[1] Asiatic Russia, exclusive of the Amur region, contained in 1910 about three hundred and sixty million acres of forest lands, the most valuable of these being in Trans-Baïkalia and Southern Siberia. The Amur region contained about two hundred and eighty million acres of forests.

[2] This vessel was built by Armstrongs on the Tyne, was sent out in pieces, and assembled on the shores of the lake. It is precisely the same size and character as the Canadian Government train ferry between the mainland and Prince Edward Island.

The Siberian traffic, although suffering from the disadvantage of having to be worked upon a single line,[1] was, in 1910, well organised. The trains were extraordinarily punctual. Our train, after its long journey of nine days, arrived in Moscow five minutes late. The railway stations were much more comfortable and commodious than any but important stations upon the American lines. There was always a good restaurant, a bookstall and a plentiful supply of hot water gratuitously, for those who made their own tea in the train—a very usual practice of the traveller by the ordinary Russian train. The *train de luxe*, run by the Compagnie Internationale des Wagons-Lits, in which Belgian and English capital is largely engaged, is fitted up on the *coupé* plan, and is much more comfortable on the whole than the American Pullman. A buffet car is continuously attached to the train. There are stated times for meals, which are excellent; but food and other refreshment can be obtained at any time. The buffet car also serves as a smoking-room, a portion of it being reserved for that purpose, and as a drawing-room. Passengers are not required to leave when they have finished their meal. They can remain in the buffet car from morning till night if they please, playing games, reading, or engaging in conversation. When the time for lunch or dinner arrives, the passengers simply lean back from the tables and the waiters prepare them for the meal. Almost all of the passengers from Kharbin were destined for Moscow, a few additions made their appearance at Irkutsk and elsewhere.

Few Russians travel by the *train de luxe*. They travel as a rule by the ordinary slower train. This train also contains sleeping cars, the first class being nearly as good as the *wagons-lits* of the company, the second and third class not quite so good. Most of our passengers were Englishmen returning from China; there were about half a dozen Japanese. One day a stone came through the window of one of the cars. It was supposed to have been intended as a reminder to the Japanese of the then recent war. Among the Englishmen were

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[1] In 1910 work was proceeding upon a second track, and a large part of the line was already double.

Mr. Wilkinson, a lawyer practising in Hong Kong, Dr. Moorhouse, who practised medicine in Peking, Father Faust, an Irish missionary priest who had served a gun in the siege of the foreign quarter of Tientsin during the Boxer Rebellion, and Colonel O'Leary, of the Irish Rifles, whom I had met at Mukden on my first visit to that city. Colonel O'Leary had been spending his furlough and had tramped over a portion of the Great Wall. The Japanese passengers kept by themselves, and seemed rather shy and nervous on what was their first visit to Russia after the war, in which, no doubt, all of them had been engaged.

Often, as we passed Russian villages, the villagers called to us to throw newspapers from the windows while the train was in motion. They wanted these papers not that they were eager for news, but that they might roll tobacco in them for cigarettes. This I believe was an old habit of political exiles.

There were one hundred and forty thousand political exiles in the country in 1910. I saw some of them, but I had little opportunity of talking with them. By that time the exile system had been much modified, and the hardships, though considerable, were by no means so unendurable as they were when Siberia was very sparsely inhabited and when the exiles were discharged from strict custody to go where they would and live as best they might. They were always, of course, obliged to report themselves from time to time to the local authorities. Such conditions enabled many to escape by traversing Siberia to Manchuria, and making their way to Japan. My friend Volkhovsky managed this adventure successfully, as did many others.

The general aspect of Siberia is very similar to that of the Western Prairies of Canada. The Siberian plain is more undulating, and is more frequently intersected by large rivers, than the Canadian plain. The climate, though extremely severe on the northern tundra, is by no means severe in the south. There are many more wooded regions than are to be found on the Canadian plain, excepting on its eastern and western borders.

The Russian Government had encouraged immigration, especially from the more congested regions of European Russia, and population had been streaming into Siberia during the years succeeding the construction of the Trans-Siberian Railway. The population in 1910 was about ten millions, or two persons per square mile, a population similar in respect to numbers and to density to that of Canada as a whole. There can be no doubt that Siberia could sustain a population vastly greater than that which now inhabits it. The distance from the markets of the world is a serious drawback excepting for those products the prices of which, as determined in these markets, permit of a sufficient charge for carriage to enable them to be transported and at the same time to yield a sufficient inducement to the grower or the exploiter of raw material. Yet Siberia might support a large rural population living a practically self-contained life and, within limits, a large industrial population, without relying upon exports. The natural resources of the country are very great. In 1910 Siberia produced about one million ounces of gold, about three hundred thousand tons of pig iron, and nearly four hundred thousand tons of coal.

Co-operative societies for the purchase of agricultural implements and for the sale of agricultural products, especially creamery butter, as well as for rural credit, had been successfully established. At several points I saw immense numbers of cattle.

Yet owing to the conditions under which the nucleus of the population of Siberia had made its home there—sent as they were by compulsion—there was absent in general the vigorous optimism and determined energy of the immigrant from Europe to the Western States of the United States or to the prairie lands of Western Canada. Many of the Siberians had been compelled to migrate because of their political opinions, and had, for that reason, the intention of escaping from the country if they could, and in any case, slender desire to do what they might to render themselves and the country prosperous. Some of these forced migrants came from industrial towns, and they were filled with hatred towards the Government and their employers. Large numbers of them belonged to one or other of the revolutionary groups.

An Irkutsk friend told me that a Russian mechanic, who had been in the United States, returned to Russia and afterwards went to Siberia. On his arrival at Irkutsk he sought employment in an engineering establishment. There he found his fellow-workmen going about their work in the leisurely manner to which Russian workmen are habituated. The mechanic went to his employer and told him that if he were made foreman he would apply American methods and increase production. The employer was naturally pleased with the idea. In two weeks the workmen bought the new foreman a ticket to Moscow, and told him that they were going to see him off. He submitted and went, knowing very well the consequences of failure to adopt this amiable suggestion.

It must be observed that only adventurous and exploitative employers or representatives of distant capitalists embark on industrial undertakings in regions remote from markets, that large net returns are necessary to induce them to conduct business under unfavourable conditions, and that therefore the relations between them and their workmen are frequently strained. The workmen do not realise the risks of the enterprise. They do not realise that if profits larger than those yielded in more favourably situated regions were not anticipated, there would be no exploitation of the natural resources of the regions in question. Nor do they realise that this condition is not peculiar to capitalist enterprise, but would arise in any form of governmental or even of communal industrialism unless the local enterprises were subsidised by means of revenue from other sources.

An excellent practice for long journeys has been adopted on the Siberian Railway. The train stops for ten minutes every two hours. In this interval the passengers may take the air on the platform; and in it the engine is changed. Sometimes the train is propelled by means of coal, sometimes by wood and sometimes by petroleum, whichever fuel is most readily available, different types of locomotives being used for each fuel.

For about a hundred miles west of Irkutsk the land in the neighbourhood of the railway is flat and poor, covered with poplar and other small trees of little economic value. Then begins a long stretch of fine pasture land with numerous cattle, followed by wheat, buckwheat and miscellaneous crops. Sometimes the fields were clean and well cultivated, but often they were very weedy. This condition is usual in Siberia. Many insect pests have been spread over the world in consequence of careless Siberian cultivation. Between Irkutsk and Krasnoyarsk there were long stretches of uncultivated prairie or steppe, with occasionally a large village, where cattle ranching was carried on. I noticed at one village two herds, each of four or five hundred head.

At Krasnoyarsk the line crosses the River Yenesei. This large river, which flows into the Arctic Sea, is navigable for about four hundred miles above Krasnoyarsk. Numerous large steamers were plying upon it. I met an English engineer, who was engaged in gold mining in the mountains which form the boundary of Siberia and Mongolia, in the region of the upper waters of the Yenesei. He had just come down the river from his mine.

After the close of the Japanese War, Krasnoyarsk became an important military depot. It is nearly equidistant from Vladivostok and Moscow, and its stores were therefore available for transit to the East or the West. Between Krasnoyarsk and Moscow frequent trains passed us, carrying on open trucks artillery, which seemed to be from Krupp's, or of the type of Krupp's guns.

From an agricultural point of view the most highly developed region is that of Omsk. Immense numbers of cattle were to be seen in pleasantly wooded and park-like lands. At Omsk co-operative societies for purchase, sale and credit were more numerous and successful than elsewhere. There were occasional large ranches with good brick farmhouses. Omsk is in the very heart of the richest part of the Siberian steppe, extending from Tomsk to the Ural Mountains.

The Ural Mountains are really low hills. The rise from the Siberian side is so gradual that it is scarcely perceptible. The Siberian sides of the Urals are covered with poplars, which do not attain any considerable size. The Russian official frontier between Europe and Asia is marked by a stone column, *Asia* being incised on one side and *Europe* on the other; but in fact the geographical boundary between the two continents is not decisively marked by nature.

There is much to be said for the view that the land area comprised in Asia and Europe may properly be divided into three continents instead of two; Europe being bounded on the east by the Carpathians, and Asia on the north by the Caucasus, the Elburz in northern Persia, the mountains of Afghanistan and the numerous ranges that extend along the northern frontier of Mongolia from the Tien Shan to the Yablonoy and Stanovoy Mountains. Russia in Europe, including the Polish plain, and Siberia with the Khirgiz Steppe and the northern tundra eastwards to the Yablonoy and Stanovoy Mountains, really comprises a third continental area, separated from the other two by mountain ranges. From the point of view of human geography, the people of the Russian area are distinct from those of the other two Euro-Asiatic continents. The Russians, including the Slavs and numerous allied races, are not Europeans and are not Asiatics—they are *sui generis*.

When it crosses the Urals, the Trans-Siberian Railway ends and connects with the European-Russian railway system. The first important Russian town is Cheliabinsk, in the north of the government of Orenburg, which in the eighteenth century was the centre of Pugachev's rebellion, the region of the Cossacks of the Ural, among whom the rebellion originated, lying between Orenburg and the Caspian. Remoteness of the region, on the very outskirts of Russia, difficulties of communication, and aid given to mutinous Cossacks and revolting peasants by Bashkirs, together with pre-occupation of the Government (of Katherine II.) in the Turkish War, enabled the rebellion to acquire a powerful impetus, which almost led it to Moscow.[1]

Westwards from Orenburg are the governments of Ufa and Samara. Here we traversed the limitless steppe—flat, vast and dreary. The monotony of the steppe accounts for much in the Russian character, for its religiosity in presence of the apparent infinity of the steppe, for its endurance through toilsome travel over it, for its indifference to concrete realities and definite approaches. The steppe is pathless, save for what are called, in Canada and the United States, prairie trails, and for the tall posts erected in some parts to mark the trail when, in the winter, the steppe is covered with snow. The steppe may even account, in some measure, for the sudden collapse, through nervous strain, which the Russian mind frequently experiences, and experiences sometimes at tragic historical moments. The Russian sees himself as a mere speck under the infinite dome of the sky; all is clear but his own horizon, and he despairs.

Villages and towns on the steppe are widely separated and there are no intervening houses. Once while driving in the eastern part of South Russia, I noticed a solitary house by the wayside. I asked my driver, "Who lives there?" "A very bad fellow," he said. "He cannot get on with anybody and nobody can get on with him, so he lives alone."

The most prominent objects in a village are the windmills. They are not large and high as in Holland, partly because their owners are poor, and partly because the steppe winds turn their sails, low or high. For the steppes are swept by strong winds, hot and dry from Asia in the summer time and cold and moist from the west in the winter. So uninterrupted by changes in elevation is the steppe, that sudden changes in the weather are rare. Changes in temperature are softened by the vastness of the distance over which the movements travel. It may be, as Kluchevsky[2] says, that the hot winds from Asia produce an injurious effect upon South-Eastern Russian soil as well as upon the people, and that the prevailing westerly winds in the north of Russia produce a beneficial effect. He notices this aerial struggle between Europe and Asia, and points out its association with the historical moral and physical conflicts between the continents in which the Russians have been as it were between two forces.

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[1] Until the Bolshevist Revolution, a movement which in some respects that of Pugachev resembled, there had been no such widespread popular rising. Even the Bolsheviks did not put an army in the field until they held the reins of government. Pugachev carried on a campaign for a year and a half. Although Pugachev led a Cossack-peasant revolt, he pretended to be the Czar Peter III., about whose death there had been some mystery. It seems that a monument has recently been erected to Pugachev in Moscow.

[2] Kluchevsky, *Course of Russian History* (Moscow, 1908), vol. i. pp. 49–50. (The lecture in which the passage occurs has been omitted from Mr. Hogarth's excellent translation.)

At Samara, by a great bridge over the Volga, which has played so large a part in Russian history, we really pass into the heart of Russia. To the north, the right or western bank of the Volga is high. We have already seen it at Nijni-Novgorod.[1] Throughout the long course of the river the left bank is low. Here at Samara the steppe extends on all sides. Towards the south, as the Volga finds its way to the Caspian, the land level becomes lower, so low that the region north of that sea forms the largest area of low-lying land on the globe.

Westwards from Samara we pass into the most fertile region of the Russian plain—the Chernozoïm, or Black Soil. This alluvial deposit, like the floor of Lake Agassiz in Manitoba, has been among the richest natural soils in the world—rich, that is, in natural food for cereals. Here, for at least three hundred years, population has been concentrated, both by invitation of nature and compulsion of governments and landowners. That he might cultivate the Black Soil, the peasant was reduced to bondage and was compelled to abandon his migratory habits. Fixed as he was to the soil, he nevertheless learned to love it with peculiar passionate attachment. His imagination endowed it with personality, and the imagination of his pagan ancestors had endowed with personality almost every animate or inanimate thing. The soil became for the peasant a beneficent diety. It gave him shelter as well as food, for he could dig himself into it, as he often did, and make a dwelling for himself in its bosom. Upon it he grew flax or he raised sheep and cattle, which gave him clothing as well as food. It furnished him with all his material needs, and therefore he worshipped it. Russian literature is full of peasant glorification of the soil, as is no other literature. I have elsewhere quoted a passage by Peter Verēgin, the leader of the Doukhobors in Canada, written in a petition to the Canadian Government. This passage expresses with singular quaintness and beauty the attitude of the Russian peasant to his mother Earth.

"The Earth is God's creation, created for the benefit of the human race, and for all that live on it. The Earth is our common mother, who feeds us, protects us, rejoices us with love from the moment of our birth until we go to take our eternal rest in her maternal bosom." [2]

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[1] *Cf.* p. 65.

[2] *Petition to the Minister of the Interior and all People of Canada from the Christian Community of the Universal Brotherhood of the Doukhobors in Canada.* 7th March, 1907.

This liturgical form of phrase illustrates the persistence in the peasant mind of pre-Christian ideas and the mingling of these with an expression of devotion.

It is the beginning of the second week in August and the harvest of this latitude is finished. As is customary, the grain is brought, as soon as it has dried in the fields, to the villages, where it is built into stacks, thatched to prevent injury from rain. From these stacks it is taken to be threshed, sometimes by primitive methods and sometimes by the most modern machinery. This year (1910) the harvest was above the average in Central Russia, and cut grain was piled so high in stacks that, standing as it did in house yards, close by peasant *izbas*, it overshadowed the villages so completely that from a little distance no houses could be seen.[1]

Nature is not invariably so bountiful; but in the Black Soil there is always a better crop than elsewhere. Yet this rich region is wearing out. Continuous cropping without adequate fallowing, rotation or fertilisation has resulted, as such treatment must always result, in declining fertility. Prince Kropotkin told me that on some estates, inherited by him from his mother, in the government of Tambov, the soil had been continuously cropped without adequate fertilisation for eighty years, and that then (viz., about 1900) the yield had fallen to twenty-five per cent. of that of fifty years earlier.[2]

During harvest time, large numbers of peasants, both men and women, resume the migratory habits of their nomadic ancestors before peasant bondage bound them to a particular soil. They travel southwards in the summer and are employed in harvesting in those regions where the genial climate produces an early harvest, and travel northwards as the season advances and as the later crops become ready for harvesting. At the period of which I am writing about a million peasants made these annual harvesting pilgrimages.[3]

I have, in a previous chapter, noticed the extraordinary fecundity of the Chinese people. The Slav is not less fecund than the Chinese, nor is the Slavic race less absorptive of other races. The modern Russian is probably predominantly of Slavic origin, although there are large Scandinavian, German, Tartar, Finnish, and other elements, which have been absorbed into the Slavic mass. The Slav is by no means confined to Russia; he is to be found in Austria-Hungary, all over the Balkan peninsula, and along the shores of the Baltic. The extent to which, in remote ages, he penetrated even to Western Europe is as yet obscure.

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[1] In this very region the people are now starving (November 1922).

[2] It is not improbable that the decline in yield due to inferior cultivation has continued, and that at the present time (1922) this decline, facilitated by the political and general economic situation of Russia, rather than any temporary or seasonal fluctuation, has brought about local famine. The scarcity has been more widespread than it was in former famine years, because formerly many proprietors held reserves of grain for use in deficient seasons. During the revolutionary movements, reserves were ruthlessly destroyed. The recovery of exhausted lands on the scale of Russia is a staggering problem. It is doubtful if solution of it is possible without enormous sacrifice of life.

[3] This practice of temporary migration for harvesting is not peculiar to Russia. Italian *contadini* go in great numbers from the north of Italy to the south of France, and Canadian farm labourers go to the North-West for the harvest.

The population of Russia has increased at a rate at least as great as that of any other country, and the increase has not been promoted by immigration; it has been wholly natural. There has, during the past fifty years, been a not inconsiderable migration from Russia. The first census of Russia was taken in 1722. At that date the population was 14,000,000; in 1796 it was 36,000,000; in 1835, 60,000,000; in 1859, 74,000,000; in 1897, 130,000,000;[1] and in 1914, 178,000,000.[2] It is impossible to form a reliable estimate of the population of Russia at the present time. Assuming that in the case of each census the same areas were included—an assumption not absolutely but approximately justified—the period of two hundred years which have elapsed since 1722 has witnessed the doubling of the Russian population during each of the earlier three fifty-year periods, and the approximate doubling of it during the fourth fifty-year period. At the present time the Slavic groups comprise forty-five per cent. of the total population of Continental Europe. What proportion will they comprise fifty years hence?

The Russian problem cannot be understood without taking into account the rapidity of the growth in numbers of the Russian people. If all Russians were peasants living a self-contained life upon their own farms, if there were immense reserves of land in Russia for the present and coming generations, and if the crops were annually adequate for their maintenance, interest in the numbers of Russian people, whatever the numbers, might for a long time be purely academic. Want of land was ascribed to the system of landholding; but at the present time there can be no question of that kind. Whether the land seized by the peasants has been economically distributed among them is doubtful. However that may be, the saturation point, or the point when, under the most favourable conditions, the land is supporting its full possible quota, must one day arrive. Up till 1914, the peasants formed rather less than one-half of the total population. Probably at the present time, owing to the collapse of urban industry, the peasantry, including artisans who have abandoned the towns, may form more than one-half of the population. If the peasants were as proficient in agriculture as the Chinese or the Japanese, the evil day of famine might be postponed. They are not proficient, but, on the contrary, relatively unproductive, and famine is upon them. This is the Russian problem. The problem which Malthus put with vivid force. Unless the hare can be put to sleep the tortoise can never overtake it. Still less is a drowsy tortoise likely to overtake the hare.

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[1] The preceding figures are from Brockhaus and Ephron's *Encyclopædia*, art. "Russia." St. Petersburg, 1900.

[2] *Statesman's Year Book*, 1920, p. 1197.

When I arrived at Moscow, I found the air unusually chilly for August, or perhaps only the "sensible temperature" disturbed me, for I had come from midsummer heat in China. At all events I was glad to accept an invitation to go with my friend V. V. Svyatlovsky of St. Petersburg to stay with him at Yalta in the Crimea. The evening following my arrival from the East I joined Svyatlovsky, who came on from St. Petersburg, and with him journeyed south to Sevastopol. From that famous fortress, of which more hereafter, we motored to Yalta. There are many enjoyable drives in Europe, but few disclose more beautiful scenery than that upon which we entered.

We drove past the Malakov and the Redan, and across the valley into which the horsemen of the Light Brigade galloped on the day of Balaclava, and we saw the white houses of the village nestling under the hill at the entrance to the bay. Then we climbed up the long slope on the eastern side of the valley until we came to the top, the Phoros Pass. The road is spanned by an archway—the Baidar Gate—through which from beneath we saw nothing but the sky. We passed through it, and at that moment we had at our feet the Euxine and on our left the long line of the south coast of the Crimea, with its ruins of former civilisations, its vineyards, its modern palaces and villas, its numerous towns, its mosques and churches, its jagged mountains and its volcanic *débris*. There are few more dramatic surprises. Then began the long zig-zag descent, over a magnificent road, whose sharp turns were taken with consummate skill by our Tartar driver. We passed a Tartar village (Kikineis) and came to Limèna. This was from remote times a fortress. If the Tartar name of the place (Khazar) is traditional, it probably means that it was a stronghold of the Khazars, who in the eighth and ninth centuries carried on a huge middleman trade between the Baltic and Arabia, and who for the purposes of that trade secured military control of the Volga and Dnieper valleys, and of the whole of the region between these. The chief fortress of the Khazarian commercial empire was Itil on the Lower Volga; but the Khazars had other strongholds elsewhere, and they frequently mingled in the conflicts of the Byzantine Empire in the Crimea. When what is known as the arming of the cities took place, the Russian city-republics (Novgorod, Pskov, Kiev, etc.) succeeded in throwing off the dominion of the Khazars, who thereafter declined. The Genoese fell heirs to some part of the trade previously in the hands of the Khazars, and they also built castles on the Black Sea for the protection of their commercial routes. Remains of Genoese fortifications are to be seen at Limèna. From this point we passed to Alupka, of which more hereafter. Behind Alupka rises the jagged height of Ai Petri (St. Peter). The whole region offers evidence of violent volcanic action. Great masses of rock have been torn from the sides of the mountains, and hurled on the narrow margin between them and the sea, or have been thrown into the sea, where they stand as small detached islets.

The margin between the bases of the mountains and the sea is nowhere wide, but everywhere is cultivated in vineyards and olive gardens. The climate of the south coast of the Crimea is almost tropical. Sheltered beneath the heights of the Ai Petri range from northerly winds, and by the remoter Caucasus from the hot winds of Asia, the climate is singularly equable. We pass rapidly through the vineyards of Livadia and reach Yalta, the capital of the region. Yalta is a large town, occupied entirely with Russians and a few foreign visitors, who go there for the baths. The native population is of mixed origins. The small shopkeepers are usually Armenians; the guides, of whom there are a great number, are all Tartars; and there are in the general population traces of the numerous races that in former ages conquered or occupied the Crimea. Some have Greek blood, derived from the Greek settlers to whom land grants were given after the Treaty of Kutchuk-Kainardji, or from the earlier Greek colonists of the period of seven hundred years (from the fifth century B.C. to the third century A.D.) during which the Greeks held their colonial empire round the shores of the Black Sea. There were Greek colonies all along the south coast of the Crimea from Chersonesos, near Sevastopol, to Panticopæum, the modern Kertch, at the entrance to the Sea of Azov. Panticopæum, or Bosporus, was the capital of the kingdom of Bosporus, which included the whole of the Crimea excepting the free city-state of Chersonesos. Important evidences of Greek occupation are found at Chersonesos and at Panticopæum, and at both places large numbers of objects of Greek art have been discovered in recent times. There were also Genoese strains, descending from the Genoese traders, soldiers and sailors of the fourteenth century, and Turkish strains from the Turkish inhabitants of the Crimea, until the annexation, in 1783, of the peninsula to Russia.

The aboriginal inhabitants of the peninsula were probably the people known as the Tauri, but of these, as well as of the Scythians, there are no certain traces remaining. Nor are there any of the Huns or of the Tetraxite Goths, who both occupied parts of the Crimea.

Besides the Russians there is a large Tartar population. The Tartar men are handsome and indolent, good riders, and generally of powerful physique. They regard labour as undignified and as the proper function of women. In this respect the Crimean Tartars differ from Tartars elsewhere in Russia. Those of Kazan, for example, are industrious people.

In Yalta there were, in 1910, two palaces occupied by the Emir of Bokhara, who lived there in the enjoyment of a handsome allowance from the Russian Government, on condition that he should not interfere with the administration of his country.

Yalta is a favourite health resort of Russians, who go there at all seasons of the year. Society is thus generally agreeable, and sometimes distinguished.[1]

We drove one day in a carriage, in a leisurely fashion, along the coast to Gurzuf, passing Nikita, where there is a botanical garden maintained by the Government. Here there is an extraordinary collection of vines—some three hundred varieties. The wine of the Crimea, though produced from vines cultivated by French and German vine-dressers, is not popular among Russian connoisseurs, who prefer the wines of France. I found the Crimean wine rather like Californian than Bordeaux, but wholesome and palatable.

Gurzuf is situated in a small bay at the end of the valley, which was anciently called Gorzubita. Gurzuf is a palimpsest—one record beneath another. Underlying the Genoese castle of the fifteenth centuries, there lies the Byzantine castle of Justinian, and beneath there are massive walls of a much more antique structure. Dubois, a French archæologist,[2] attributes the last to the Tauri or Tauro-Scythians. Throughout the Crimea there are ancient buildings, dolmens and other structures similar to those of Brittany, Great

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[1] During the revolution many Russian families sought refuge in Yalta, until the Crimea was taken by the Bolsheviks. The refugees had to fly to Constantinople and elsewhere.

[2] Quoted in Murray's *Guide to Russia*. London, 1893.

Britain and the Orkneys, whose date no one knows; but they were probably old before the Tauri or the Scythians existed. If fragments of the Gurzuf walls belong to the category of Cyclopean architecture, they are likely to have been of the same date as the fragments of similar construction elsewhere in the Crimea. The Tauri may have altered what they found or built additions. There is a small mosque at Gurzuf with a minaret, from which the *muezzin* calls.

Another day we drove to Alupka, passing through the vineyards of Livadia, and by the great and small palaces where, from 1861, the Imperial family used to spend a portion of each year. The *Livadia* [1] was built on the Clyde as an Imperial yacht for service on the Black Sea, as a pleasure boat for this palace. There was no disorder, but at Livadia, as on other estates where vines were growing, sentry-boxes, elevated in the midst of the vines, were occupied by armed keepers for the terror of evil-doers. The architecture of the buildings is pure Byzantine in the church, modified Byzantine in the great palace, and Oriental in the small palace.

The most conspicuous features of the landscape are the pinnacles of Ai Petri and the promontory of Ai Thodor, which juts in a curved line into the sea. At Alupka is the palace of Prince Voronzov. This amazing building was designed by Sir Matthew Blore. In spite of its magnitude it is an absurdity. The architecture, Tudor and Moorish, has no relation to the site or to the historical associations of the region. As a house it was gaunt and dreary and contained no evidence of occupation by cultivated inhabitants. The stone used in the building was obtained from a crater immediately behind the house. There is in the grounds a small garden and the so-called *Chaos*, consisting of masses of rock tumbled from the mountain in some violent eruption. The palace is, as it were, squeezed between the foot of Ai Petri and the sea.

The Black Sea is not invariably favourable for excursions in small vessels; but one fine day we had a pleasant sail on a yacht belonging to a Russian friend, and on another we went in a small steamer to Succ-su, a village on the slope of the mountains and resting on the sea at a point where there is an extremely slender margin.

On another day we went to Alushta. This Tartar village has a Byzantine origin, for here Justinian built the fortress of Alustum. This fortress, as well as others on the Crimean shore, was built by Justinian not so much against invasion from without the Byzantine Empire as against the unreliable elements within. Some of the barbarians who entered the frontiers of Byzantium or found their territories embraced by it accepted their fate calmly, and some did not.

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[1] *Cf.* p. 374.

Near Yalta is the ruin of the palace of Orianda, built by the Tsar Nicholas I. and destroyed by fire in 1881. This palace was of Greek design. It lay close to the sea; some of its columns remain. There exists a curious legend to the effect that the Grand Duke Constantine, into whose hands Orianda fell after the death of Nicholas I., was sympathetic with the revolutionary movement of the Narodnaya Volya, or People's Will Party (1879–1883), and that he permitted the revolutionists to use the vaults of the palace for the storage of explosives. Either by accident or by the design of the Political Police, the munitions exploded, shattering and setting fire to the palace. An alternative legend is to the effect that, without the knowledge of the Grand Duke, the vaults were used by revolutionaries for storing purposes, and that the Political Police became aware of this and blew them up.

We returned to Sevastopol by steamer from Yalta. In the harbour of Sevastopol I recognised at once, from its peculiar saucer-like form, the Imperial yacht *Livadia*, on board of which I had been in Glasgow in 1879 while she was being built. The luxurious fittings had been torn out and the pleasure yacht of the Emperor had been degraded to use as a coal hulk. The harbour is extensive and well protected against attack from the sea by the narrowness of its entrance and by forts. We drove to the Malakov and found the French and English trenches close up under the walls of the fort.

The scene of the siege has not been altered. Sevastopol had grown in sixty years, but it had not reached the outer fortifications of the middle of last century. Coming, as I did, almost directly from the scene of a then recent siege, I was irresistibly compelled to make a comparison between Port Arthur and Sevastopol. Like Port Arthur, Sevastopol was invulnerable from the sea. Both fortresses could only be taken by a land campaign. Dairen and Balaclava were in similar positions relative to the fortress. Dairen was already a commercial port equipped with means for the debarkation of troops. Balaclava was a small Greek village. The British had to build wharves and to render it otherwise suitable for use as a base. The Russo-Japanese campaign as a whole extended over an immense area. At Mukden the opposing lines were about a hundred miles long. The actual investment of Port Arthur involved only a line of about six miles. At Sevastopol, including Inkerman and Alma, the lines were much longer and the invested area much larger than the Port Arthur area.

The artillery of the later siege was immensely more powerful than that of the earlier.

Inkerman is most conveniently reached by small boat, for it lies near the source of a stream which discharges into Sevastopol harbour. Inkerman is a Tartar word meaning "cave castle." It is well named, for the abrupt precipice through which the stream (the Chernaya) flows is honeycombed with caves. These may originally have been natural orifices in the limestone, but they have been amplified and shaped by art. They are usually attributed to the Tauri; but like many other memorials of the past in the Tauric peninsula, they have every appearance of being prehistoric. They resemble the caverns of Brittany and Kent, and they have a still closer resemblance to those on the Eden near Carlisle, which are also in a cliff on the river bank. The caverns of Inkerman have been much altered by quarrying stone from them for buildings in Sevastopol; but there remains a fine series of caves, which for long has been used as a church with subsidiary ecclesiastical dwellings. These latter have stone benches and a central fireplace or oven.

The most interesting antiquity near Sevastopol is Chersonesos,[1] the remains of the Greek city of that name. The ruins of Chersonesos or Cherson were excavated some years ago by the Russian Government. The remaining walls are only about five feet high; but there are many streets, and the worn steps leading to the water may still be seen. Either the city was connected with the sea by means of a canal with at least one lock, or the land level has risen since the seventh century, for the present level of the water in the harbour (there is no tide) is several feet lower than the apparent water front of the ruins.

Cherson is one of the most interesting examples of the free city-state occupied by a mixed population and engaging in commerce. The population of Cherson was chiefly Greek; but the relations of the city with the Khazars were so intimate that there must have been some representatives of the Khazarian people more or less continuously resident. Cherson was well fortified, and was able to resist successfully many attacks upon its independence, not only by the Goths, who had possessed themselves of a part of the Crimean peninsula and who were immediate neighbours, but even by the forces of the Byzantine Empire. Long after the other Greek colonies and Greece herself had lost their freedom, and even after the cultivated farms of the Crimea, which in one season sent through Panticopæum two million bushels of wheat to Athens, had been turned by the Goths into pastures for their cattle, the city of Cherson was still free and prosperous, importing wheat, oil and wine from the Roman provinces. Finlay, one of the best of economic historians because, with competent scholarship, he brought to his studies a knowledge of the practice of business, attributes the success of the Chersonese to their regard for the rights of property and to their system of taxation. Unlike the Roman Empire, which exhausted its subjects by excessive demands of tax-gatherers, the government of Cherson observed the sound canon of taxation, which requires that as little as possible should be taken from the pockets of the people. Finlay is also of opinion that the example of Cherson becoming known to Greek travellers had much to do with fostering the state of mind which made the separation of the Eastern from the Western Empire imperative and led to the independence of the Greek nation.[1]

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[1] Called Cherson by the Romans in the third century. Now called Khersonesus by the Russians, to distinguish it from the modern Russian town of Kherson.

A small but very interesting museum has been built adjoining the ruins of Cherson, in which have been placed exclusively objects found while the excavations were being made. There are many large Roman amphora, showing that wine had been brought from Italy, Greek vessels of terra-cotta, and some fine Greek gold jewellery.

Near the excavations of the ancient city is the modern Cathedral of the Mother of God, built in 1861 to mark the site of the cathedral erected by Vladimir the Holy in commemoration of his mass conversion of the Russian people from Paganism to Christianity in the end of the tenth century. The story of this mass conversion is a mere legend. There is no reliable contemporary account; it rests solely upon tradition. A portion of the church erected by Vladimir is enclosed in the walls of the modern building, and a portion remains outside of these walls.

From Sevastopol, accompanied by Svyatlovsky, I went to the ancient city of Kiev on the Dnieper. Kiev is the mother-city of Russia, for here it was, if the Kiev Chronicle tells truly, that three brothers, the eldest of whom was Ki, the senior of his *gens* and therefore a prince, came, and on the precipitous left bank of the Dnieper built and fortified his houseyard and thus founded the city which bears his name. Like Cherson, Kiev became a free city-state, and, like Cherson, its prosperity was built on commerce. It traded in the forest products of the Dnieper valley and in the manufactured products of Greece, brought to it by Greek traders. Kiev lay upon the great trade route, which it aided in developing. As becomes the most sacred of Russian holy places, Kiev is a city of cathedrals, churches, monasteries and burial-places of saints and patriots. For the Orthodox Church and the nation have been indissociably united since the nation became consolidated.

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[1] Finlay, George, *Greece under the Romans* (London, 1844), ch. ii.

The city is divided into three quarters—the Ancient City, the Pecherskoi, or fort, which contains the Pecherskoi Lavra or monastery, the most sacred in Russia, and the Podol or plain. The two first mentioned are situated on the high right bank of the Dnieper. The gardens of the Pecherskoi quarter overlook the river. In the precipitous limestone are the Catacombs of St. Anthony and of St. Theodosius, the first Abbots of the Pecherskoi Lavra. The catacombs appear to have the property of preserving the human body from the usual process of decay.[1] The bodies are exposed in open coffins placed in niches in the walls of the galleries. Visitors supply themselves with tallow tapers, and by this dim light penetrate the galleries, which contain the tombs. Close examination is not possible. It may be that the natural properties of the atmosphere of the tombs are aided by artifice. There are about one hundred and twenty tombs; some of them have been closed.

The excavations at Kiev, unlike those at Inkerman, have obviously been made for the purpose for which they are at present used. They do not bear the marks of prehistoric construction by cave-dwellers. Yet men have lived in them. St. Anthony, after whom one of the series of catacombs is named, lived in them in an underground cell for fifteen years, and eleven monks practised the most severe abstinence in a similar cell, voluntarily imprisoning themselves.

Asceticism of an extreme order has had an occasional vogue in Russia; but in 1910 it was, so far as I saw, not in fashion. The only cases of the practice which came under my observation were in tombs.

This practice of exposing the antique dead is not pleasant, yet it was interesting to look upon the shrunken features of "people who were of importance in their day." The body of Nestor, the editor of the *Annals of Kiev* and the father of Russian history, is said to lie in one of these alcoves, but I am not certain that I distinguished it from the others.

The Pecherskoi Lavra, of which the catacombs form a part, is a large enclosure containing the Cathedral of the Ascension and several monastic buildings. In the yard, near the gate, there were forty or fifty beggars, some of them, no doubt, pilgrims. These were all huddled together under the shade of a wall, waiting for the offerings of the devout. In Russia, to refrain from giving alms to a beggar, especially if he were a pilgrim, was held to be both unlucky and sinful. A Russian professor of political economy, a native of Kiev, but occupying a chair in a Polish University, accompanied my friend Svyatlovsky and myself on our visit to the monastery. When we entered the gate, he called one of the beggars to him, and gave him a sufficient sum to provide each of his company with a benefaction. The pilgrim in Russia is partly a survival of nomadic habit, and partly the outcome of the idealism inherent in the national character. Some pilgrims wander from *lavra* to *lavra*, subsisting altogether upon the charity of the pious; others are normally industrious people, who make a pilgrimage once, periodically or occasionally, and return to their villages to resume their ordinary avocations. The pilgrims—men and women—often walk immense distances without impedimenta, or travel by the usual modes of conveyance, carrying bundles of belongings.

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[1] A similar case is the crypt of St. Meighen's Church in Dublin, vol. i. p. 292.

Although the *lavra* at Kiev is the most sacred, it is not the most impressive in architecture or in the magnificence of its ecclesiastical art. The streets of Old Kiev are quaint and narrow, but the modern town contains some buildings in which *l'art nouveau* has run riot. I visited a friend in an apartment in a house of this sort. The pilasters which practically formed the exterior were embellished with gigantic marine monsters executed in cement. These figures, dolphins and the like, were extended over the pilasters from the roof almost to the pavement. The interior of the apartment was composed of large and well-proportioned chambers scantily furnished, as is frequently the case in Russian houses, giving ample space for moving about.

At Kiev I made acquaintance with genuine *borsch*, the famous Little Russian broth, made from vegetables and crowned with *koumiss* or mare's milk. The broth was so rich that a small portion of it sufficed for a meal. The Little Russians are great eaters. Their *zakuska*, or side table, was more elaborate than any other, and they were accustomed to prolong the meal, especially dinner, almost beyond reason.

We embarked upon a small river steamer for Chernigov. As we entered the Desna, one of the tributaries of the Dnieper, the great central plain surrounded us on every side, the banks of the river being higher than the surrounding country, as in Holland. In the evening we passed a fisherman pursuing his calling in a dug-out canoe, evidently a very old one. The monastery had taken us back to the dead of the Middle Ages; and here, alive, was a mediæval fisherman in a craft whose type was old when the Middle Ages began.

With such craft did the earliest trading adventurers paddle up the Dnieper and its tributary streams to Lake Ilmen, and from its waters they dragged their boats to navigable reaches of the Vistula and so gained the Baltic. There was no other craft on the Desna when we passed.

Like Kiev, Chernigov was ravaged by the Tartars in the thirteenth century, and, like Kiev, the town remained desolate for three hundred years. Dispersal of the Russians by the Tartars and fierce conflicts in which they had to engage with surrounding enemies against whom they were driven, made the deepest impression upon the Russian spirit. This dispersal rather than subsequent bondage and oppression accounts for the gloom which characterises the Russian mind. This gloom fills especially the Ukrainian folk-songs and the Ukrainian music.

At Chernigov I made the acquaintance of several proprietors and visited many estates of different types. One of these was the estate of Mr. Glyebov, a member of the Council of State and a wealthy gentleman, who customarily spent the winter abroad—in the Italian Riviera or elsewhere. Madame Glyebov was also wealthy in her own right, having estates in South Russia. They were very cultivated and charming people. Their manor-house was a Tudor modern building, and was furnished and maintained like an English country house. The rooms were spacious and well proportioned. The furniture had been collected with taste and care. Much of it had been brought from Italy. The servants were well trained. The table was rather French than Russian. There was a tennis court in the park. Altogether the establishment was the most luxurious of any of the country houses in Russia which I have visited, and the least characteristic of Russia. Families of great wealth were numerous, but not all of them cared to live after the manner of Western Europe. Some of them did, and the description I have given of Mr. Glyebov's house may serve as an example of a certain type.

Mr. Glyebov spent some part of the year in St. Petersburg, partly on account of his official position and partly in order to enjoy the society of the capital. He therefore did not manage his estate himself. He contracted with a Jewish factor to manage it for him. I drove over a good part of it with Mr. Glyebov and also otherwise, and I found that the estate was being well cultivated. The peasants upon it appeared to be prosperous. The soil was good. On the whole, the impression derived from an examination of the estate was decidedly favourable. I spoke of Mr. Glyebov to some of the smaller proprietors and I heard nothing but good of him, although some of them did not like his confiding the management of his estate to a Jew.

From Mr. Glyebov's I went to the house of a proprietor of a different type. The estate was in the immediate neighbourhood, and yet estate and house were wholly different from the other.

The second estate was smaller than Mr. Glyebov's. It was managed by the proprietor himself, a hearty squire of about fifty years of age. The manor-house was built in the Classical style commonly adopted in Russia from about the beginning of the nineteenth century. There was a portico with stout columns. The house had a solid and tranquil air. The reception rooms were spacious and furnished only with one or two large pieces. In one room there was a cabinet of a type common in Dutch houses, with two plain doors, a plain cornice and two somewhat disproportionately large wooden spheres by way of feet. A long table and two or three chairs completed the furniture of this room. There were no pictures on the walls; the floor of oak or other hardwood was without carpet or rug. The room measured about forty feet by twenty-two; the ceiling was about twelve and a half feet high. Other adjoining rooms were somewhat similarly furnished.

Such a house was of a very usual type of manor-house in Little Russia from the beginning of the nineteenth century until the Revolution. The proprietors were competent farmers in an old-fashioned way. Their relations with the peasants upon their estates were, on the whole, friendly but not familiar. They were punctual in the discharge of the duties of their class—the class of middle proprietors whose estates were not so large as some and larger than the petty holdings of the peasants.

From Chernigov I went to Kharkov. Through a friend of Svyatlovsky's I at once made the acquaintance of the President of the Zemstvo. Kharkov, at that time in the midst of an epidemic of cholera, was the centre of an extremely prosperous region. The Zemstvo authorities had taken great pains in encouraging the growth of sugar beets. Beet cultivation was especially suitable for those parts of Russia where soil and climatic conditions are favourable, because everywhere abundance of labour was obtainable for the making of irrigation ditches for cultivation, and for the sugar factories. Under the auspices of the Zemstvo, these factories had been established at all suitable places in the government. Their operations were conducted under the guidance of competent agronomists, engineers and chemists employed by the Zemstvo and placed at the disposal of growers and factories. In 1910 about seven million *dessiatines* were under cultivation in sugar beet and twenty-eight factories were employed in the manufacture of sugar. I drove to several estates in the neighbourhood of Kharkov. On one of these estates the energetic proprietor told me that a few years earlier he had been much disturbed by the fact that the peasants in his village had nothing to do in the winter excepting to take care of their animals. This service did not occupy their time, and, as a consequence, they fell into idle habits in the winter months, and had difficulty in shaking these habits off when the summer came. The proprietor determined to employ them in some industry as well as in agriculture, in order that they might be occupied in useful and profitable labour during the whole year. He therefore established a brewery on the estate for brewing light beer, which was in demand in Kharkov. This experiment had been successful, and his peasants were much better off than they had been before. The narrative of this experiment reminded me of the spasmodic attempts of Russian landed proprietors, both before and after emancipation, to establish industries in which their peasants might be utilised. These attempts had sometimes succeeded, as in this case, through the aptitude and intelligence of the proprietor. Often they had failed; in general because enthusiasm and practical sense in management do not always go together.

On the way back to Kharkov during the drive of about thirty-five miles I asked my driver, "Did they treat you properly at the big house?" "Oh, yes!" "Did they give you anything to drink?" "Oh, yes! They always treat you well there." "Do you mind telling me how much you had?" "Oh, no!" "Had you five glasses of beer?" "Oh, yes!" "Had you ten glasses?" "Oh, yes!" "Had you twenty glasses?" "Oh, yes!" "Had you twenty-five?" "No! Oh, no! only twenty-four." He had probably lost count; yet he made no mistake in driving and landed me safely.

The President of the Zemstvo took me to an estate where the grain was used for making *vodka* under the monopoly of the Imperial Government. The estate was large and well cultivated. As in many other parts of Russia, peasant strips of land intruded into the proprietor's lands, so that in walking across an "open field," strips under peasant cultivation and strips under proprietor's cultivation (the latter, of course, being also cultivated by peasants, but under the direction of the proprietor or his manager) were traversed alternately. Frequently these bore the same kind of crop. It was always easy to recognise the peasant strips. Invariably the cultivation was inferior to that of the proprietor's strips. The peasant's land belonged to him indefeasibly. He was not holding it on lease. He had every inducement to get as much out of it as he could; and he got less out of his land than the proprietor got out of his, in spite of the fact that the same peasant, or another precisely like him, performed the actual cultivation. The explanation may be found in the suggestion of Prince Khilkov, mentioned in a previous chapter: "When peasants are not guided, they are like a queenless hive." The Russian peasant likes to be let alone; but when he is let alone he often presents a more difficult problem to conscientious people than he presents when he grumbles about being directed.

On this estate I found a manor-house of a type different from those I have already described. The main fabric was old and it had been altered from time to time. It was not in very good repair. The rooms were small. The family to which it belonged had been known to me for many years, and I had known well some of its members. They were amiable, intelligent and cultivated people, but those whom I knew had not been distinguished for practical sagacity. They had allowed themselves to lose much of their means through sheer mismanagement. The estate in question was being controlled by a body of trustees, of which the President of the Zemstvo was a member, and the land was in good condition. The house contained many family portraits destitute of artistic value. The furniture exhibited evidence of incompetent service and indifference to comfort on the part of the proprietors of former days.

Kharkov was the centre of an active co-operative movement. The Kharkov Co-operative Society published agricultural literature, organised the purchase of machinery and the sale of produce, and otherwise promoted the interests of the peasant farmers. I saw several of the directors of the society and I was impressed by their sagacity. They were evidently rendering an important and arduous service. At that moment the Zemstvo authorities of Kharkov were wholly in favour of co-operation, and were doing their utmost to promote it. There was no doubt in my mind that both the Zemstvo officials and the co-operators were working upon sound organic lines, and that if they were allowed to continue their work the government would prosper.[1]

I received a friendly invitation from one of the Zemstvo officials, a very worthy and intelligent man, to spend an evening with him and some of his friends. The conversation was very interesting and instructive. I derived much useful information about the local conditions and about the revolutionary movement of 1905–7 in Kharkov, which was an important centre of disturbance. Yet we had a characteristic Little Russian evening. We dined at one restaurant and supped at several others. I felt inclined to imitate Prince Usurov, who, having been appointed governor of a Little Russian government, and invited by a leading citizen to a dinner which seemed destined to last for ever, complained to his host that he was making an attempt upon his health. I endured the ordeal, and having eaten and drunken and talked for fully seven hours, eventually escaped to my hotel.

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[1] One of the first acts of the Bolsheviks was to attempt to destroy the co-operative system, which had been built up with so much labour. Apparently it seemed to them that it promoted inequality, and that those who chiefly benefited by it were well-to-do peasants.

From Kharkov I went to Kursk, where Svyatlovsky left me for St. Petersburg and I joined my friend Pantelyemon Nikolaiev, who had come from Moscow to meet me. Nikolaiev had spent nearly two years with me while I was working upon my *Economic History of Russia*, and had assisted me with extraordinary ability and industry in my endeavour to master the mass of material that had to be examined. We had arranged to spend a week with M. Pobyedonostsev on his estate in Orlovskaya *guberni*. Konstantin P. Pobyedonostsev, the uncle of our host, was the celebrated Procurator of the Holy Synod. He was a thoroughly honest man, with a sincere love for his country, and he believed that an autocratic government was the only practicable government for the Russian people.[1] His nephew did not share these views. He was an Octabrist or adherent of the principles enunciated in the Imperial Manifesto of 17th October, 1905, which was drawn up by Count Witte—that is to say, he was a moderate constitutionalist. M. Pobyedonostsev was good enough to send horses for us the day before our arrival, and on stepping off the train from Kursk in the early morning his carriage met us at the station. After a drive of about forty miles we arrived at his manor-house. The estate was of three thousand *dessiatines*, or about two thousand acres. There was only one village upon it, and the peasants were all employed upon the estate. The proprietor had, in his youth, prepared himself for the management of his ancestral property by studying at an agricultural college after he had finished his legal studies, and before he entered upon the practice of law. He had also taken a course in scientific forestry. It was his custom to spend several months each year upon his estate. As he visited it occasionally at other times, he managed it himself. A part of the estate was better suited for the growth of timber than for cultivation, and he had been planting ever since he had come into possession of the property on the death of his father. His planting promised to yield good returns. A large part of the estate was under wheat, and when we arrived threshing was in progress. He had American machinery, but it was not of the most recent type. We arrived on Saturday, and threshing went on on Sunday. We were told that it was not customary to pay for Sunday labour, that the peasants came voluntarily, as they wanted to get the threshing over while the weather was good. The machine stood in the open farm yard, where it was pleasanter to work than in the barn, although that building was of ample size. After the day's work was over, we went with our host to a shed where all the workpeople were collected, and there was distributed *vodka* and small succulent cucumbers. We had a good-humoured *causerie* with the peasants, who seemed to be on excellent terms with their employer. Inquiry in the village appeared to confirm this impression. They regarded him, they said, as a strict but just man. We drove about occasionally in a primitive *droshky*, not the more or less luxurious vehicle of the cities, but the genuine old Russian *droshky*, which must be allowed to be the least comfortable of wheeled vehicles devised by man, not excepting even the Peking cart. The latter has the disadvantage that the traveller must sit in a box without sufficient room to stretch his legs, a condition which becomes very tiresome on a long journey. The former vehicle, the *droshky*, has the disadvantage that the legs of the traveller hang entirely free of the vehicle, while he must be careful to preserve his balance, otherwise he might be ignominiously discharged. The *droshky*, in fact, consists of a simple plank about fifteen inches wide placed upon four wheels. The passenger sits astride the plank, while the driver sits in front. The *droshky* is drawn by one horse. There are no springs, and the Russian roads leave much to be desired.

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[1] It is evident that this also is the theory of the Bolsheviks, for the dictatorship of the proletariat, carried out as it is by a small group, is at least as autocratic as Tsarism.

Like most of the Russian peasants, those of the village had good voices. They were fond of singing folk-songs. They had a custom which I have often experienced in other Russian villages, of singing on their way to and from the fields. Since all the peasants live in villages, and since sometimes these villages are very large, the fields in which at times the peasants are working may be at a distance of several miles from their homes. The peasant lives in a village because he is fond of company, and when he goes to work he does not go by himself. The working force of the village marches to work in one group. In the morning, the most alert member of the village society springs from his couch, has his morning meal of tea, bread and honey

Count Albert Apponyi

(if he can), and then emerges into the village street, where he at once begins to sing. Sometimes the song is a hymn to sunrise; but sometimes, and so it happened in this village, the song is a topical folk-song, the tune being old, and the verses often new and generally humorous. The first singer is soon joined by others until the whole village is afoot, only the children and the aged folks are left behind. They march along the road, singing as they go, until their voices die away in the distance. In the evening, while sitting in the garden of the manor-house, I used to hear a distant murmur, then a more definite tune, then the song, the sound becoming now more and now less distinct as the singers approached along a winding road. Then they came nearer and passed at no great distance on to the village, where the song ceased as the peasants dispersed to their homes. Russian country life is not exclusively composed of such incidents and of what they imply. Yet because such incidents and their like did characterise the village life, it had a charm, not merely for the casual stranger, but for the village folk. Peasants have a peculiar attachment to their village, and in former days when, for some administrative reason, peasants were required to move from one village to another, their new habitations being prepared for them, they have refused to go and ruthless authority has literally pulled down their houses over their heads.

Sometimes the songs I have mentioned are old folk-songs with a gloomy note, sometimes they are rollicking, and occasionally coarse.

I was talking over the situation in Russia one evening with my host, when he expressed himself with great freedom about the conduct of the Government. I ventured to express my surprise that he felt himself at liberty to do so.

"Why not?" he said. "In the first place there is no one here to convey to the Government what I have just said, and in the second place no police agent or other Government official has been within the boundaries of this estate for fifty years."

From Orel I went to Tula. Of some part of my adventures in that region I have already given an account.[1] Tula is an ancient town with a *kreml* or citadel. There, in 1632, the first iron works, and one of the first industrial establishments in Russia, were founded by a Dutchman, Andrew Venius. In recent times Tula has become known as the centre of the manufacture of *samovars* and other household appliances. From Tula I went to Yasenky on a visit to Vladimir Chertkov, the literary executor of Tolstoy. The estates of Chertkov were in the government of Perm; but he resided on a small property which he had in the immediate neighbourhood of Yasnaya Polyana. There he had built a house which was burned down by the peasants, although they knew well enough of Chertkov's relations with Tolstoy and of his sympathy with Tolstoy's views. A new house had just been finished. Chertkov had been an officer in a Guard regiment; but when he became a Tolstoyan he abandoned his military career and devoted himself to the printing of the writings of Tolstoy, principally those relating to Religion, Education and Peace. He fell, in consequence, under the disfavour of the Government, left Russia, and went to reside in England, where he settled at Christchurch, Hants, and established there the Free Age Press. For several years he continued to publish translations of Tolstoy's writings, as well as some of his works in Russian. He took an active part in the arrangements for the migration of the Doukhobors. After ameliorisation of conditions in 1905, Chertkov returned to Russia. His new house may be described as an improved manor-house. The rooms were large; they were heated with huge stoves of the Dutch pattern, covered with white porcelain tiles. The furniture was simple, much of it had been made by peasant carpenters in the neighbourhood. The life of the family was relatively simple, but it was evidently such a life as may only be lived by people of comparatively large means. I have already noticed the paradox that the simple life, for a cultivated man, is excessively expensive. The legend, "penny plain, twopence coloured," must be reversed, "penny coloured, twopence plain."

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[1] See chapter xxix., "Tolstoy."

Chertkov had taken, for many years, a great interest in photography. He kept an English assistant to develope his plates. During the later years of Tolstoy's life, Chertkov took an immense number of photographs of him. Many of them are executed with great skill. The example I have given is reduced from a very large print which Chertkov was good enough to give me. It was afterwards signed by Tolstoy.

On Chertkov's estate there was a field, the cultivation of which he had handed over to a young man who had declared the design of living as a hermit. This young man had provided himself with a rude shelter with a roof of corrugated iron, in which he lived in what by no stretch of phrase could be regarded as even a minimum of comfort. His field bore tangible evidence of want of skill in agriculture and of neglect. I did not see him, for during the whole of my stay with Chertkov the hermit spent the time in Moscow. The old hermits may have had their unrecorded moments of relaxation when they left their isolated dwellings for the bustle of the city; but if we may believe the history of St. Anthony, the real hermit kept himself aloof from temptation.[1]

From Chertkov's I went on a visit to Tolstoy; of that I have given an account in another chapter.[2] Then I returned to Moscow. I had arranged to stay there with two officials, Mr. Gerkan and Mr. Stanka, both in the Post Office, and both Baltic Province Germans. Mr. Gerkan was the head of the Censure Department. His duty was to censor all journals coming into Moscow. He was understood to read or to supervise the reading of every daily newspaper and periodical that passed through the Moscow Post Office. When he found anything that he regarded as reflecting upon the Government of Russia, his duty was to have it obliterated by the impression of a pad covered with printers' ink, producing what came to be known as "caviare," because it bore a passable resemblance to the appearance of that delicacy when spread upon toast. Mr. Gerkan was a conscientious official, but a man of most liberal mind. He had no illusions about the virtues of the autocracy. Like most Germans in the Russian service, he had a contempt for the Russian officials who were placed over him. One day he showed me the cover of a letter which he had just received. This letter had been directed from the Department of the Censure at St. Petersburg to his predecessor, who had died nine years before. Mr. Gerkan had inscribed upon it "Still dead," and returned it to the sender.

There were many able and intelligent Russian officials; but the cream of the Russian bureaucracy were Germans from the Baltic Provinces. From a remote period there was a sound educational tradition in Esthonia, Livonia and Courland, long before there was any education of moment in Russia. Thus the Germans of these provinces were easily able to vindicate their right to positions in the civil service. Messrs. Gerkan and Stanka lived in a modest apartment, and they were both extremely hospitable and kind.

While I was in Moscow I revisited some of the places with which I had become acquainted on my former visit in 1899; but I was not specially engaged in sightseeing, and there are many of the innumerable places of interest in Moscow which I have not visited. I did go to the Sparrow Hills, from which an excellent view is to be obtained. Napoleon looked from this point upon Moscow in flames. Some Bulgarian gipsies amused us by telling our fortunes from packs of cards, which had been employed for a similar purpose so many times that only the occult powers of the gipsies could determine their designations.

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[1] After the Armistice Chertkov assisted the Quaker Embassy to Russia in distributing relief.

[2] Chapter xxix.

I visited the Tretiakov Gallery and saw the canvases of Verestchagin, which, probably on account of their great size, had been relegated to the basement.

There are many other remarkable canvases, *e.g.* Nicholas N. Ge,[1] "Peter I. (the Great) Interrogating his Son, the Tsarevich Alexis, at Peterhof"; J. E. Ryepin,[2] "Ivan the Terrible and his Son, 16th November, 1581" (in this picture, Ivan, after killing his son with his staff, clasps the bleeding body in his agonised arms); J. Kramskoy,[3] "The Poet Nekrasov Sick"; V. G. Perov,[4] "Portrait of Dostoiëvsky"; two portraits of Count Tolstoy by Ryepin, and the group by V. M. Vasnetzov,[5] "The Braves," three stout horsemen representing the Variagians of early Russia.

The gallery contains very few pieces of sculpture, but most of these rank high. There is a bronze bust of Count Tolstoy by Prince Paul P. Troubetzkoy,[6] a fine bust of the writer P. D. Boborikin by N. A. Andréev,[7] and the superb marble statue of Ivan the Terrible by M. M. Antokolsky.[8]

The Tretiakov Gallery was given to the city of Moscow by the brothers Tretiakov. It is almost exclusively a gallery of Russian art, and is therefore wholly modern. The selection is eclectic.

I took some pains to find the places in Moscow in which the principal events in the revolutionary movements of 1905–7 took place—the house of Herzenstein, who was killed during the Moscow uprising of December 1905, the Aquarium, where the meeting of 3rd December was held, and the calico-printing works in the Presnya Quarter, in which the revolutionists made their last stand, and in which finally they were slaughtered by heavy artillery.

I gradually became impressed with the fact that, in a metropolitan revolt, comparatively small numbers of intelligent men, determined if necessary to sacrifice their lives in the attempt, might succeed in maintaining their position for a sufficient length of time to alter the political situation in their favour.

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[1] 1831–1894. Father of M. Ge, whose acquaintance I made at Yasnaya Polyana in 1899. The picture is a replica of the original in the Hermitage at St. Petersburg.

[2] *b.* 1844. Ryepin, the greatest of modern Russian painters, was fortunate enough to escape from Russia after the Bolshevik Revolution.

[3] 1837–1887.

[4] 1833–1882.

[5] *b.* 1848.

[6] *b.* 1867.

[7] *b.* 1873.

[8] 1842–1902.

Strikes over a great part of Russia in October 1905 led to the mastery of the St. Petersburg Council (Soviet) of Working Men's Deputies from 12th till 19th October, and later to the Moscow uprising from 9th till 19th December. Had these revolutionary movements been simultaneous, the monarchy might then have fallen. The Imperial system was saved for the time by the absence of organisation and the lack of unity of aim by the revolutionaries in St. Petersburg and Moscow rather than by any positive strength on the part of the autocracy. I was impressed at the time by the idea that the revolutionary movements of 1905 had shown the power the proletariat possessed, and that one day the Revolution would be victorious.

The peculiarity of the revolutionary movement of that time lay in the fact that it originated in industrial strikes, and that it was directed not exclusively against the autocracy, but against that autocracy in so far as it appeared to be allied with the autoritarian use of the power of capital. Rightly or wrongly, the revolutionists of 1905 were convinced that no reasonable conditions of labour could be realised unless the autocracy was overthrown. The autocracy itself was not their point of attack.

The conditions of labour had somewhat improved during the immediately preceding years. Wages were higher and many of the degrading conditions of labour had been modified. The working men were decidedly better off than they had been. For that very reason the conditions favoured revolt; starving men do not rebel. Revolutions may occur after famines, but not while they are in progress.

The social theories of the Socialist Revolutionaries and of the Social Democrats were discordant. These parties both regarded capitalism negatively, but they regarded one another's doctrines negatively also.[1] The psychology of the Russian, like that of the Celt, is difficult for a western European to understand. The Russian, like the Celt, is superstitious and emotional. He has a minimum of self-control. He refuses to consider consequences. Thus to the more self-controlled Anglo-Saxon the Russian and the Celt seem to be committing national suicide.

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[1] Thus in 1905–7 they united against capitalism, and when they had overthrown it, as they did in 1917, they turned against one another. It is remarkable that the winning doctrine, Communism, should have been exotic, and the defeated doctrine, Revolutionary Anarchism, indigenous. This is explained by the fact that the Revolution of 1917 was an urban affair in which the town proletariat, and to some extent the technical and professional elements, were dominant. The peasants took the land, killed the landowners when they resisted, and plundered the manors, but otherwise took little share in the Revolution.

One of my friends, a Government official, invited me to dinner at a famous restaurant. We dined well. Then, according to custom, we went to another restaurant, which was also a *café chantant*, where we heard much music and saw much dancing, including a group of Little Russian dancers, who performed the weird Cossack dances of their country. Then we went to another, and so on until five or six o'clock in the morning. This experience, and that of Kharkov which I have already mentioned, induced me, with some feeling, to place the lines of Walt Whitman at the head of a former chapter.

Apart from the wonder I felt that men who were by no means destitute of intellectual interests should be disposed to find more or less frequent amusement in such experiences, I was at a loss to understand how they accomplished them without apparent fatigue. I accidentally discovered the secret. They took a nap for a couple of hours in the afternoon, a sagacious expedient, although the energy in which it resulted might conceivably have been put to better uses.

There was in 1910 in Moscow great enthusiasm for the *turn verein* or gymnastic society. This institution afforded a much more healthy and sensible kind of recreation than the *café chantant*. It must not be supposed that the latter were uniform or were the exclusive resort of the middle and upper classes. There were superior establishments, where the prices were high and the *habitués* more or less in possession of means; but there were also places to which working men resorted, where the prices were not too high for their pockets.

I felt inclined to account at the time for the prevalence of these inferior amusements in the Russian cities by the discouragement on the part of the authorities of political and other meetings. But I am not sure that this was a correct view. In the Russian villages, as I have shown, there is always music, and when either peasant or landowner goes to Moscow he wants music also—and he wants it continually. Grand opera attracts the wealthier or the more serious. The *café chantant* attracted others in the same way that at a later time the moving-picture house, with its monotonous mechanical organ, attracted people who were bored with the theatre and yet must have somewhere to go.

The customary rooms of the bachelor clerk or workman living in Moscow were not cheerful. Their discomforts tended to intensify the gloom of his spirit. He preferred to get out into the streets or into the cheerful light and movement of the café. I did not observe with any frequency excess in drinking, although the Russians did drink;

nor did I witness at any time any such outbursts of violence as occasionally I have witnessed in Paris. The Russian crowd was usually well-behaved and agreeable.

I found the streets, both of Moscow and St. Petersburg, at all hours perfectly safe and singularly free from molestation of any kind. The police were extraordinarily civil. Since the revolutionary movements of 1905–7 they seemed to have acquired decided improvement in manners. To test this, my friend Nikolaiev, when walking with me one day in Moscow, addressed a policeman abruptly and almost rudely, the man answered with the greatest civility. Being disturbed one night in a hotel, I think it was at Kursk, by a police visitation of someone who had committed an irregularity about his passport, I complained of the noise, and the police withdrew at once. There was clearly evident on the part of the authorities a disposition to be courteous and unofficious.

Shortly before my visit a curious and interesting case had come before the courts. In one of the numerous churches in Moscow there is or was a life-size statue of the Virgin Mary. At her feet, by way of suggestion, was a tray containing jewels contributed by the devout. A beggar had been in the habit of making his devotions in this church, and had come to be known by sight to the clergy attached to it. One evening this beggar concealed himself behind a gigantic candlestick, whose stem was nearly as thick as the body of a thin man; such candlesticks are customarily placed in front of the *ēkonostas*. When the church was locked up for the night at the usual hour, the unseen beggar was locked inside. In the morning, so soon as the doors were opened, and so soon as the attention of the young priest or attendant who opened them was distracted, the beggar escaped from the church. The priest, happening to glance at the tray at the feet of the Virgin, found that it was empty. He went at once to the door, and at no great distance saw the beggar hurrying away. He pursued him, seized him, and found upon him the incriminating evidence of theft of the jewels which had been in the tray. The beggar was caught in the act. The case seemed perfectly simple. The priest handed his prisoner to the police. When in due course he was brought before a magistrate, the prisoner asked to be allowed to make a statement. He said that he was a very poor man, who had been accustomed to pray to the Virgin in the church in question, and that on such a day the Virgin had plainly spoken to him. She said, "Wait till the others have gone." The man went on to say, "I waited until the doors were closed; and then the Virgin spoke again, 'You are a poor man. I am rich. Take these (pointing to the jewels), they are mine. They have been given to me.' I took them."

The magistrate was disinclined to accept this explanation; but before he could pronounce sentence, a lawyer in the court rose and pointed out that, in such a case, the civil courts had no jurisdiction. The essential point was, had a miracle been performed? If the Virgin spoke, that was a miracle, and such a point could be determined by the ecclesiastical courts alone. The prisoner was thereupon remanded. A lengthy dispute ensued between the authorities of the ecclesiastical courts and those of the civil courts. This dispute lasted for three months, during which time the accused remained in prison. Eventually the civil authorities gave way, and the man was brought before an ecclesiastical court, which addressed itself to the question: Had or had not a miracle been performed? After a prolonged inquiry, the court decided that the figure of the Virgin had spoken, that a miracle had been performed, and that the accused should be liberated. The jewels were directed to be returned to the tray from which they were taken. The beggar, if he were a logician, must have been puzzled over this judgment; but he must have felt that there was substantial justice in the latter part of it. He had spent three months in prison; but he might have had to spend several years if he had been left to the mercy of a criminal tribunal.

I went one day to the Moscow police court. The proceedings were conducted with great gravity and dignity; much more so than those of any other police court which I have visited.

The clergy whom I met varied very much. Some were highly intelligent and cultivated men and some were simple rustics.

A professor in the University of Moscow, a person of eminence who habitually dressed in a negligent fashion, was invited to an ecclesiastical function. He forgot to take his card of invitation; and the priest at the door, not recognising him, refused him admittance and ordered him to stand aside. He did so meekly. Soon a friend, an old admiral, came to the gate and, seeing the professor standing there, said to him, "Why are you not going in, Professor?" On being made aware of the reason, the admiral rebuked the priestly gatekeeper sharply. The priest apologised; but the professor interposed, "Never mind, my grandfather was a priest and he was just as stupid as you are!"

While I was in Moscow I decided to pay a visit to Sergievski Posàd, the town in which is the Tròitsa Monastery, about forty miles from Moscow. The monastery is a huge mediæval fortification, within whose walls are two cathedrals and ten other churches. It was founded about 1342 by St. Sergius, who was its first abbot. To him the Virgin appeared in 1388. Enormous grants of land were made to the monastery, and it became one of the richest in Russia. At one time it possessed about one hundred thousand serfs. The crenellated walls were built between 1513 and 1547. In 1608 the Poles laid siege and invested it with an army of thirty thousand for sixteen months. At the end of that time the siege was raised. It was again besieged by the Poles in the reign of Michael, the first Romanov. The gutters on the walls, through which molten lead was poured on the besiegers by the defending monks, may be seen, scorched as they were by the heated metal.[1] Trinity Cathedral was built early in the fifteenth century by the second abbot. The *ēkonostas* is covered with holy pictures of thick gold. The silver shrine of St. Sergius is reputed to weigh twelve thousand ounces of silver.

About one hundred thousand pilgrims visit the monastery annually, most of them in the summer or early autumn. We stayed at a hostelry immediately without the walls, and one day, while coming out of the gate of the monastery, we met five or six hearty-looking peasant girl pilgrims who were entering. We greeted them, "Well! Where do you come from?" "From Perm." (About seven hundred miles from the monastery.) "Did you walk all the way?" "Oh, yes!" "Were the people good to you on the road?" "Oh, yes!" "Are you stopping long here?" "A couple of days." "Going to walk back?" "Yes." "Good luck to you!" and so we parted. This pilgrimage must have been a great event in the life of these girls. They had tramped from village to village, their pilgrimage and their good-nature securing hospitality wherever they went. Their journey probably cost them nothing.

The monastery carried on a trade in ēkons and in rosaries, crucifixes and the like. The monk in charge of the booth where such articles were sold was an intelligent young man. The only Englishman of whom he had heard was Joseph Chamberlain, and he asked many questions concerning him. Some of the ēkons were manufactured in the monastery, and I visited the studio where they were made by artist monks. The figures were drawn very skilfully in pencil in outline upon a surface of whitened wood; then the wood was gilded, leaving a portion of the centre containing the figure ungilded. The figure was then painted and the gold edging impressed in a design. The ēkons were really very good examples of miniature painting.

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[1] . . . And machicolated
To pour boiling oil and lead down;
How you'd frown
Should a ladleful fall on your crown.
BARHAM, R., "Bloudie Jacke of Shrewsberrie," in *Ingoldsby Legends* (1840).

There is another place of interest at Sergievski Posàd besides the monastery. This is the *kustarni* workshop where peasants are employed in *kustar* work, with which, chiefly through the efforts of Madame Pogosky,[1] the English public have become familiar. The designs were made by skilful artists in Moscow, and the articles were executed by peasants drawn from all parts of Russia. These articles were boxes, etc., for household use and toys. The latter were frequently inspired by historical motives—a Variag on horseback, a Turcoman in mediæval costume, a princess or a Boyar going to Mass or travelling, etc. These objects commanded a ready sale in Moscow and elsewhere, and about forty peasants were employed in their production. I saw a young Yakut from the River Lena, for example, who was modelling animals in papier-mâché with great dexterity. He would, in course of time, go back to his native region and teach his art to his kinsmen.

Madame Pogosky had taken great pains to collect specimens of early Russian art—in embroideries, silverwork and the like, and had set artists to work to make designs in the spirit of the most characteristically Russian of these examples. She had thus contributed to the building up of a school of native designers who were carrying on the national tradition. The designs were then taken by Madame Pogosky to the villages, and the peasants were set to work to produce the fabrics for which the designs were intended. In this way Madame Pogosky introduced a new life into the Russian villages, linking them with the past, improving the minds of the people and developing their taste for beautiful things, which they saw growing under their hands, and as well improved their economical position.

Shortly after returning to Moscow, I went on a visit to my friend Svyatlovsky at St. Petersburg. There I met Professor Radliev,[2] the director of the Museum of Peter the Great, a very learned ethnologist, with whom in former years I had had correspondence. He had really created his museum, and had accumulated in it a mass of memorials of Peter and his time. Professor Radliev was a member of the Russian Academy, and as such occupied one of the handsome apartments allotted by the Government to the members. Like my friend Demetrius

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[1] Madame Pogosky, who for years devoted herself to the promotion of Russian home industry, died in Russia in 1921, after suffering great hardship.

[2] Professor Radliev died under the Bolshevik *régime*, not, so far as I know, from actual starvation.

Clementz, he had conducted explorations in Central Asia. Unfortunately Clementz, Maxim Kovalevsky, then a member of the Council of State, and others of my friends were absent from St. Petersburg, but I saw Professor Kauffman, the economist, and several members of the Department of Economics and of the Faculty of Law in the University. I spent some time in the magnificent library. I visited the Free Economical Society, which had been extraordinarily generous in supplying me with materials on Russian economic history. In its archives I saw the manuscripts of the essays submitted for the prize given by Katharine II. on "The Relative Advantages of Private and Public Ownership of Land." The prize was awarded to Beardé de l'Abbaye of Aix-la-Chapelle. The Free Economical Society had a fine library, containing chiefly manuscript reports upon the economical condition of Russia at various periods, and in particular detailed reports upon the situation during years of scarcity. I saw in its rooms a sealed case containing the materials for the study of the uprising in St. Petersburg in October 1905. The Government permitted this material to remain in the library of the society, but forbade the use of it. During the short period of the reign of the St. Petersburg Working Men's Soviet of 1905, in which Lenin is said to have taken part under another name, the leading spirit being Khrustalov-Nossar, the Soviet occupied the rooms of the Free Economical Society. I found one English student working in the library.

Great changes had come over the face of Russia in the eleven years which had elapsed since my previous visit. The Russo-Japanese War had intervened, and it had been followed by the tragical episode of the Gaponiade, the slaughter at the Winter Palace on Bloody Sunday, the uprisings at St. Petersburg and at Moscow in 1905, and the beginnings of the Revolution. The political strike had been introduced, barricades had been erected in St. Petersburg and Moscow, and the working masses in the two capitals had become aware of their power. Wages had advanced sharply, the working men had vindicated their right to unite, and the unions remained as a source of strength. The autocracy had received a staggering blow. Constitutional government had been promised, and the Duma was functioning to a certain extent. Expectations aroused among the town proletariat and the peasantry were unduly high. Parliamentary procedure was new to Russia. Reforms were long—too long—overdue, and the people were in haste to realise them. The complexities of the problem irritated the people. The peasants thought that, since the Duma was a peasant Duma, its first and immediate duty was to give the land to the peasants. The workmen began to think that the duty of the Duma was to give the factories to the workmen. Behind both was the insistent propaganda on the one hand of the Social Democratic groups, whose chief interest was in the proletariat, and on the other of the Socialist Revolutionaries, whose chief interest was in the peasantry. Over all there was the shadow of the Okhrana—the political police—whose malign influence had brought the monarchy near to destruction and was destined later to bring the country to cureless ruin.

In 1910 it was evident, unless some scarcely-to-be-hoped-for miracle happened, that time would not be afforded for the patient and peaceful working out of necessary reforms, and that the Revolution, incomplete in 1905–7, might be carried farther by a convulsive movement.

The Great War afforded the occasion. Old Russia was swept aside by a convulsion more terrible in its sacrifice of life than any in history, and probably more fruitful in consequences to other nations than the French or any other revolution.

CHAPTER XLII

THE WAR AND ITS AFTERMATH

Who paints how Britain struggled and prevailed
Shall represent her labouring with an eye
  Of circumspect humanity;
Shall show her clothed with strength and skill,
  All martial duties to fulfil;
Firm as a rock in stationary fight;
In motion rapid as the lightning's gleam;
Fierce as a flood-gate bursting at midnight
To rouse the wicked from their giddy dream—
Woe, woe to all that face her in the field!
Appalled she may not be, and cannot yield,

. . . . . .

Say not that we have vanquished—but that we survive.

William Wordsworth, *Ode on the Morning of the Day appointed for a General Thanksgiving, 18th January*, 1816.

What histories of life are here,
  More wild than all romancers' stories;
What wondrous transformations queer,
  What homilies on human glories!

What theme for sorrow or for scorn!
  What chronicle of Fate's surprises—
Of adverse fortune nobly borne,
  Of chances, changes, ruins, rises!

Of thrones upset and sceptres broke,
  How strange a record here is written!
Of honours, dealt as if in joke;
  Of brave desert unkindly smitten.

How low men were, and how they rise!
  How high they were, and how they tumble!
O Vanity of Vanities!
  O laughable, pathetic jumble!

W. M. Thackeray, *Vanitas Vanitatum* (1860).

Detached historians of the remote future, with all available evidence weighed to the last palpable fragment, may or may not arrive at the conclusion that the war of 1914 was inevitable. They may find that pressure of population in Germany, Austro-Hungary and Russia alone was sufficient to produce acute struggle. They may find that the interior situation in these three empires was making for political and social revolution, and that contemporary statesmen could fairly regard an external war, which might be successful, as an alternative to interior upheaval, the question having been narrowed to choice of evils. Or they may find, as Lord Lansdowne seems to have thought, that the war was not inevitable, that skilful diplomacy might have prevented it, and that if the British Government had unequivocally intimated to Germany that, should she go to war, the weight of the British Empire would be thrown against her, the crisis might have passed. But if the diplomatic crisis had passed innocuously, there would still have been risk of revolution. The war did not save the three empires, although it may have slightly prolonged their existence.

Wars distract men's minds; they do not necessarily change the course of social evolution. That course seems to have determined that these imperial systems must come to grief, brought down by the weight of their own limited omnipotence, not because autocracies were getting worse, but because mankind had been inoculated with "self-determination." Small nations were raising their heads against empires, even where these were not autocratic—as, *e.g.*, the Transvaal Republic against Great Britain in 1899, and where the empire was autocratic, as in the case of Japan against Russia in 1904. Both these incidents encouraged the small nations, and nationalistic movements, some of which had lain dormant since 1848, when similar revolutionary or anti-imperial movements occurred, sprang into renewed life as, *e.g.*, the Finnish, Polish, Czech, Armenian, Macedonian and Serbian movements. The political upheaval brought about by the war gave the enterprising small nations their chance. Finland and Czecho-Slovakia, for instance, seized power and established frontiers without waiting for formal treaties. When the conflict was transferred from the battlefield to the council chamber, other arts than the art of war were brought into play, claims and counter-claims, in which "rights" of one nation cut across "rights" of another, were advanced until the peace became a discordant jangle.

Mankind is incurably imitative. If man had not this simian habit, he might never have learned anything beyond the most rudimentary processes. Yet there are fields in which slavish imitation is waste of time and energy. When a long-established government is ruined by its own errors, the next government is almost certain to repeat these errors, because, unused to power, it is reduced to imitation. Thus, succeeding the fall of old autocracies, there has been the establishment of new autocracies, and, constrained by the curious social law of imitation, democracies imitate fallen autocracies in imposing limitations upon freedom, and better their example. The proletariat is said, with little regard for truth, to hanker after dictatorship. But dictatorship is out of fashion. What the Socialists call its ideological position has altered. Dictatorship has gone the way of autocracy. If autocracy was incompetent, dictatorship has shown itself to be more so; if autocracy was corrupt, dictatorship is more corrupt.

Spontaneous popular movements may justly be said never to occur when the need for them is greatest, but always when the abuses against which they are directed have already begun to decline. Such movements never occur during periods of economical depression, but always when public economy is in a flourishing condition and when fears begin to arise lest prosperity should not continue.

Abundant historical proof of these conclusions must rise in the mind of every student of the subject. It was very natural that the period of anxiety regarding the possibility of subversive and dissociative movements should be, not the period of the Long Depression from 1877–87, but that of 1918–23, while the returns to labour were absolutely and relatively much greater than they had been within historical times. This anxiety was justified because the workers, looking back to a past of privation and enjoying the luxuries their high wages enabled them to procure, determined to continue to enjoy these luxuries. That fluctuation is in the nature of things does not seem to have occurred to them.

In every country, during the war, governments had assumed widely increased powers, and the functions of the State had been indefinitely enlarged. The illusion that governments could do anything and provide for everybody penetrated the public mind. Political, economic and military functions of governments became inextricably confused and the limits of individual freedom were seriously invaded.

Germany, split as its political life was into numerous sections, found its affairs practically in the hands of the Social Democrats, although beside and against them were ranged other parties. France, whose political life was also split into numerous sectarian bodies, continued to entrust its affairs to a succession of Governments of the same *bourgeois* type by which France had been administered since the autumn of 1870. The course of events in Great Britain was different. English public life has for two centuries exhibited a much greater solidarity than that of France or Germany. The class contours have been less sharp. The introduction of men who were or had been members of the working class into Parliament or into the Cabinet was less of an innovation than it was abroad. For twenty years the Government of Great Britain has been in a large measure proletarianised. Agrarian interests had ceased to exercise preponderating influence. The landless really were in power. The same is true of the other constituent elements of the British Empire, excepting India and South Africa. In these regions ownership of land still entitled the landowner to a large, if not the largest, share of political influence. Canada and Australia, during the whole course of their constitutional history, had been governed by successive administrations drawn, not from any privileged class, but predominantly from the landless—*i.e.* the proletariat—class. A Labour Government in Australia, therefore, was no real innovation. There was a change of personalities, perhaps a trifling change in parliamentary amenities; but Labour Governments pursued policies similar to those of their predecessors and formulated from similar motives.

In Great Britain the exercise of political power by new-comers in the field of politics has been tempered by the proportion of skilled administrators and by the skill and alertness of the bureaucracy. In Canada and Australia there has been a less significant proportion of experienced administrators, and thus there have been many futile legislative experiments, while ill-digested legislation has not been revised by any efficient corps of permanent officials. The consequences of these conditions have been wasteful expenditures, creation of debt out of proportion to numerousness of the population, and imposition of heavy taxation.

In the British Dominions, and conspicuously in the provinces, states and municipalities of these, the universal experience has been that introduction into legislatures and administrations of men, to whatever social class they might be regarded as belonging, who were inadequately equipped for public office by natural abilities or education is very costly to the community. In one inconsiderate hour a legislative body may work irreparable damage.

Inexperience alike of the legislators and of the civil service has led to similar consequences in the United States.

Wide extension of the powers of the State, greatly amplified during the war, has involved greater demand for functionaries, as well as greater demand upon time and energy of legislators and scarcity of supply. It has become increasingly necessary everywhere for electors to set up and maintain standards by which they may be able to secure the best available men for public office, having more regard to their character than to their opinions, otherwise democracy must become bankrupt. One of the chief consequences of the war has thus been, in all countries, increase in the power of the State, and therefore the need for wisdom in State administration has been accentuated.

There is no difference between a useless public official who is kept in office because he belongs to a class possessing hereditary privileges and a useless public official who has been placed in office by trade-union or local pressure. The same is true of membership of legislative bodies.

I had been invited to deliver a course of lectures in the University of Lahore in the winter of 1914–15, and was looking forward to a voyage to India in September.[1] On the evening of the 4th August, 1914, I was staying at the Hotel Palisser in Calgary, Alberta. I had just dined. I went to the door of the hotel to enjoy the pleasant late summer evening when a boy with yellow hair and blue eyes came up to me calling, "Extra! Extra!" Across the page in big print I read, "Great Britain has declared War against Germany." I said to the boy, "Are you a German?" "Yes, sir!" The hour was eight o'clock; the difference in longitude accounted for the circumstance that while the time fixed by the British ultimatum expired in London at midnight, the news could be printed and circulated in Calgary four hours earlier by the clock. I was told next morning by a Canadian Pacific Railway official that the British fleet was off Wilhelmshaven shortly after midnight.

When I knew of the declaration of war I said to myself, "The world has altered." I was wrong. The world is the same old world; only a few revolutions have occurred; a few dynasties have toppled; only a few frontiers have been altered; only millions of men have fallen; only mountains of debt have been incurred; only a few countries have been devastated—yet the world spins on its axis just the same; and I doubt if the war has made any radical change in the world of men. On the 4th August I visualised the horrible picture of war by Winwoode Reade in his *Outcast*, and felt an inward terror. In a day or two I went to Vancouver, where I found excitement and enthusiasm; and then to Victoria, where I learned that an attack by the German Pacific Fleet upon Esquimalt was momentarily expected. This naval station had been taken over from the British Admiralty by the Canadian Government, and had been allowed practically to pass out of existence. All the motor-boats in Vancouver were being brought to act as scouts. Preparations, which would undoubtedly have been inadequate had any serious attack been made, were in progress. The German fleet was far away. Yet the fears were not altogether groundless. It appeared afterwards that the German Government had really formed a plan for the seizure of British Columbia, and that a German governor—a certain Baron von Alvensleben—had been already appointed. He had been in Vancouver only a few days before the 4th of August, and at that moment was in Seattle, in the State of Washington, where he showed to a brother of a friend of mine his commission as Governor of German Columbia. The war was thus brought nearer to the Pacific coast than it was to the eastern provinces. When I came eastwards, I heard of somewhat similar preparations on the part of Germany. An attempt was made in 1912, by a German agent, to buy a piece of land on the Island of Orleans, directly opposite the new batteries near Point Levis, which command the entrance to Quebec harbour. This attempt was frustrated; but the plan, partly disclosed and partly suspected, appeared to involve the preparation of gun emplacements, ostensibly as the cement floor of a factory building. These things seemed, at first recital, to be too romantic for belief, yet the evidence in both cases was circumstantial enough.

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[1] Owing to the outbreak of war I was unable to fulfil this engagement.

Naturally, the comparatively recent emigrants from Great Britain were the first to volunteer; and the first contingent which sailed from Canada was composed to the extent of seventy-five per cent. of British-born. The English-speaking Canadians, including many of foreign origin, even many of German descent, were not slow in following.

There could be no doubt of the enthusiasm with which Canada threw herself into the war, without thought of ulterior consequences. The Canadian youth were filled with the spirit of adventure. Their normal life—open air, healthy exercise, not unmixed with habitual encounters with danger—seemed to prepare them for campaigns such as they had never dreamed of.[1]

Much has been written about the war aims of the militarist party in Germany, and about the complete victory of that party over the commercial interests before the outbreak of war and over the politicians during the war, the latter chiefly in connection with unrestricted U-boat warfare. But the character of the German military groups was being formed long before the war.

[1] To the end, and afterwards, in spite of sorrowful homes, there was no war weariness in Canada. When the Near East crisis became acute, immediately after the defeat of the Greeks, and someone, whoever he was, issued the celebrated S.O.S. message to the Dominions, within a few hours after the message appeared in the newspapers the Government and the military district centres were inundated with offers by volunteer veterans from all parts of the country.

Sir James Grierson was Military Attaché at Berlin from 1896–1900. This embraced the period during which, as I have noticed in a former chapter, a distinct change in the attitude of Germany towards Great Britain began to be observable. Grierson spent about a week with my colleague Lang [1] and myself in Toronto in 1903, shortly after his return from China, where he had been *aide-de-camp* to Count Waldersee, Commander-in-Chief of the International Expeditionary Force. Grierson told me that, towards the close of his residence in Berlin, the Emperor William said to him abruptly:

"General Grierson, I am told that you have given to the French the details of our last gun."

Grierson denied the imputation, whereupon the Emperor said:

"You had better look into this accusation, and send me a report upon it."

Grierson found the source of the libellous story, and wrote a full report to the Emperor.

A fortnight afterwards Grierson met the Emperor at a court reception. The Emperor reproached him for tardiness in sending his report. Grierson replied that the report had already been sent. The Emperor answered, "So! I have not seen it."

A few days later Grierson was astonished to receive a visit from half a dozen members of the General Staff, who informed him that they had been ordered by the Emperor to apologise to him, first, for circulating the statement that he had communicated military information to the French Government, which was false; and, secondly, for attempting to suppress the report sent by him to the Emperor.

Not merely from this incident, but otherwise, Grierson had formed the lowest opinion of the *morale* of the German General Staff.

Some years after this occurred, a great lady of German birth, a near relative of the Emperor, told me that she considered that the *morale* of the German people had, in general, declined seriously since the accession of the Emperor William. This candid judgment was undoubtedly sound.

Through the kindness of my friend Clarence W. Barron, of Boston, I was able, in the summer of 1921, to undertake a confidential mission. This mission had, as one of its objects, an inquiry into the economical situation of Central Europe. I spent several months in France, Germany, Austria, Hungary and Czecho-Slovakia. I have elsewhere given some results of a portion of this inquiry.[1] Here I shall merely give my general impressions, with some incidents by the way.

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[1] Professor W. R. Lang, Professor of Chemistry in the University of Toronto.

When I arrived at Boulogne I determined to pay a short visit to my old friend Macaulay Stevenson, who for many years has resided at Montreuil-sur-Mer, near Étaples. This quaint antique walled town was used as the grand headquarters of the British Army during the war. Montreuil is a mere village, surrounded by a mediæval fortification completely enclosing it, so that it was comparatively easy to obtain the necessary immunity from espionage and interruption. Montreuil possesses also the advantage of being about midway between Paris and London.

It is many a day since I made the acquaintance of Montreuil. Although, in his *Sentimental Journey*, Sterne devotes several pages to Montreuil, these are concerned with a servant whom he employed there, with Democritus, with his *bidet* or post-horse, with a dead ass, and with a crowd of beggars that had to be compassionately treated before his departure. No untoward experiences fell to my lot, but I did stay at Sterne's inn, the Hôtel de la France, a hostelry with a fairly good cellar, in spite of its having catered for some years to many lofty personages. I found Stevenson installed in a pleasant studio, and as exuberant as ever upon his art. We drove about the country and visited some of the admirable farm-houses with old barns and ample farmyards, which artists were sketching. The decayed fortress, conventual buildings, now otherwise used, and a small market-place afforded enough of interest. There was not the faintest trace of recent war—the foliage in the woods was intact, so were the houses—all was as tranquil and dull as might be expected in a mediæval French town off the beaten track.

From Montreuil my host and I went to the Western Front. We motored for two or three days from Arras, and visited the Messines Ridge, Vimy, Lens, Ypres, Hazebrouck, Neuve Chapelle, St. Julien, and many other places whose names became familiar during the war. Here was a ghastly contrast. Seven years before, these towns and villages were surrounded with foliage, the people bargained in quiet market-places, the peasants worked in their fields, there were churches and mediæval buildings, just as there were and are at Montreuil; now there is only desolation, a "blasted heath." Ruin and death had passed that way. Everywhere were cemeteries—British cemeteries by the hundred. Here was the palpable evidence of the war effort of Great Britain.

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[1] A series of articles giving some of the results of this inquiry was published n the *Wall Street Journal*, the *Boston News Bureau* and in the *Philadelphia News Bureau*.

Towns and villages may be rebuilt, reparation payments or no reparation payments may be made, but the armies that held these fields are gone, regiment after regiment, division after division, poured into the trenches.

Shell-holes had disappeared, but mine craters remained filled with water. There were signs of cultivation everywhere. Peasants were working in their fields long after sunset, and, as was always their custom, were working before daybreak. Piles of new bricks were to be seen near rough boards upon which were inscribed names of villages that once had been there. Uncouth temporary houses were making their appearance. In Ypres, the stones of the ruined Cloth Hall were neatly arranged, as though in preparation for rebuilding. There was an air of activity over the desolate country.

In Paris I saw the remarkable man who was at that time the Minister of the *régions libérées*—M. Loucheur. He is not much over forty—short, round, active—not a cultivated man, but a man of action—hard and keen, flushed with victory and determined to take the utmost advantage. Twice within half a century Germany had seized upon a pretext to launch her armies into France. Twice within half a century the richest French *départements* had been occupied by German armies. A century ago France, under Napoleon, had humbled Germany and Austria. They had both risen again, more powerful than ever. Now France and her Allies had humbled them once more. Guarantees must be forthcoming that Germany will in the future be unable to repeat her offences, and that the costly process of humiliation may not have to be repeated. The only effective measure is to deprive her of territory, to take away from her the means by which she erected a military system which had been almost invincible. Monetary reparations or indemnities are not important compared to the breaking up of the German military system. These are not the words of M. Loucheur. They are my interpretation of what he appeared to have in his mind. If he had, he was by no means alone in these views. The most reflective and least emotional of my friends in Paris held the same opinions. Force, great force was necessary to defeat Germany, force must be employed to keep her down.

Having seen the devastation of Northern France, much of it deliberately and systematically accomplished after the German military leaders had recognised that defeat was inevitable, it was impossible to refrain from sympathising with the French attitude.

Yet fear had taken possession of the French mind, usually so logical, so apt in dealing with realities, so little inclined to allow itself to fall under the influence of imaginary or remote evils.

The prevailing fear was depressing, even terrible. It meant that, for the French, the war was not yet over, the campaign had only entered upon a new phase. The logical outcome of the French attitude was not peace, it was an attempt at the annihilation of the German people, their elimination from the face of the world.

I have elsewhere in these reminiscences[1] told a story of Russian peasants, normally amiable and peaceful, who, under the influence of strong emotion induced by three attacks of a band of Kurds, armed themselves to the teeth and exterminated the band—men, women and children. These peasants slept peacefully enough, their cattle were safe—for a while. But they could not, even from a signal act of that kind, rest secure against attack from another band of Kurds.

To put the case extremely and concretely. If the Germans were exterminated, the fear they inspired would be almost certainly transformed into fear against the Russians, whom France fought in the Crimea, or the Moslems, against whose kinsmen, the Moors, France fought fiercely for her soil in the ninth century, or against some other people.

It is perhaps possible to prevent the revival, after the existing interruption, of the German General Staff, and of the military machine under the control of generals like Ludendorf and admirals like Tirpitz. Even that may be difficult; because, if a militaristic spirit is dominant, it will find some expression. But the root of the matter really lies not in militarism but in chauvinism—a spurious, ecstatic nationalism, "self-determination" gone mad.

No nation is immune from occasional outbursts of chauvinism. Such outbursts may occur when all the conditions seem to be adverse. Adequate guarantees against their occurrence are impossible. Russia was war-weary in 1917; in 1921 and 1922 her people were famine-stricken. Yet, in these later years, Russia had the largest army in Europe, and made repeated threats of her intention to use it. Turkey has been bankrupt during the whole period of the life of any living man. She was defeated in the war. Her bellicose attitude and her determination to have Turkey for the Turks and to expel or destroy, not only every foreigner, but every Christian, whether foreigner or not, is notorious. What possible guarantee can there be that a nation will not go mad on occasion?

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[1] *Cf.* p. 16.

There are many historical proofs that nations recover from madness. France herself is an example. She went mad under Napoleon.[1] Sweden went mad under Gustavus Adolphus. Germany went mad under Moltke, Hindenburg and Ludendorf. An ironical Teufelsdröckh might say that England went mad under Lloyd George. That they all recovered is indisputable. Even Germany may recover. The normal state of nations is health and not madness. Reasonable precautions against external attack are taken by every nation during its lucid intervals; but a nation obsessed by fear is as unhealthy as a nation obsessed by bellicose desire for aggression.

The cafés on the Paris boulevards were thronged; in the busy thoroughfares there seemed to be more people than ever. The life of the streets was joyous. Gloom was taboo. I had the pleasure of seeing once more M. Jules Siegfried, whom I had known in happier times. Tall and alert as when I saw him twenty-one years before, his yellow Scandinavian locks had become white, but his fine eyes were as keen as ever. He had played an important rôle in the war, having been Chairman of the Parliamentary Committee that, alongside the Government, was responsible for the conduct of affairs. When, for the first time since the war of 1870–71, he returned to his estates in Alsace, he received an ovation from the inhabitants. The state of Europe was causing him deep anxiety. I found in him a generous and comprehensive outlook. It was possible for him to reconcile his feelings as a Frenchman with the enthusiasms of a humanitarian.[2] I also saw André, his son, now Professor in the École de la Science Politique, and a member of the French Foreign Office.

Here in Paris I met some of my Russian friends, for example Paul Miliukov, who had been Foreign Minister in the Government of March 1917, after the abdication of the Tsar. As one of the leaders of the Cadets or Constitutional Democrats, he took his place naturally as a member of the new Government. I also saw Burtsev, editor of *La Cause Commune*, a newspaper published in Russian in Paris. Burtsev was a member of the Socialist Revolutionary Party. He it was who tracked down and denounced Azef, the spy of the Okhrana, or political police, in 1908. Miliukov, Constitutionalist, and Burtsev, Socialist Revolutionary, are both hostile to the Lenin-Trotsky *régime*. Both had fought the autocracy of the Tsar and neither had any liking for the Bolshevist autocracy. I found that Miliukov was more optimistic over the likelihood of speedy collapse of Bolshevism than I expected to find him. I felt at the time that the mechanism by means of which the Soviet Government of Russia might be brought to its fall was wanting. Lenin and his group are in possession of all, and more than all, the material means whereby the Government of the Tsar retained its power, and more than forty years of revolutionary effort did not overthrow the Tsar. When he fell, that effort was not the cause of his fall. The Moscow autocracy will, no doubt, one day collapse; but that day may be distant.

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[1] Vivid proof of the exaltation of Napoleon's marshals is to be found in the pictures of Vernet, for example, where they are to be seen jumping with excitement before their master.

[2] M. Jules Siegfried died in Paris in the summer of 1922.

More than once, in former days, I had been in Paris on *juillet quatorze*, when the population turns out to celebrate the fall of the Bastille after a fashion peculiar to Paris. Certain streets are debarred from traffic of vehicles, and are surrendered to music and dancing. I walked through Montmartre and some other quarters and watched the good-natured crowds enjoying themselves.

I had little inclination or leisure for entertainment, but I went one night to the *Thaïs* of Massenet at the Opera, and I spent an amusing evening at the Grand Guignol. While I was in London, I had gone to the Little Theatre in the Adelphi and had seen my friends the Thorndykes, as I thought, squandering their great talents upon inferior plays. The Grand Guignol was different. The actors were accomplished, but not more so than those in London. The plays were infinitely superior. Three pieces were presented. Two with tragic episodes and one comedy. The latter was amazingly witty. It was a piece in three acts—*Un réveillon au Père Lachaise*, by Pièrre Veber and H. de Gorsse. The leading actor was M. Albens and the actresses Mlle. Méthivier and Mme. Daurand. A certain count appears to have died, and he is duly buried in the cemetery of Père Lachaise. He recovers consciousness, and, like Lazarus, arises from the tomb. In the cemetery he encounters two policemen, who take him to the house of their superior officer. This functionary is celebrating a birthday with his family, one member of it being his daughter, a sprightly young person. The count, dressed in the evening clothes in which he has been interred, and with dust of the tomb upon him, is brought in by the police. He tells his story, and being offered refreshment makes himself at home with the family. Suddenly he reflects that he must go home and console his sorrowing widow. The second act discloses the widow in mourning. Looking at the portrait of her husband, with a sigh she places in the drawer of a bureau a sum of money to be paid for masses for his departed soul. Then arrives the third of the triangle; the widow dries her tears, retires to change her costume for a gayer one, and entertains the lover with wine. Imagining that the portrait of her deceased husband is regarding her proceedings with disapproval, she turns its face to the wall. Exit the couple (right). Enter the two policemen with the count. The latter, finding that he has no money in his pocketless grave-clothes, a detail which might be expected, opens the drawer of the bureau in which his widow had placed the money for his masses, and gives the money to the police. He sees that his portrait has been turned, and he restores it to its proper aspect. Then he notices the wine, and that two glasses have been used. He pours wine into a third glass, and leaves a portion. The *bonne*, who has been to market, makes her appearance. The unexpected apparition of her late master sends her into hysterics. "Ah! I must be more discreet. I must break my resurrection more gently." Exit the count (left). Enter the widow and her lover. She observes with surprise that the portrait of her husband has somehow turned itself round again, and that a third and half-consumed glass of wine is on the table. Leaving the solution of these mysteries to another occasion, she continues to converse with her lover. Then, from the adjoining room, there is heard the clear notes of a clarionet. This was the favourite instrument of her late husband. He is breaking his resurrection gently. The door opens and the count emerges playing. There can be no doubt about his material presence. The welcome he receives is not cordial, it might be described as "iron." The mother-in-law appears and contributes her reproaches. The count receives these with much good-nature. "Very well! If I am not welcome here in my own house, I have somewhere else to go. Once more, adieu!" Act three finds the count not only installed in the house of the policeman, but married to his sprightly daughter. In this act the daughter appears in flaming pyjamas, contrived by some celebrated *modiste* whose name was on the programme. The family of the count and its *attachés* arrive. The family consists of the ci-devant widow, the mother-in-law, and the *attachés* are the lover and a magistrate. They have learned of the second marriage of the count, and they have come to accuse him of bigamy. When they are announced the count jumps into bed and covers himself. The irate family have a controversy with the second wife, accusing her of having sequestered the body of the husband of the first. While this argument is at its height, the clarionet is heard beneath the counterpane and the count emerges playing a gay tune. The accusation that he has committed bigamy is answered by him with invincible logic: "Count So-and-so died on such a date. His death was duly attested by medical witnesses. He was buried in Père Lachaise with due formality. He is therefore legally departed, and that lady is his widow. I am Count So-and-so; I am not dead, but alive, and this lady is my wife. I have no more to say on the subject." More was said by the family, but to no purpose. The magistrate was unable to find precedents for such a case. All ended happily just the same.

I left Paris with a feeling of profound depression. Here was a people almost overwhelmed by force, ravaged by force, and saved by force not wholly their own. They seemed to think, first, that they had saved themselves, secondly, that by their own force, which had been found to be ineffectual, they could prevent for ever like things happening. They seemed to think that the proper method to prevent Germany seeking revenge was to beat Germany down in such a way that she could never seek anything. The conduct of Germany, indefensible as it is from any point of view, unless we except that of irresistible pressure of population, had driven into the French soul the idea that no German could be trusted, that all Germans were Huns, that no Frenchman could sleep soundly unless Germany were crushed beyond recovery.

Here and there only I met more generous views and a more convincing sense of reality. I asked a distinguished Frenchman what was the inner meaning of the general attitude of his countrymen. He said that it sprang from the period of the Dreyfus case. Circumstances prevented his following up this luminous suggestion, but I think I saw what he meant. The Dreyfus case brought to light the contemporary state of the French Army, its feebleness, its incompetence. It exposed the danger incurred by France through the inertia of the French people, and through the conduct of affairs by unconscientious politicians, who for the sake of personal *réclam* were prepared to allow the military force of France to sink to a dangerously low point. Reaction against these conditions led to an outburst of chauvinism. This chauvinism had continued ever since, and its force had been greatly augmented by the victorious issue of the war. In the war France had escaped from catastrophe; but she could not have done so without assistance from without. Until France was strong enough to defend herself without such assistance, she must reduce the strength of her most formidable enemy at least to a point where that enemy might be successfully resisted.

The science of psychology is much cultivated in France, yet in the mass the French are not good psychologists. They find it hard to realise that the best way to treat some enemies is the generous way; and that an enemy may be disarmed by magnanimity more effectively than by formal treaty. While the impression of the desolation of the Western Front was fresh in my mind, I wrote from Paris on 27th July, 1921, to a friend:

> "France has had, and has deserved to have, the sympathy of the world in her desperate struggle with Germany and for the loss of the flower of her youth in that struggle; but magnanimity is a virtue not less of superior nations than of superior men, and if the sympathy of the world is to be retained by her, France must be magnanimous. If France beats Germany to her knees economically as well as in a military sense, France may find herself isolated; because the rest of the world has no desire to destroy German industry and to disperse her industrial population."

France now proposes (1922) to take the Rhineland, which is really German, although she knows very well that she has no population to fill it and that the German population there will be a constant thorn in her side. Germany had been beaten on a field of her own choosing. Her military system had crumbled, her dynasty had fallen. Even passably generous treatment might have gone far to reconcile the mass of the German people to the consequences of the war, and both Germans and Frenchmen might have agreed to suspension of hostility. France has chosen another course. She was entitled to do so; but the misfortune is the world's, for peace is not yet.

I went from Paris to Cologne. I had not stayed in Cologne for twenty-nine years, although I had passed through it frequently during that period. I found enormous changes. Cologne had become a modern city. The surroundings of the Dom had been altogether altered. Modern buildings had taken the places of mediæval or later houses. The old Domhof, where I had lived on previous visits, had disappeared, and a new Domhof had been built, and was now used by the officers of the British Army of Occupation. This army was a small affair—only some five hundred men; but it was in complete control. It monopolised all the best accommodation, so that I found it difficult to secure any but the most meagre. I went up the river to Bonn for the sake of old associations, and there I found little change.

So far as I saw, the population of Cologne took the occupation as a matter of course, and seemed, on the whole, satisfied that they had British troops there. They might have had French.

I heard many stories of the behaviour of the French troops at

Frankfurt-on-the-Main, of their nervousness of hostility from the population, and of their firing upon them without provocation. These stories may or may not be true; but the substantial fact remained that the presence of the French Army of Occupation on the Rhine was intensifying the bitterness of the feeling between the two peoples, and was not to all appearance hastening the payment of the indemnities in the least.

When I found myself in my *coupé* in the sleeping-car for Berlin my passport was examined by a British soldier, and it was not again asked for until I arrived at my destination.

I found Berlin quiet and orderly, although only a few months had elapsed since the "Kapp Putsch," when machine-guns and cannon had been placed round the Brandenburger Thor. The cafés, by municipal regulation, were closed early. No uniforms were visible. No strutting officers dominated the pavement. Everywhere were evidences of thrift and meagre living. The atmosphere was sombre. The people were subdued. The contrast between Berlin and Paris was vivid.

My own feeling towards the German people was a very natural one. To me the war was over. Germany was defeated. A first step towards preventing a recurrence of war was to make friendly overtures. It was just possible that every German with whom it was necessary to come in contact had not instigated the war, or, when it was instigated, had done no more than anyone of any nationality would do in fighting for his country, right or wrong. Therefore I wrote to some of my German friends of past times and asked them to dinner. The response I had was not merely favourable but cordial. Some declined my invitation, but asked me to dine with them; from others I had no response whatever.

From my German friends whom I saw I learned, first, that the Hohenzollern dynasty was at an end. Even those who had been loyal supporters of the Imperial system, and who were not favourable to the existing Government, were agreed upon that point. "They ran away." Kings who run away never return. The one royal virtue, for which many vices may be ignored, is courage. If a king is not brave, he is nothing. I learned, secondly, that, so far as my German friends were concerned, militarism was at an end also. It had plunged the nation into ruin. What more convincing proof could there be of its futility? The first point I was prepared to take at its face value. It did not mean, I felt sure, that there never would be another monarchy or an Imperial system in Germany, but it did mean that, if there were, the foundation of it would be different from that of the last, and there would be a different dynasty. On the second point I was rather more doubtful. I am quite sure that the protestations of my friends were sincere; but I am not sure that the military party is not still strong enough to make its influence felt on occasion. In any case, no one can give hostages for the future.

I spent about a month, chiefly in the Wilhelmstrasse. I met the Chancellor, Dr. Wirth, the Foreign Minister, Dr. Rosen, who is well known as a Persian scholar, and Dr. Walther Rathenau. I was greatly impressed by Rathenau. I had read his books, and although I cannot say that I agreed with his views as expressed in his *New Society*, for example, I could not but admit his sincerity and ability. Evidently Dr. Wirth and he were the strong men of the Government. They were clearly both determined to fulfil the terms of the Treaty of Versailles to the utmost of their power. I had the good fortune, through the kindness of Lord d'Abernon, the British Ambassador, to meet many of the higher officials of the Foreign Office and of the Department of Finance. So far as I was capable of absorbing the information these gentlemen were good enough to give me, and their patience and candour were altogether admirable, I derived the impression that Government and officials alike were doing their best under conditions that induced little hope of a successful issue.

The problem they had before them was how to administer the affairs of Germany in such a way as to satisfy at once the demands of the Entente Powers and the demands of the German people. The Government held office on the most insecure terms. On one side were the Extreme Socialists of the Left and on the other were the Monarchists of the Right. The Government thus relied upon a Central *bloc*. This *bloc* was composed of several parties, by whose united strength the Government was kept in power. If any one of these parties abandoned it, its power was gone. The two large parties of the *bloc* were the Social Democrats and the Catholics. Upon these two in the main lay the hopes of any stable government.

One political assassination occurred while I was in Germany, viz., that of Erzberger, the leader of the Catholic Centre and necessarily possessing great influence with the Government; and another within a year afterwards, namely that of Walther Rathenau. These murders appeared to be the work of young monarchists who had determined to apply the dangerous argument of terror. In both cases men were struck down who were avowedly doing their utmost to carry out the provisions of the Treaty of Versailles.

There were evidences of many movements beneath the surface of

German society. Communism, or rather Sovietism, was moving there, but I did not see much of it. Only occasionally did it reveal itself. On the whole it seemed to me that the mass of the Social Democrats were moderate, that they had succeeded in overpowering the extremists and that the latter had no obvious future.

Three movements or tendencies of a mutually contradictory character seemed to me to be fighting for mastery—one was pessimism, the second was the Jugend movement, and the third was a new Catholic movement. The movement towards pessimism had as its prophet Oswald Spengler, author of *Der Untergang des Abendlandes*,[1] and of numerous pamphlets.[2] The newer gospel of pessimism, if it can be truly described as a gospel,[3] is not unlikely to harmonise with the present German mood as the earlier pessimistic philosophy of Schopenhauer became fashionable after the Napoleonic times, when Germany, though she had recently emerged from the pit of political depression, had not yet found herself.

The second is the "Jugendbewegung," or movement of the German youth. The aims of this movement are so indefinite that they have been variously interpreted. Indeed, the movement has more than one side and more than one system of propaganda. One side of this movement was known as "Vogel Wanderung." The youths adhering to it wore a specific costume—not merely while they were wandering, but otherwise—blouse, knickerbockers, and sandals, their legs being bare. They walked in choral procession through the villages, singing patriotic and students' songs. Another side of the movement of youth was headed by Muck Lamberty, whose "Neue Schar" or "new band," dressed somewhat as above described, and accompanied by girls, went off for days wandering among the villages, and, in the summer when they felt inclined, bathing together in lakes or rivers. Muck Lamberty's movement led to scandal and came to be discouraged.

Destitute of political significance as these movements apparently were in their earlier days, they had so much vogue that they possessed a certain social significance. They were probably due primarily to war weariness, and to a desire to occupy the youth in healthful exercise. That they took the direction of wandering among the villages was probably due to reaction against the over-industrialisation and urbanisation of Germany. The mere fact of the movement of youth having drawn together a large proportion of the youth of the country, whatever be the primary motive of the movement, may eventually have political or military significance. These young people have their leaders, and the course which the movement takes must depend largely upon these. Shrewd politicians might easily direct the movement into political channels. Some regard the whole movement as intended to keep alive among the German youth habits of obedience and military discipline.

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[1] Berlin, 1921.

[2] *E.g. Pessimismus*. Berlin, 1921.

[3] F. W. Bradley wittily says, "If this is the worst of possible worlds, it is good to know that it is the worst."

The third movement I have named a new Catholic movement, but I am not aware that it has as yet a specific name. This movement is conciliatory towards current tendencies. The leaders of it discuss patiently with the German youth the meaning and consequences of collectivism, ultra-nationalism, class formations, and absolutism in thought. I heard one of these leaders discuss these questions with a few young men. Some of the youths belonged to Muck Lamberty's "Neue Schar," some were communists, and others were attached to various groups. The speaker was an eminent Catholic occupying an influential position. The remarkable thing was that he should have thought it worth his while to discuss these questions on equal terms with this small group, most of them being very young men. His general point of view was that while all of the tendencies mentioned above had a rational basis, they were nevertheless objectionable. They were all opposed to Catholic thought, and were, directly or indirectly, the outcome of Protestantism.

On two evenings I went to the Kleines Theatre in the Unter den Linden. There are other theatres devoted to the Little Theatre movement; but this was the nearest. This theatre adopted a policy similar to that of the Grand Guignol at Paris. It produced new plays written for it. I saw two dramas, both of striking literary merit, *Cassanova's Sohn* and *Der Dieb*. Both were domestic plays, extremely well acted. Neither had the sparkle of the plays of the Grand Guignol; but both were good psychological studies, in each case of the character of a woman. The scene in *Der Dieb* where the husband convicts his wife of a theft for which the son of his friend has suffered is wrought with admirable skill.

Another evening I was taken by a German friend to the Admiral Palast. This is a huge skating-rink surrounded by boxes where people dine and witness the performance. The play was a pantomime in which more than a hundred performers took part. It was a pantomime of passion, the setting being Russian. The stage was of artificial ice; the movements were swift and graceful.

While I was in Berlin a peace demonstration was held in the

Lust Garten on the sixth anniversary of the declaration of war. A Republican demonstration was held also in the Lust Garten. Quiet and orderly crowds attended both, the first only being decidedly enthusiastic. At the second, a company of soldiers in field grey-blue with iron trench helmets were present, and afterwards were marched along the Unter den Linden. This was the only body of troops I saw in the streets. Their marching attracted almost no attention.

I was anxious to ascertain the actual state of the food situation. Through my friend and colleague Hubert Kemp, who in 1920 and 1921 had offered his services to the Quaker Embassy (maintained in Berlin by the English and American Quakers), I visited a number of centres for the distribution of food. There was every sign of the exercise of economy and judgment in relief, and there still were signs of the need of assistance. Yet this need was gradually declining. There was relatively little unemployment. There was little mendicancy. Although the mass of the people were living at an inferior standard of comfort, a comparatively small number were actually demanding relief. The Quakers' efforts were confined to the children. They had undertaken to provide at least one meal a day for a very large number, and they were continuing this relief until the Government was in a position to take over the task. I went one day with Kemp to a park where about three hundred of the worst cases of under-nourishment, selected from all the schools in Berlin, were sent. The children were brought to the park in the morning daily, fed, amused and instructed, and sent home at night. Medical attendance was provided for those who were sick. There was a staff of nurses. I was shown four cases of rickets, all the cases which at that time were under the care of the Quakers. All the children at this park showed signs of under-nourishment, some of them were exceedingly bad cases. The total number (three hundred) was by no means so large as the number of such cases had been a year earlier. Recovery of German children from under-nourishment had been rapid so soon as nourishing diet was obtainable.

Soldiers returning from the war were very sensibly prevented from losing the "faculty of labouring" by being at once drafted into employment on the railways, into Government employment otherwise, or into private employment. All private industrial establishments were required to take upon their pay rolls a certain number of invalid returned soldiers, whether these were susceptible of rendering normal services or not. Thus, against the losses upon the Government railways and against the increased wage and salary lists of the Government departments there must be set the alternative cost of a pension system. One or other cost had to be incurred.

The upper classes in Germany—the landed proprietors—had fled to their country nests and had settled down in them to wait for other times. Since in most cases they lived in the country inexpensively, the change produced by the war and the revolution meant for them chiefly the difficulty of going to the Riviera or some other genial climate in the winter, or of going to fashionable watering-places on the German or the Belgian coast in the summer. They were also unable, as a rule, to afford a season in Berlin.

The working class had gained in wages. Since the Armistice wages had advanced. So also had prices; but there appeared to be a net advantage. The working man was decidedly better off than he was before the war. He might suffer periodically through the absence of correspondence between advance of prices and advance of wages; but, on the whole, he had more means than he had had. The class which had made irrecoverable losses was the middle class. Only in those cases in which funds were invested in land at home or in securities abroad did the members of the middle class save their fortunes. In so far as these were held in or were represented by bank deposits or German Government obligations, they shrank in purchasing power. For two years after the decline of the mark on the foreign exchanges began, there was a relatively large margin between decline on the exchanges and decline in purchasing power in Germany; latterly this margin became smaller and smaller and the length of the periods between fresh issues of paper money and rise in prices shorter and shorter.

Manufacturers and merchants were able to protect themselves through rising paper prices; some of them were making fortunes and were investing these in stable foreign currencies or securities. Professional people, and, above all, students, suffered severely. I was told by the secretary of an organisation for aiding necessitous students that forty per cent. of those attending the University of Berlin were in receipt of relief from his society, and that in the University of Griefswald the proportion was sixty per cent. There was a table at the University of Berlin at which one free meal a day was served. Many students who were not otherwise in receipt of relief availed themselves of this table. I met several students, clerks in Government offices, and other persons in similar positions. They had hunger in their eyes, although they were fairly well dressed in pre-war clothes. I became aware of many who were contriving to exist upon incredibly small sums. In the summer of 1921, in spite of the measures regarding employment taken by the Government, there were many idle men. This number was afterwards diminished as German industries became more active owing to the renascence of export trade; but even in August 1921 the numbers of unemployed in Germany did not approach, either absolutely or relatively, the numbers of unemployed in Great Britain or the United States.

The façade of the Schloss, which had been damaged by shell fire during the revolution, was undergoing repair, the intention being to convert the former town residence of the Kaiser into a museum. The palace of the Crown Prince near by had already been converted into a gallery of modern art. In it were to be seen examples of many of the new schools. There were five rooms full of van Gochs, of themselves a sufficiently interesting exhibition. There was not observable any artistic movement arising out of the war or out of the mood of the peace.

In Hamburg business was brisk. There had been a slight check in shipbuilding; but ere long this industry was renewed with vigour. In Hamburg I met an eminent banker who had international connections. He told me that he was anticipating the reopening of trade with Russia, that the Soviet Government was about to change its policy. He was not misinformed. Shortly afterwards the change was announced. Perhaps some German firms may have benefited by the reintroduction of private trading; but the conditions remained adverse. The classes which formerly consumed foreign products had been exterminated. No doubt some of the leaders in the Soviet Government may have taken the places and may have adopted the habits of life of those whom they have dispossessed; but in general the capacity for consumption of Russia at the present time is low, and must remain low until her social conditions change.

Apart from a certain nervousness regarding the attitude of the working people, there being a large Communist element in Hamburg, I found a general spirit of optimism. The docks were crowded with shipping. Tugs marked "Hugo Stinnes I.," etc., were rushing about, and everything bore the appearance of activity.

At Chemnitz, which is an important industrial centre in Saxony, I derived the same impression. There was little unemployment. The textile manufacturers were busy, although they were embarrassed by the adverse tariffs of certain foreign countries. I found that the eight-hour day was having little effect, and that the law was being perfunctorily observed. Workmen were working for eight hours in one factory and afterwards working other eight hours in another, so that the working hours were longer than normal. I spent Sunday in Chemnitz and found the working people in the places of public resort well dressed and prosperous looking.

The town of Chemnitz has a Socialist municipal administration. I asked the employing manufacturers if the possession of power had steadied the working people or whether they were inclined to attempt experiments in municipal management suggested by one or other forms of Socialist theory. They told me that they had not gone far in that direction, but that they were proposing some municipal measures which might increase taxation.

I had not been in Dresden for many years, but I found it little altered. The outskirts may have experienced some change, not so the heart of the city. I found the Dresden shops looking as usual. The moment was shortly before the rapid fall of the mark caused people to rush to the shops to buy even things they did not want. It was better to possess almost anything rather than paper money, which was depreciating hourly.

I revisited the Gallery, and found it very much as I remembered it. I noticed a fine Courbet, "The Stone Cutter," which I did not recollect to have seen before. It might be sent back to Paris by way of payment in kind.

From Dresden I went to Prague. I found Prague somewhat modernised. The city had not altogether lost its mediæval flavour, but it had changed in twenty years. The anti-German feeling had not changed. In telegraphing from Chemnitz for rooms at the "Blaue Stern," I had committed the indiscretion of using German. On my arrival late in the evening I was told that my message had been received, but the hotel was full. I thought it very likely the hotel people took me for a German, so I asked them in English whether they could find a room in another hotel. They apologised and said that it would not be necessary. Prague was full of strangers, most of them appeared to be travelling on business.

The new State of Czecho-Slovakia is an artificial affair. The ancient kingdom of Bohemia forms the nucleus of the State; to it has been added Moravia, Lower Silesia, Slovakia, Ruthenia (a portion only of the former Ruthenia), as well as small portions of German and Austrian territories which have been added to round off the frontier. The population is about fourteen millions. One half of these are Bohemians; that is to say, they are of mixed Slavic and Teutonic origins. Probably the predominant numbers are Slavs. Slavs also predominate in Slovakia and Ruthenia. Magyars who are allied to the Finns form a considerable proportion of the population of Slovakia, formerly Upper Hungary. In that province the gentry are Hungarians and the peasants Slovaks. The population of Slovakia is about three millions, or a little more than one-fifth of the total population of the new State. The proportions of the different races in Slovakia are as follows: Slovaks 72.7 per cent., Magyars 22.6 per cent., and Germans 4.7 per cent. The Magyars of Slovakia form about 7.5 per cent. of the total population of the State. They are represented in the Senate by three members only, or 2 per cent. of the number of members (150); and in the Chamber of Deputies by seven members only, or less than 2.3 per cent. of the number of members (300). The electoral system is on the principle of proportional representation. It is evident that the Magyars are placed at a disadvantage, and that there is here material for friction. There are already numerous complaints of arbitrary and unjust treatment of the Hungarian population. The Czechs are playing the same rôle with regard to their racial minorities that for generations they protested against when played by the Austrians and the Magyars.

The centre of Czecho-Slovakian Hungary is Pressburg, now called Bratislava, meaning, I suppose, Slavic brotherhood, and known to the Hungarians as Pozsony. This city has a certain sacredness in Hungarian eyes, for in its cathedral successive Kings of Hungary were crowned for a thousand years. The peasant population of Upper Hungary is Slavic; but the Slovaks of this region are not advanced in culture, while the Hungarians are customarily on a level of culture at least as high as that of their Finnish cousins, if not even higher, since they have enjoyed the advantages of political liberty for a much longer period. The relations between the Magyars and the Slovaks were thus similar to those which I have described in another chapter as existing between Finlanders and Russians. Both looked upon their Slavic neighbours as stupid peasants. In the case of Finland, the stupid peasants had the upper hand; in the case of Hungary, the Slavs were the subjected race. The Czechs, who belong to a branch of the Slavic peoples other than the Slovene, may be able to govern the Slovaks more easily than the Magyars, who belong to a different and consciously superior race. The Slovaks are, however, already agitating for independence. The future of Bohemia does not specially concern Hungary; but the severance from Hungary of Upper Hungary, which was an integral part of the kingdom containing a large Magyar population, has sunk deep into the soul of Hungarians. It is idle to disguise the fact that there are materials for explosion in the Little Carpathians in the future. The good sense and political sagacity of the Hungarians may be counted upon to avoid premature assertion of their valid historical, linguistic, and racial claims to the Little Carpathian region.[1]

The component elements of the State of Czecho-Slovakia were never before united in an autonomous State. The composition of it was determined arbitrarily by the revolutionary group which, under the name of the "Národni Vybor," seized the Government at Prague on 28th October, 1918, on the collapse of Austria. The frontiers then determined were practically those allotted to the State by the treaties of peace. Czecho-Slovakia began its history under favourable auspices. The high character of Dr. Masaryk, who is a Moravian, commanded general respect, and secured for the State he had created the patronage of the Entente Powers. It remains, however, to be seen whether the Czecho-Slovakian people will respond to the external interest which has been taken in them. The policy of Austria, which excluded from high office such leaders as there were among the Czechs, placed the people at a great disadvantage when they secured independence. They had practically no class from which competent administrators could be drawn. The consequences of this condition were apparent in the first years of their history. They began their career by a policy of exclusion and practically closed their frontiers against the movement of people and goods. They imposed so great difficulties in the way of the export of sugar, for instance, that while sugar beets were growing in Czecho-Slovakia within twenty miles of Vienna, that city had to procure its supply of sugar from Java. Other measures of a similar character, arising chiefly from lack of experience in the conduct of government, resulted in practical seclusion from the outside world. This condition has recently been greatly modified. The problem of the moment (December 1922) is how to manage deflation of the currency, which is now practicable, without inflicting further injury upon Czecho-Slovakian industries, which had already been impaired by the war, by the conditions of the surrounding countries as well as by the policy of the Czecho-Slovakian Government.

The people of Prague anticipated that the cutting off of territory from Austria would diminish the importance of Vienna as a financial and commercial centre, and that much of the business formerly transacted in Vienna for the whole Danubian region, as well as for the Adriatic, would be transferred to Prague. This anticipation has, so far, not been realised. The experienced bankers of Vienna have not been so easily dispossessed of the channels of finance which they had inherited.

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[1] Violently prejudiced views upon Hungarian questions have been prevalent in England, through the efforts of a small group of able hostile writers. Magyar treatment of subject races has not been invariably wise, and has sometimes, from Western European points of view, been harsh and unjustifiable. Yet the racial problems were very hard to deal with and, in any case, one injustice is not obliterated or remedied by committing another.

After spending a few days at Vienna, I returned to Czecho-Slovakia to pay a visit to a friend who possesses the small estate of Mariatal, near Bratislava (Pressburg), in the Little Carpathians. Prince Eberhard zur Lippe is the head of the Catholic branch of the Lippe family in Austria. His mother was Lady Acton, daughter of Sir Charles Acton, Bart.[1] The Princess, *née* Countess Maria Benyovsky, belongs to a well-known Hungarian family. In her girlhood she had been a bridesmaid at the wedding of my sister-in-law,[2] and we had pleasant memories of her visit to England at that time. When I reached Vienna, I found waiting me a cordial invitation to spend a few days at Mariatal. The Princess and her sister, Baroness von Rauch, met me at the station in Bratislava, and we went together to Mariatal, about twenty miles distant.

Schloss Mariatal is in a wooded valley of the Little Carpathians. Built in the fourteenth century as a monastery, it was at some now distant period converted without structural alteration into a castle. The church, of baroque style, possesses a holy well to which pilgrims come from distant parts, as they do to Lourdes. Many miracles have been wrought here. Here is also a picture of the Virgin, small but much venerated, for the valley is called by her name; and behind the church and the clergy house there are small chapels, marking the stations of the cross on the way to the holy well. There is also a grotto, in which the Virgin appeared in a vision. Immediately in front of the church is the castle, a long building without architectural adornments, very simple and solid. There are two ambulatories, each eighty metres long, giving access to the rooms of the house, on the second and third storeys. The timbers of the floors are ancient and enormously heavy. Only some of the doors have been renewed. The salons are spacious and filled with furniture of historical interest. One of the drawing-rooms contains the furniture of the salon of

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[1] Although bearing an English name and identified with English diplomacy and scholarship, the family of Acton has very little English blood in its veins. It is mainly German-Austrian-Italian.

[2] Mrs. Charles Paterson, wife of Charles Paterson, sometime Registrar of the University of Calcutta.

Princess Razomovsky, the grandmother of my host. This lady was the wife of the Russian representative at the Congress at Vienna. In her salon there met frequently all the members of the Congress, and the room contains portraits of many of them. Among the portraits there is a water-colour drawing of Princess Razomovsky by Sir Thomas Lawrence; and among the books there is a handsomely-bound copy of the *Commentaries of Cæsar*, given by Napoleon I. to the Princess when she was with her husband in Paris about 1809.

Besides much beautiful old furniture of Gothic type, there were many pieces of fine design in the fourteenth-century manner carved by Prince Eberhard.

I had been witnessing the consequences of war, devastated regions, emaciated children, poverty-stricken people, and signs of recent revolution, had been worrying over the paradox of the mark and the possibility or impossibility of Reparations. Suddenly I was transferred, as by a magic wand, to the fourteenth century and perfect peace. Nothing more tranquil could be imagined than life in this secluded valley. There was neither luxury nor want. There was no struggle for existence, nor pressure of population, nor clash of arms. There was only simplicity and refinement. The valley was a place of retreat from the miseries of the time.

The state of affairs beyond the valley was too tragical for discussion and we did not discuss them. Instead we talked of the past and played chess, and left the readjustment of a disordered Europe to those who had taken that business upon themselves.

Constant wars in the Middle Ages and consequent miseries of the people, as well as the rise of capitalism, impelled men and women to retire into monasteries and convents, to adopt the religious life and to leave the secular and struggling world. The motive is intelligible, the action was cowardly, for the absence of the finer spirits meant that the world was left to the meaner. Yet a spell of seclusion is good and refreshing for the soul.

Even this secluded valley, with its inoffensive inhabitants, had not been invariably exempt from turbulent external influence. Four times during the preceding winter the castle had been raided by disorderly bands. The occupants were powerless to defend themselves, for even sporting arms had been taken from them by the Government. Yet they were not defenceless. They had their wits about them, and the raiders were foiled by tact and courage.

One afternoon, while the Princess was in the act of pouring a cup of tea, there was a sharp discharge of artillery. So attuned were the nerves of the small party to sudden alarms that no one moved, while the Princess finished the operation in which she was engaged without a visible tremor. In a few minutes Prince Eberhard rose from the table and strolled to the nearest window. I did so also, and he whispered, "Shrapnel!" We looked out, saw nothing unusual, and returned to the tea table. Meanwhile Prince Hermann had gone out to make inquiries. It might have been another attack, this time in force, without warning. Fortunately the event was otherwise. The discharge was accidental. It took place at a military camp in the mountains above, where Czecho-Slovakian peasant troops were being trained.

My friends were very reserved about the political situation. Prince Eberhard is a sportsman, an archæologist, and an artist, not a politician, and therefore we discussed those things in which his interest lay.

It was wholly in keeping with the mediæval *milieu* that, when walking one day in the valley, we should meet a prophetess—a weird old lady with an aspect of poverty and with gentle manners, and that I should hear of Sibylline leaves that had made their appearance in Hungary about fifteen years before the war, prophesying great disasters to the country, loss of life, rise of prices, issue of useless paper money, and the like. All these had come about. I should have liked to learn what was going to happen now; but the prophetess was not in the mood to prophesy on great matters, and so I crossed her palm and left her.

It was also in keeping with the *milieu* that I should hear strange stories of mysterious occurrences that baffled ordinary explanation. From a number of these I select the following. A lady of means and position had been slightly acquainted with a young man of good family who frequently visited her house. One evening, while he was on a visit, this young man came to his hostess after dinner and told her that he was in great distress. Unless he could command at once a large sum of money he would be disgraced, and would have either to shoot himself or leave the country. He besought her to lend him the money. She told him that it was impossible for her to do so without consulting her husband, and that she would consult him. The young man begged her not to do so, but to give him the sum from her own private resources, threatening that, if she did not, he would commit suicide. The lady was much disturbed. She felt that it would be wrong to give the money; but if she refused it, and the young man carried out his threat, she might suffer terrible remorse. She prayed earnestly for guidance in this dilemma. Next day there came an old priest who had been for long a friend of her family. He told her that the previous night he had had a strange dream, and he had travelled some distance to tell her of it. He had dreamed that he saw her standing at the door of her drawing-room in a white silk dress; a young man came to her and besought her to give him a large sum of money, threatening, if she did not do so, he would kill himself. "Now," the priest said, "I do not know whether anything of this kind has happened to you or not; but if it has, then don't you do it." When the young man came again, she refused. He ran away from his obligation, whatever it was. Later he died in some distant country.

It was a wrench to leave these good people and their unworldly and other-worldly spirit and associations; but I had to go back to Vienna.

In the summer of 1921 Vienna was in a strange position. Austria had been reduced to a fraction of her former dimensions. She was left with a population of about six millions, nearly one-third of these being in the capital. It seemed inevitable that the population of Vienna should decline, that so small a country could not support so great a city. Yet this expectation had not been realised. Vienna had not declined, nor did the city exhibit any sign of decay. The reason seems to be that Vienna was not dependent upon Austria alone, nor even exclusively upon the Austro-Hungarian Empire. It was the commercial and financial centre of all South-eastern Europe, of the Balkans and, to a considerable extent, of the north of Italy. Channels of commerce and finance do not regard political frontiers. They may be temporarily impeded by customs barriers and by wars, but they speedily regain their customary course these notwithstanding. In spite of decline in the exchange of the Austrian crown, Vienna has remained an important financial centre. Even the decline in the exchange has not been without profit to the astute Viennese bankers. Austrian capitalists have been investing in German securities. In the new German Austria factories are being built, and some of the larger Austrian enterprises, which have been situated in what is now Czecho-Slovakia, may be transferred to what is now Austria.

Thus, in spite of the restriction of the frontiers of the country of which Vienna is the capital, in spite of drastic political change, the city is by no means a dead city, but is, on the contrary, full of vigorous life. The economical situation being thus fairly hopeful, I found no such mental depression and pessimism as I encountered in Berlin. The possibility of the speedy recovery of Austria was from the first recognised by careful students of the European situation, and it was felt that a beginning should be made there of any attempt to rehabilitate the finances of Central Europe.[1] The beginning was actually made in Hungary; but Austria followed. Hungary was able to initiate means for recovery without external assistance. Austria has received such external assistance, and her recovery is now only a question of time.

In the summer of 1921 Vienna was crowded with strangers. The hotels were full. The restaurants were crowded. It is true that the Austrian nobility had retired, as in Germany, to their country nests. The democratic government was not to their liking. Their places were occupied very largely by an influx of Jews, who were filling the places of public resort and evidently actively engaging in preparations for business on a large scale so soon as the revival of credit began.

The postponement of the question of Reparations has undoubtedly helped Austria. She may be called upon to pay; but when she is called upon, she will in all probability be able to pay without compromising her economical position.

I found several old friends in Vienna, *e.g.* Dr. Joseph Redlich, who is the author of two important books upon the English system of government, and Dr. Putzauer of the Austrian Foreign Office, who had both visited me in Toronto. Through them I met Dr. Shober, then the Austrian Chancellor. I saw by accident on the street Count Albert Apponyi, who had come to Vienna from Budapest for a day or two. He had, a few days earlier, written to me from Budapest. We arranged to go on to Budapest together.

The Viennese shops were full of the artistic products of the Austrian villages. In many of these the fine handicrafts in which the Parisian workmen excel are carried on with scarcely less skill than theirs.

While the financiers, the shopkeepers, and the working men in general were benefiting by rising prices, even although these were expressed in rapidly depreciating paper, there were many classes which were suffering great hardships. Those who were living on fixed incomes, retired persons, and wage earners of the lower ranks, together with professional persons, students and the like, found immense difficulty in combating the effect of the decline in purchasing power of their small incomes. The children of some of these classes were being relieved by the English and American Quakers, who had opened several relief centres in Vienna.

Owing to the restrictions placed by the Czecho-Slovakian Government upon Hungarians possessing property in Upper Hungary (now Slovakia), Count Apponyi was not permitted to visit his estate of

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[1] M. Loucheur expressed this opinion to me in Paris in July 1921.

Eberhard, near Bratislava. His family were allowed to reside there, but he could not himself enter Czecho-Slovakian territory. Count Apponyi's visit to Vienna was for the purpose of seeing the Countess, who came from Eberhard to meet him. I understand that the conditions are now relaxed, but at that time they were quite rigid. They reflected little credit upon the Czecho-Slovakian Government.

Count Apponyi was Minister of Education in Hungary before the war, and for a short time afterwards was Prime Minister. We met in the morning at seven o'clock at the Budapest steamer and sailed down the Danube all day, touching at Bratislava, where the Countess landed. The view of Bratislava from the Danube is finer than that from land. The great square keep of the ancient castle of Pozsony is the most impressive feature. It towers above the city. We met several interesting persons on the steamer; among these was the leader of the Protestant party in the Hungarian Chamber. He had been a student at the New College, Edinburgh.

The twin cities of Buda-Pesth, one founded by the Turks and the other by the Magyars, form together one of the finest cities of Eastern Europe. The surrounding mountains give Budapest an advantage of position which Vienna does not possess, and the high south bank overlooking the Danube, upon which the Royal Palace and other buildings are placed, gives a superb view of a great stretch of the river valley. Through the kindness of Count Apponyi, I quickly became acquainted with many leading Hungarians. A special meeting of the Hungarian League of Nations Society, formed in anticipation of the admission of Hungary to the League,[1] was called for my benefit.

While I was in Budapest a reception was given to the Papal Legate, and with great ecclesiastical pomp mass was celebrated by him in the Mathias Church near the Royal Palace. The sermon was preached by one of those Hungarian bishops whose dioceses were separated from the Hungarian State. As the sermon was in Magyar I was able to follow it in a very fragmentary manner, but I gathered that it was not without reference to the political situation. I met the bishop afterwards at the club.

While it would be idle to deny that the Hungarians were depressed by the misfortunes which have befallen their country and especially by the ruthless partition, not the first in the history of Hungary, I found that the spirit of the people was by no means hopeless. They had had their Communist revolution under Bela Kun, and they had overcome it. They clung tenaciously to the idea of monarchy, although they had no monarch; and they were confident that some at least of the depression under which they were suffering would pass away. Strangely enough, the first friction which occurred in relation to the altered frontier occurred, not with Czecho-Slovakia, Roumania, nor Jugo-Slavia, each of which had absorbed large areas formerly within the boundaries of Hungary, but with Austria, the other member of the dual monarchy. The difficulty regarding Odenburg became acute while I was in Budapest. The Socialists of Wien-Neustadt, an industrial town near Vienna, and the more aggressive of the Young Hungarians, who may be compared with the Fascisti of Italy, held opposite views of the frontiers of Hungary and Austria, and there was a conflict. When I passed Odenburg I was told that a pitched battle was in progress; but I believe that this was an exaggeration. Public feeling, both in Vienna and in Budapest, was very excited, and there were rumours of war. Good sense prevailed and the conflict ended in a compromise.[1] For a few days the representatives of the International Commission dealing with the delimitation of the frontier were actually invested in Odenburg. Immediately afterwards the attack upon Albania disturbed the relative calm of the European Chancelleries, and it seemed as if the people of Eastern Europe were never to settle down to live quietly with one another. Certainly the Treaty of the Trianon and the other treaties concerning Europe appeared to be provoking war rather than ensuring peace. Then there came the attempt on the part of King Carl to regain the throne of Hungary, the foiling of the attempt, and the subsequent death of the king.

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[1] Hungary was admitted in 1922.

The Hungarians remain monarchists and look for some change in the general political situation which may enable Hungary once more to be a kingdom. There are many Hungarian noble families by which a dynasty might be furnished. There is little risk of recrudescence of Bolshevism. Budapest had about three months of Bela Kun, and that was enough. To the credit of the Budapest Communists it must be said that, during the period while the city was under their control, they kept it in good order. They did little damage. The only tangible evidence of their *régime* was the absence of three bronze statues from a public place. These had disappeared bodily; they were probably melted down. The damage to the city resulting indirectly from the Communist revolt is alleged to have been committed by the Roumanians who came to expel the Communists.

The Royal Palace, which only recently assumed its present proportions (it was finished about 1909), is one of the largest and finest in Europe. The intention of the Hungarians in providing so sumptuous a dwelling for the apostolic king was undoubtedly to induce him to visit Budapest at least occasionally. Whatever the personal desire of Francis Joseph may have been, he appears to have been unable to visit Budapest after the palace was finished. The palace, built on the high right bank of the Danube, overlooks the river. The exterior is classical, but the interior is a composite of many styles, one room being Byzantine, another Renaissance, and others baroque. I thoroughly enjoyed the quiet terrace of Count Apponyi's garden, looking down over the lower city and the river.

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[1] When I saw him in Vienna, Dr. Shober said to me, "Tell your Hungarian friends that we are anxious to be on good terms with them."

I found the Jewish question in an acute phase, both in Czecho-Slovakia and in Hungary. In Eastern European peasant populations, the Jew is by far the most intelligent and alert member of the communities. He easily makes bargains favourable to himself. He is the only person who accumulates money. The aristocrats do not do so because they are proud; the peasants do not do so either because they are incompetent or extravagant. Thus the Jew is practically the only person in a position to lend money. This he naturally does at rates of interest perhaps even higher than the risks warrant. The Jew is unpopular in both countries on economic grounds, and religious fervour on the part of the Christian population intensifies the hatred he inspires. In Czecho-Slovakia the Jews were buying diamonds, a practice they always resort to in turbulent times. In Hungary the commerce and the organisation of industry is largely in the hands of the Jews. A Jewish banker, whose acquaintance I made, told me that his bank financed and controlled one hundred and sixty-seven industrial companies. An anti-Semitic rising is possible in Hungary; but if a rising occurs, the consequences to the industrial and commercial organisation of Hungary must be fatal to that organisation.

With Count Apponyi I visited Count Julius Andrassy at his villa overlooking the Danube in the neighbourhood of Budapest. Count Andrassy is an alert personality, well informed on international affairs. He remarked that one of the supreme difficulties of the time is the absence of great men, and especially of great international figures. "We have not, for example," he said, "anyone in Europe of the stamp of Metternich." While we were talking in Count Andrassy's garden, Prince Windischgraetz[1] called, and later in the evening drove us back to Budapest. Both of these noblemen were shortly afterwards implicated in the Carlist rising, and both were for a time imprisoned in consequence. The rising occurred within a few weeks after I saw them. Conversations with these, as well as with many other notable Hungarians whom I met at this and other times, induced in me the belief that Hungary's future is quite assured. The public men are too able, too intelligent, and too much attached to their country to allow it to remain in its present position. This undoubtedly constitutes an element of danger, for under the treaties Hungary has been despoiled for the benefit of Jugo-Slavia, Roumania and Czecho-Slovakia, and a readjustment of her frontiers must one day be demanded.

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[1] In her lively and instructive book, *A Political Pilgrim in Europe* (London, 1921), p. 70, Mrs. Philip Snowden aptly describes Prince Windischgraetz as "the Winston Churchill of Hungary, the gay irresponsible hero of a thousand romances, military, political and human."

From Budapest I returned by rail to Vienna, called at the British Embassy, and dined with my old friends Joseph Redlich and Stefan Bauer.[1]

Several of my Austrian friends were of opinion that the new German-Austria must unite with Germany, and that force of circumstances would inevitably bring this about. I had not discovered any enthusiasm in Germany on the subject. This was very natural, for Austria was looked upon, not quite justly, as a pauper State with which Germany under existing conditions could not embarrass herself. Feeling in Germany may alter as the economical position of Austria improves.

Unlike Hungary, Austria exhibited no tendency towards monarchism. The attempt of King Carl to regain the throne of Hungary did not find any support in Austria.

Among the items of gossip communicated by some of my Austrian friends was one regarding the German monarchists. Whether or not there is substantial basis for it I am not aware. The monarchist party had decided, according to this story, that it could not count upon any cohesion or progress until the question of a dynasty was settled. They then proceeded to discuss the principle upon which a dynasty might be selected. First of all the dynasty must not be drawn from the recently ruling families of any of the large German States, because to take one of these families would involve predominance in the German Reich of the State to which the selected family belonged. This condition ruled out at least four royal houses—viz., those of Prussia, Saxony, Bavaria and Würtemberg—and narrowed the choice to the princely houses of the smaller States. For various reasons, chiefly relating to the personalities of the present holders of the titles, one after another house was rejected. Finally the monarchists are said to have united upon the House of Brunswick, partly on the ground of its antiquity and history, and partly because the present Duke of Brunswick is an available and personally acceptable young man. The idea may appear at the moment in a fantastic light, but stranger things than monarchical reaction have happened.

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[1] Professor of Political Economy at Berne, Switzerland.

The impression left upon my mind by the attitude of the several peoples on the Continent with whose representatives I had come into contact was that in spite of the sacrifices entailed by the war and its immediate consequences, the racial hatred, of which, in one of its aspects, the war was the outcome, had become fiercer than ever. The combatants were all exhausted, yet they shook their fists in one another's faces with impotent rage. The war had settled nothing; and the peace had not contributed to enduring equilibrium.

The war and contemporaneous and succeeding events had altered the balance of things. Communism, stagnant since 1849, had revived in Russia, and had imposed itself upon that country by means of a ruthless Terror. The reaction of the Russian Terror upon Western Europe involved an increase of conservatism, even among groups predisposed to drastic experiments upon the structure of society. A new fear emerged, inspired by the possibility of the growth under Communist leadership of a military despotism which might sweep over Europe as the despotism of Napoleon swept over the Continent after the French Revolution. It seemed probable that alliances might be sought by Soviet Russia with some of the discomfited nations, and that the latter might hope to recover, by utilising the Russian forces, the ground lost by them in the war.

The progressive disorganisation and ruin of Russian economic life under the Soviet *régime* had not yet (in 1921) become fully manifest, nor had the gulf between the Soviet Government and the peasantry become wide enough to suggest doubts of the success of an aggressive campaign. Economic ruin notwithstanding, after six years of power the Soviet Government, through astute utilisation of the universal hostility with which it has been regarded by the rest of the world, has consolidated its control over the Russian people, deprived as they have been of the influence of the educated classes.

Left to themselves, the Russians, considered as an aggressive power, might be regarded as negligible. They have never shown themselves to advantage in aggressive wars. But aided, as they might be, by skilful foreign leadership, under the rapidly changing conditions of modern scientific warfare, they might constitute a serious menace.

From these reflections, the inference may be drawn that to destroy completely the military power of Germany might conceivably result in the union of German military skill with Russian man-power. It may be that every step which Germany is pushed backwards pushes her into the arms of Russia. A union of this kind might lead to a new war whose Asiatic barbarity would make the ruthlessness of the recent war seem tame.

There is sound sense in the injunction, "Agree with thine adversary quickly, whiles thou art in the way with him."

I left Vienna on a Sunday morning in September 1921, arrived in London on Monday afternoon, left London on Thursday, arrived in Toronto on the following Thursday, and closed, for the time at least, some of my windows on the street of the world.

> A many-windowed house is life,
> And out of every window we,
> In intervals of daily strife,
> Look forth upon infinity;
> And that's the good of you and me.

J. K. Stephen,
"To A. H. C[lough]," in *Lapsus Calami and other Verses* (1896).

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